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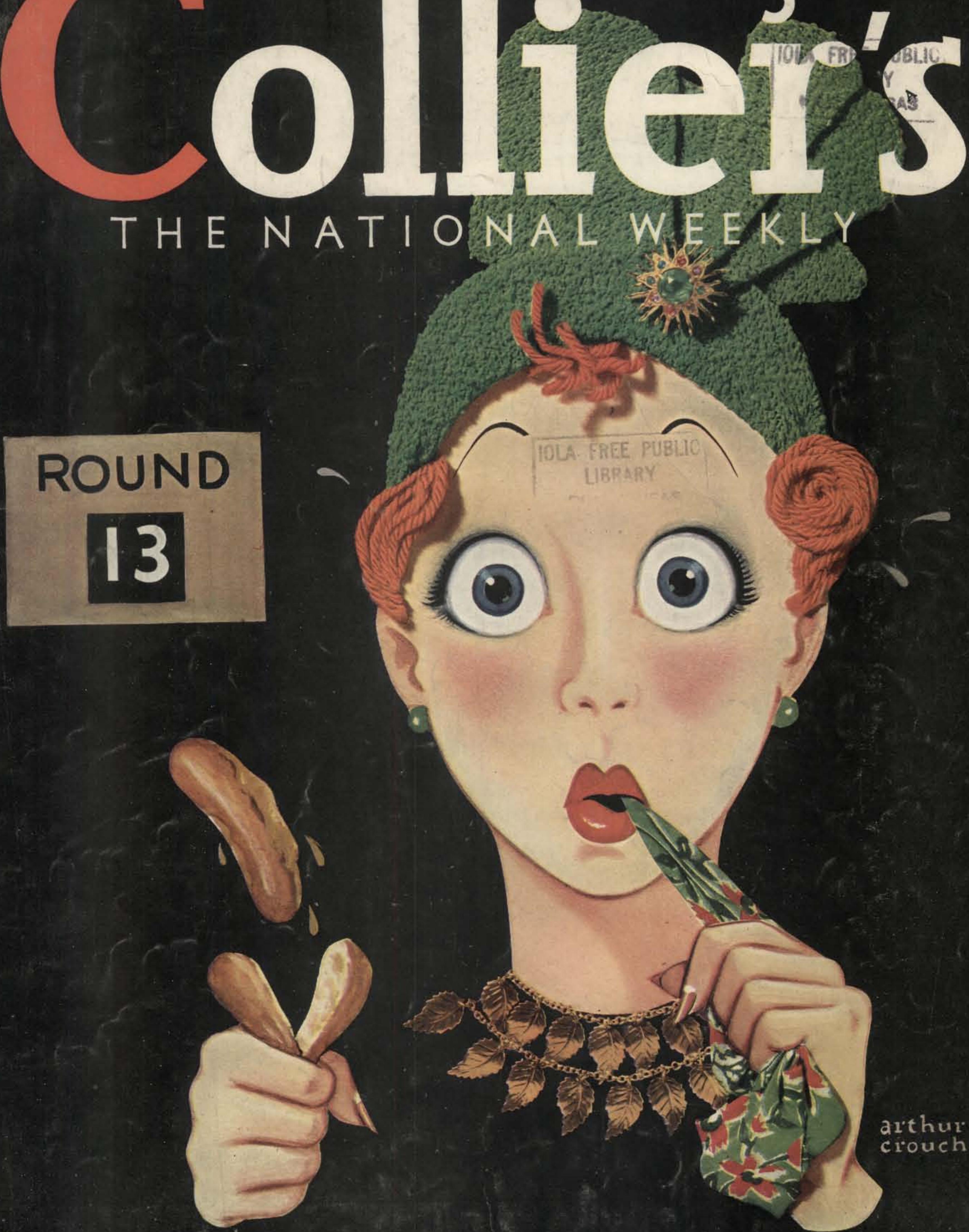
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

May 4, 1940

5¢ A COPY



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HULL OF THE HILLS By WALTER

JUNE E THOMPSON
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May 4, 1940

Every house needs Westinghouse

IRONERS
WASHERS
WATER HEATERS
DISHWASHERS
RANGES
IRONS
ROASTERS
TOASTERS
VACUUM CLEANERS

TRU·ZONE COLD

...for SURER, STEADIER, food protection

WHAT IT IS... a definite temperature in each zone for each True-Temp control setting.

HOW IT WORKS... *True-Temp Control* lets you dial main food compartment temperature; holds temperatures true regardless of changes in kitchen temperature.

FIBERGLAS INSULATION improves cold-keeping efficiency 10%; keeps its original efficiency for life.

HUMIDITY for meat in the Meat-Keeper, for fruits and vegetables in the Humidrawer—keeps fresh foods fresh.

"It's a WELL-TRAINED refrigerator, too!"

MRS. AMES: "*You mean it's a family pet?*"
MRS. GAGE: "*More than that—it minds what I tell it. I turn the control dial to show I want 40 degrees in the food compartment and the temperature stays at 40 degrees until I change it.*"

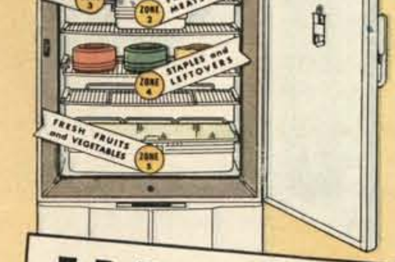
Laboratory studies of bacteria growth show how important it is to be *sure* of safe, steady temperature. At 40 degrees bacteria in milk are almost completely inactive, while at 55 degrees they multiply 1,600 per cent in 96 hours' time.

When you *know* your refrigerator holds safe temperatures *continuously* you buy in larger quantities and save more money. Westinghouse features like the new window front Meat-Keeper and the big glass-top Humidrawer give plenty of space to store perishable foods a week or longer.

See the beautiful new Westinghouse Refrigerator at your nearest dealer's. You'll find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Dept. 65, Mansfield, Ohio.

WESTINGHOUSE
TRUE-TEMP CONTROL

True-Temp Control is what it takes to give you Tru-Zone cold. Only Westinghouse has it. Temperature of the main food compartment is plainly marked on the control dial. You KNOW that your refrigerator temperature "stays put."


MILK and BEVERAGES
ZONE 3
ZONE 1
FROZEN FOODS
ZONE 2
FRESH MEATS
ZONE 4
STAPLES and LEFTOVERS
FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES
ZONE 5

FREE! 350 BIG PRIZES!

$23,000.00

in modern electric appliances for WESTINGHOUSE "ADVISE-A-BRIDE" CONTESTS

70 Prizes Each Week!

- 10 Westinghouse Refrigerators
- 10 Westinghouse Ranges
- 50 Westinghouse Electric Irons

5 big weekly contests—April 18 to May 23! Write 25 to 100 words finishing this advice to a bride "You should own a Westinghouse Refrigerator (or Range) because..."

Entry blanks at your dealer's.

SEE

Westinghouse Refrigerators

Tune in "Musical Americana," N.B.C. Blue Network, Thursdays, 8 p.m. E.S.T., 7 p.m. C.S.T., 9:30 p.m. M.S.T., 8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

The More Fine Features the Better Car You Get!

Here's how "All Three" low-priced cars compare on 22 important features found in the 1940 high-priced cars:

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

YOU CAN QUICKLY SINGLE OUT YOUR BEST BUY WHEN YOU JUDGE THIS "ONE-TWO" WAY

ONE: The 1940 Quality Chart reveals what each of "All 3" low-priced cars gives you in size and comfort... in long life and fine-car engineering.

TWO: Take Plymouth's great Luxury Ride. It's the delightful way to satisfy yourself that the 1940 Plymouth gives you most for your money!

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART
IS MOS
HIGH-PRICED

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS... | 2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

IT'S EASY to see why thousands are switching to Plymouth this year! The new "One-Two" comparison makes this big demand for Plymouth perfectly clear!

It lines up "All 3" low-priced cars... shows where your money will go farthest.

You'll see that *Plymouth* is the *only one* of "All Three" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of the 22 big features found in *high-priced* cars.

Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is the longest of "All Three." And Plymouth alone gives you the riding comfort of front coil springs on all models, *plus* the thrilling performance of a big, 84-horsepower Floating Power engine.

See the Quality Chart at any Dodge, De Soto, or Chrysler dealer's. Then take Plymouth's Luxury Ride to learn how finer quality reflects itself in greater motoring enjoyment. This big 1940 Plymouth is remarkably *easy to buy!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

See New Low-Priced Plymouth Commercial Cars!

☛ Plymouth alone of "All 3" gives you the riding smoothness of front coil springs *on all models.*

☛ Plymouth has a 117" wheelbase... 4 inches longer than one, 5 inches longer than the other!

☛ Plymouth alone has the performance *and* economy of a big, Floating Power, "L-head" engine—*Super-finished* in vital parts for new smoothness, longer life.

PLYMOUTH

COUPES START AT	SEDANS START AT
$645	**$699**

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICH., including front and rear bumpers, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (21.6 cubic feet). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

EASY TO BUY

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

WILLIAM L. CHENERY	**Editor**
CHARLES COLEBAUGH	**Managing Editor**
THOMAS H. BECK	**Editorial Director**

Collier's

May 4, 1940

WALTER DAVENPORT	**Politics**
AIMEE LARKIN	**Distaff**
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	**Sports**
KYLE CRICHTON	**Screen and Theater**
KENNETH LITTAUER	**Fiction**
JAMES N. YOUNG	**Fiction**
MAX WILKINSON	**Fiction**
GURNEY WILLIAMS	**Humor**
WM. O. CHESSMAN	**Art**
W. B. COURTNEY	**Germany**
FRANK GERVASI	**Mediterranean**
MARTHA GELLHORN	**Scandinavia**
JIM MARSHALL	**The Orient**
WM. HILLMAN	**European Manager**
ROBERT McCORMICK	**Washington**
DENVER LINDLEY	**Articles**
FRANK D. MORRIS	**Articles**
IFOR THOMAS	**Photographs**
JOHN T. FLYNN	**Associate Editor**

Next Week

IN JAPAN, taxes are skyrocketing, inflation proceeds steadily, food and clothing, power and gasoline grow scarcer and higher-priced. Yet the people still look forward to victory in China, for they believe the shouted propaganda on the radio and the printed stories in their newspapers. But Shintaro Omori, Japanese enterpriser in China, has his doubts. Isoshi Saito, the technician, is puzzled. Tadao Sumida, the newspaper reporter, finds it hard to reconcile what he knows with what he is told to believe. Hirom Nakamoto, the textile man, wavers in his faith. For they are the men who know how the Japanese adventure in China is faring. Jim Marshall, Collier's veteran reporter on the Chinese conflict, presents this graphic picture of "An Empire in Doubt."

IN THE first place, as a cop who liked hot music, Ben Kirby didn't belong at a symphony concert. And then too, he shouldn't have suddenly vaulted into a box to commit mayhem on a bewhiskered music lover, even if he did think the fellow was a Communist preparing to toss a bomb into the laps of the jewel-bedecked audience. All of which might have been forgiven and forgotten had the supposed Communist not turned out to be Ben's rival in love. Only a very ingenious cop, coached by Richard English, could extricate himself from the troubles that arise when "Man Meets Metronome."

TRAVEL as fast as you like—and in safety. For there'll be no crossroads, no red lights, no sharp curves or steep grades. And the highway police will be traffic advisers rather than speed cops. That's what you'll be able to do in a couple of months on the new dream highway that's nearing completion in Pennsylvania. It's the Great Pennsylvania Turnpike, a $70,000,000 engineering marvel that may well become the model for speed superhighways over the nation. So step on the gas with Kyle Crichton and let's go. "Whee-e-e-e!"

CHARLES ALEXANDER contributes another grand story of pioneer days in the Umpqua Valley. Edward L. McKenna tells the exciting story of Francie—the boxer who learned when to fight. D. H. Dubrowsky delves further into the intricate machinations of the Stalin-controlled Comintern. The Short Short Story is by Margery Sharp. And you'll be pleased, too, with the contributions of Quentin Reynolds, Frank Condon, Will F. Jenkins and others. By popular request.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

LUCIA ALZAMORA
The Right Man. How to act when he marries the other girl. Page 9

HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS
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JACLAND MARMUR
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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●

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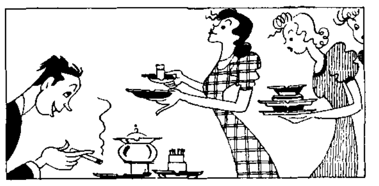
Right Hand, Left Hand. Page 86

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

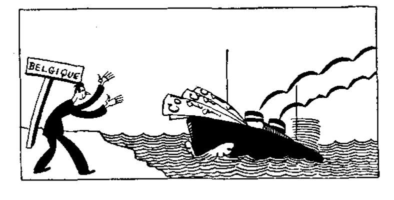
WE PUBLISHED an editorial not long ago advocating a reliable ash tray. A dependable ash tray, it contended, was what this country needed above all things. But we failed to impress Dr. F. A. DeWolf of Letcher, South Dakota. "Nonsense," cries the doctor, "what we need is a large garbage can." We hate to find Doctor DeWolf in that temper. But unfortunately he'd been looking over the political scene, contemplating the outlook here and abroad. That does a man no good. Anyway, our large and enthusiastic public's reaction to that editorial is making this office look like a rummage sale. We're getting ash trays in every mail, by express, by hand, by wagon lots. They demonstrate the need of a sound ash tray. The hand-painted variety are appearing. They're cute, ingenious and we are grateful, but we're still waiting for an ash tray that we can cheer for—a good, big, noncapsizable one. Until then we'll use the floor and fight it out with the women.



THERE are, however, a number of aspirants for public office who would restore Doctor DeWolf's faith in government and his fellow men. Mr. Peter F. Mack of Carlinville, Illinois, for example. Mr. Mack would like to be elected to Congress. He is a Democrat. We have just received a bale of his campaign literature. He promises "steady employment for all in private industry; a minimum yearly income of $1,500; nearly a fifty per cent reduction in taxation; a modern home with all modern conveniences for every family in the nation; a minimum of a hundred dollars a month for the aged and physically unfit without any additional taxation; reduction in crime of ninety per cent; production without limit for the farmer with an assurance of a minimum income of $1,500 a year; an opportunity for a job and an income through life for the youth of the nation; and the balancing of the national budget within twelve months' time." These are described by Mr. Mack as his "Nine points of economic recovery" and we, for one, think the country shouldn't miss an opportunity like this. Why Mr. Mack should be running for so humble an office we don't know. Perhaps it's modesty.

AND near Portland, Oregon, Mr. George F. Nasson of Minneapolis, Minnesota, saw a sign he thinks ought to be read by all. Anyway, it read: "Rhubarb, Honey and Eggs. Grand Opening Soon."

IF WE had our way, we'd be blowing a horn or twanging strings or tootling something in that band that Leopold Stokowski is taking to South America with the blessings of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. We got to talking to a sad-eyed young oboist who's going along. He was sitting with us in the galleries of the House of Representatives listening to a couple of statesmen warn the nation that no good could possibly come of the project, Mr. Stokowski being a subversive influence or something and that the Messrs. Brahms, Mozart, Sibelius, Beethoven, de Falla and Debussy were just a pack of un-American foreigners putting ideas in the heads of our young. "My old man," said the sad-eyed oboist, "was a brakie on the Santa Fe. He was a Democrat. My mother—well, she couldn't understand politics at all. But she was a good cook. Still and all, I'd join anything if going with this orchestra depended on it. I'm just a musician and don't seem to be able to help it. Most of the musicians I know wouldn't know the difference between a Democrat and a Fascist. If you ask me I'd say they're kinda screwy. Gotta be screwy to be a good musician. Wood winds anyway. Politicians sound screwy to me too. But not the same way."



FROM Rhode-Saint-Genèse, Belgium, where he is doing his utmost to realize that both sides of the current European war are actuated by nothing but an unquenchable love for the common people, Mr. George H. Coryell yearns for a steady journalistic diet of Collier's. "We Americans here unanimously vote for Collier's," writes he. Mr. Coryell makes no accusations but we gather that the incoming mail confiscators are responsible for his Collierless existence. He suggests that you might send him a few back copies. "Some brave vessel America-bound will bring suitable Belgian souvenirs in exchange," says he.

PROBABLY ash trays. . . . W. D.

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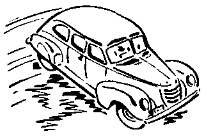
IT WAS A BLOW-OUT ...BELIEVE ME THERE'S NOTHING WORSE
YOU'RE WRONG— SKIDS ARE EVEN MORE DANGEROUS!

Why Argue? New Goodrich Tire Protects Against *BOTH* Skids and Blow-outs

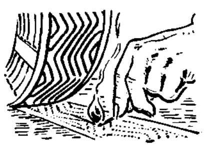
READING TIME: 1 MINUTE 9 SECONDS

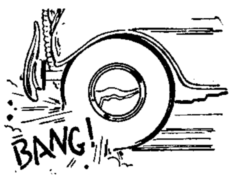
Do you know what happened when we asked thousands of motorists this question: Which are more dangerous—skids or blow-outs? Well, just about half said 'skids'. And the other half said 'blow-outs'. Which is plenty of proof that in these days of high speeds and express highways BOTH are mighty dangerous. When skids and blow-outs together kill or injure thousands every year, it's certainly time that you, too, equipped your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.



* * *

Silvertowns are the only tires that give you the Life-Saver Tread and the new, improved Golden Ply . . . the greatest "safety combination" ever offered against both skids and blow-outs. Think of it! The "windshield-wiper" action of the Life-Saver Tread actually sweeps wet roads so dry you can light a match on its track. No wonder this tire will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before!



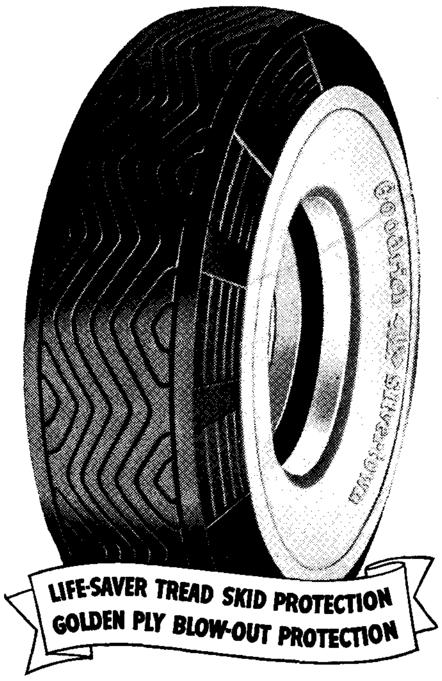


Ever put your hand on the outside of a tire after it had been run fast? Pretty hot, wasn't it? But that's nothing compared to the heat that's generated *inside*—the internal heat that causes so many of today's high-speed blow-outs. And that's why this new Silvertown has another great safety invention—the new, improved Golden Ply. By resisting this internal heat, the Goodrich Golden Ply protects you against high-speed blow-outs.

Don't risk "half-way" protection in tires—especially when you can get Silvertowns *right now* on the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

* * *

How would you like a miniature reproduction of your 1940 license plate on a key chain—for only 10¢? It's made of brass with rounded corners. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.


GOODRICH SAFETY SILVERTOWN
LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

PLAN TO SEE JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

Danger Sign...

If your scalp feels tight and itchy . . . if your hair is harsh and sheds dandruff scales . . . watch out for Dry Scalp...Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to supplement the natural oils.

Want hair handsome? Then check DRY SCALP!

THIS is the time of year you should be especially careful about "dry scalp." Beware "sun-baked pate" . . . and the havoc wrought by showers and shampoos, stealing the natural oils from your hair roots!

To combat this "dry scalp" danger, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . the preparation that contains *positively no ingredient that can have a drying effect* . . . but instead actually supplements and helps to protect the precious oils that give life and vitality to the appearance of your hair.

Give your scalp this common-sense care which 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic provides. Begin today—and just see how lustrous, healthy-looking and well-groomed your hair appears after the first week!

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
40¢ and 70¢

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

EVERY MORNING—shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK—before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The longest love letter on record, which was written by one of Queen Elizabeth's couriers to his sweetheart in the 16th century and is now in the British Museum, contains 410,000 words, or four times as many as the average modern novel.

Some South American tribes have amusing laws on personal-injury compensation. For example, if a burglar should fall off a wall and get hurt while attempting to rob another's domicile, the innocent man must pay damages because it was his property that was responsible for both the burglar's presence and his accident.

The efficacy of the British ship-convoy system is shown by the fact that up to February 7th only 18 vessels were lost out of a total of 8,284 that were escorted by naval craft. During the same period, 117 neutral ships were sunk, only two of which were in convoy.

Neither a perfect black nor white has ever been achieved in any kind of ink or paint. A certain amount of light is still reflected by the best black and absorbed by the best white.—*By Betty Pratt, New York, New York.*

An old custom, still existent among many primitive peoples, is to change the name of a very sick relative in the hope that it will deceive any messenger of death who might be looking for him.

Since 1933, the number of women attorneys on the legal staff of the Department of Justice of the United States has been increased from twenty-four to forty-four.—*By Lillis L. Russell, York, Nebraska.*

The smallest of the 250 religious sects in this country is the Society of Primitive Friends, which has only eleven members and one little meeting house in Fallsington, Pennsylvania.—*By Marion Moon Hazard, Woodbourne, Pennsylvania.*

Of all the 2,500 species of lizards, or four-footed reptiles, inhabiting the temperate regions of the earth, only two have a poisonous bite—the Gila monster, *Heloderma suspectum,* of Arizona and New Mexico, and a closely allied form, *H. horridum,* of Mexico.—*By Ivan Emerson, Weston, West Virginia.*

Before birth, many babies have been known to cry, hiccup, put their thumbs in their mouths and even have slight respiratory movements.—*By Marian A. Meisner, Millburn, New Jersey.*

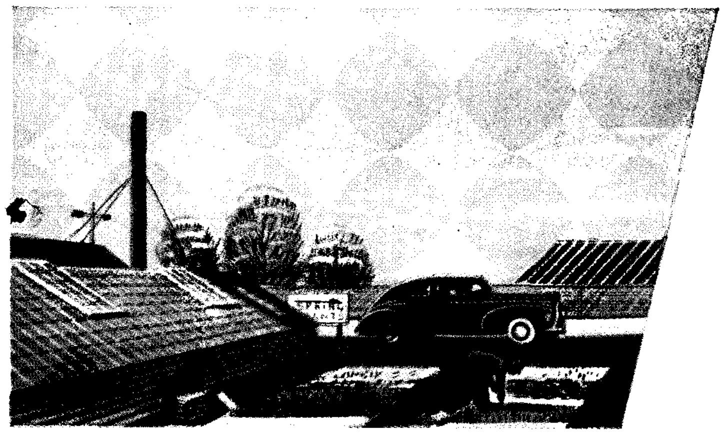
Because their own language is too cumbersome and inexact for nautical records, both the Japanese navy and merchant marine use English in keeping their logs.—*By Frank Bello, East Orange, New Jersey.*

Although Grover Cleveland received the largest popular vote in three successive presidential campaigns—1884, 1888 and 1892—he was President for only two terms, as Benjamin Harrison won the electoral vote in 1888.—*By Robert J. Oehler, Dubuque, Iowa.*

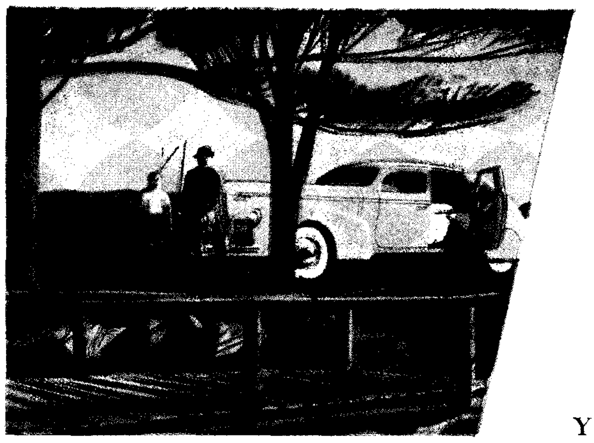
Probably the oddest of the nineteen buildings occupied by the National Bureau of Standards in Washington is the soundproof reverberation chamber, where acoustical building materials are tested for sound absorption. No one is allowed in this chamber during a test, the motors, loud-speakers and microphones being operated from, and all records transmitted to, an adjoining building.

Only four of the 2,500 oil paintings in the Louvre in Paris are by American artists—Mary Cassatt, Thomas Eakins, George Inness and James Whistler.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



THIS CLEAN-LINED BEAUTY . . . long, luxurious . . . is best in its class for economy; the Nash Lafayette turning in 23.76 miles a gallon to be a Gilmore-Yosemite Run winner. Yet it streaks from 15 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, *high* gear. The Fourth Speed Forward saves up to 20% on gasoline. 2000 Nash dealers to serve you.



LIVE THE LIFE YOU LOVE . . . touring in "Weather Eye" air, free of dust . . . and stopping and sleeping where you like, in your Nash Convertible Bed. No other car can prepare you for this experience—see and drive a 1940 Nash *now!*

"What Was THAT!"

If you've ever been dazzled by a fleeting blue streak . . . a flash of chrome . . . four spinning wheels . . .

If they disappeared in a puff of dust before you could catch the name—we'll tell you now—it was a 1940 Nash.

And no matter what car you've ever driven—there's no equal to the thrill you'll find at the throttle of a Nash Manifold-Sealed Engine.

It doesn't need a lucky day to get going. Summer or winter, one tap of your toe—and you're off in a breath-taking flash. Surprised? Wait—

Suddenly, you hear a "click" . . . your engine seems to go asleep—yet faster, *faster* . . . the road unreels beneath you.

You're in Nash's Fourth Speed Forward. The power is there. The speed is there. But the sound and fury are gone.

Yet—the real thrill's *still* in the throttle. A car ahead challenges your way. You tap your toe—and your engine leaps into life with a terrific burst of passing power. It's a new Automatic Overtake!

You never felt a car get away so easily . . . steer so freely . . . cruise so softly. It's Nash's Arrow-Flight ride — and it's exclusive; never anything like it before.

There are Sealed Beam lights in front . . . and, in easy reach, a "Weather Eye" dial to keep air constantly fresh, clean—and warm when you need it.

After fifteen minutes—you'll know why they say, "Once you get your hands on a Nash, you'll never rest 'til you own it."

• • •

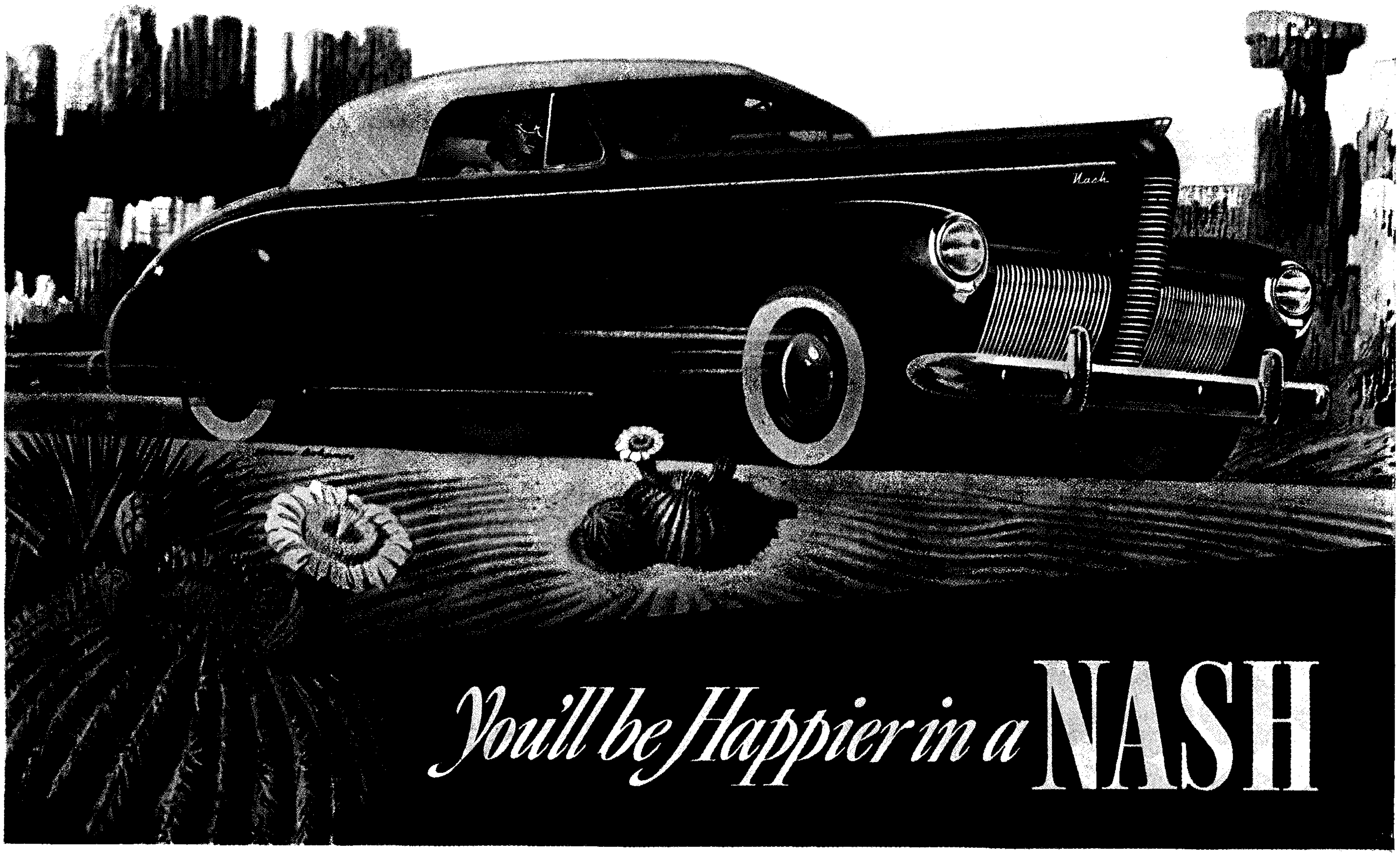
It's good for the best 100,000 miles of your life—and then some.

It's backed by resources of $45,000,000, and because we put more into it—you get more *out* of it.

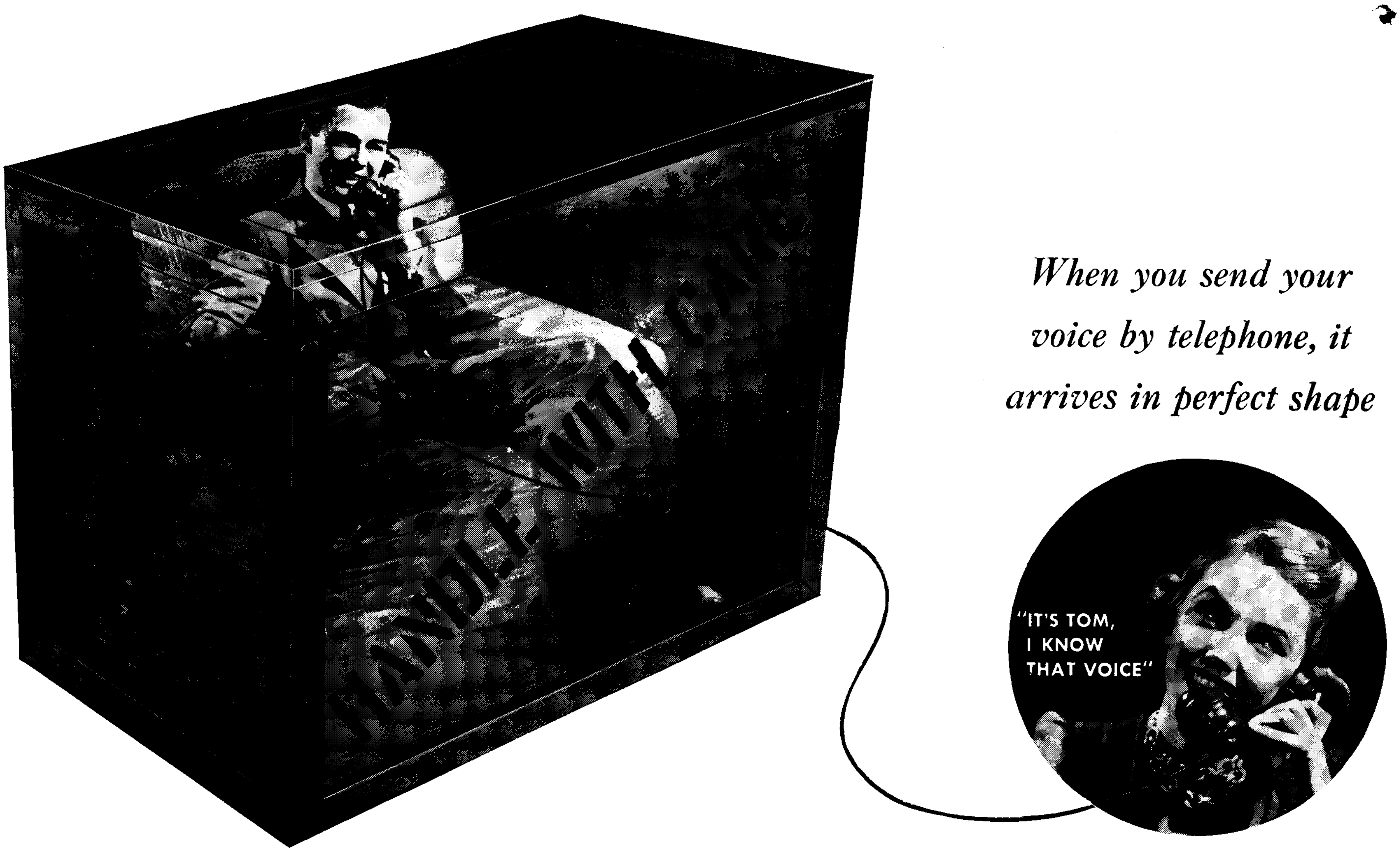
Features like its double-framed chassis . . . 7-bearing crankshaft . . . complete rust-proofing, are yours for longer life and greater resale value.

And the price—is only a few dollars more than a lighter, smaller All-3 car.

So what's holding you back? Just for the sheer fun of it, go for a spin in this new Nash. Call your Nash dealer—now!


Nash
You'll be Happier in a NASH

Your voice . . . with CARE



When you send your voice by telephone, it arrives in perfect shape

Back of the good service which your Bell Telephone Company gives you is the equipment you use. This is Western Electric's responsibility, as it has been since 1881.

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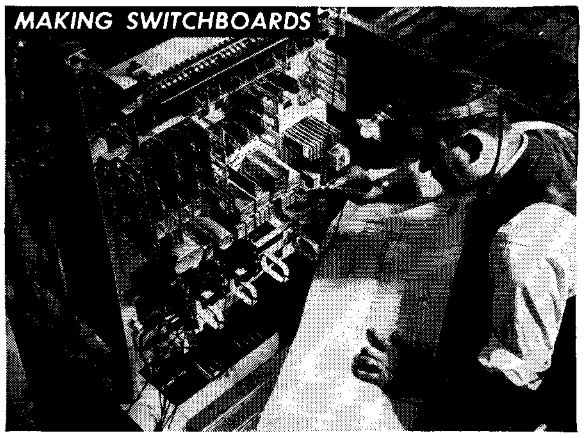
MAKING TOOLS TO MAKE TELEPHONES

MAKING TELEPHONES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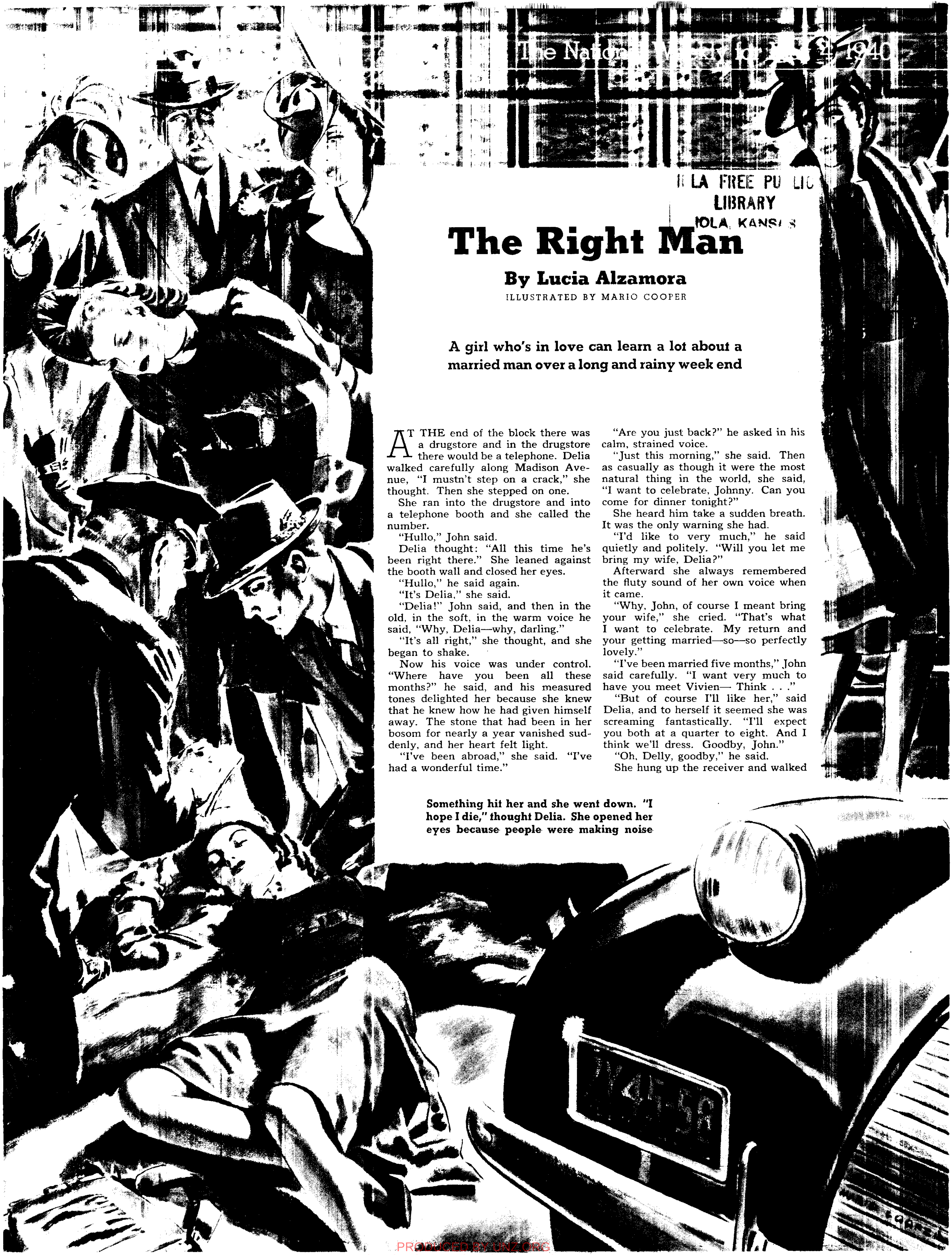
The Right Man

By Lucia Alzamora

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A girl who's in love can learn a lot about a married man over a long and rainy week end



Something hit her and she went down. "I hope I die," thought Delia. She opened her eyes because people were making noise

AT THE end of the block there was a drugstore and in the drugstore there would be a telephone. Delia walked carefully along Madison Avenue, "I mustn't step on a crack," she thought. Then she stepped on one.

She ran into the drugstore and into a telephone booth and she called the number.

"Hullo," John said.

Delia thought: "All this time he's been right there." She leaned against the booth wall and closed her eyes.

"Hullo," he said again.

"It's Delia," she said.

"Delia!" John said, and then in the old, in the soft, in the warm voice he said, "Why, Delia—why, darling."

"It's all right," she thought, and she began to shake.

Now his voice was under control. "Where have you been all these months?" he said, and his measured tones delighted her because she knew that he knew how he had given himself away. The stone that had been in her bosom for nearly a year vanished suddenly, and her heart felt light.

"I've been abroad," she said. "I've had a wonderful time."

"Are you just back?" he asked in his calm, strained voice.

"Just this morning," she said. Then as casually as though it were the most natural thing in the world, she said, "I want to celebrate, Johnny. Can you come for dinner tonight?"

She heard him take a sudden breath. It was the only warning she had.

"I'd like to very much," he said quietly and politely. "Will you let me bring my wife, Delia?"

Afterward she always remembered the fluty sound of her own voice when it came.

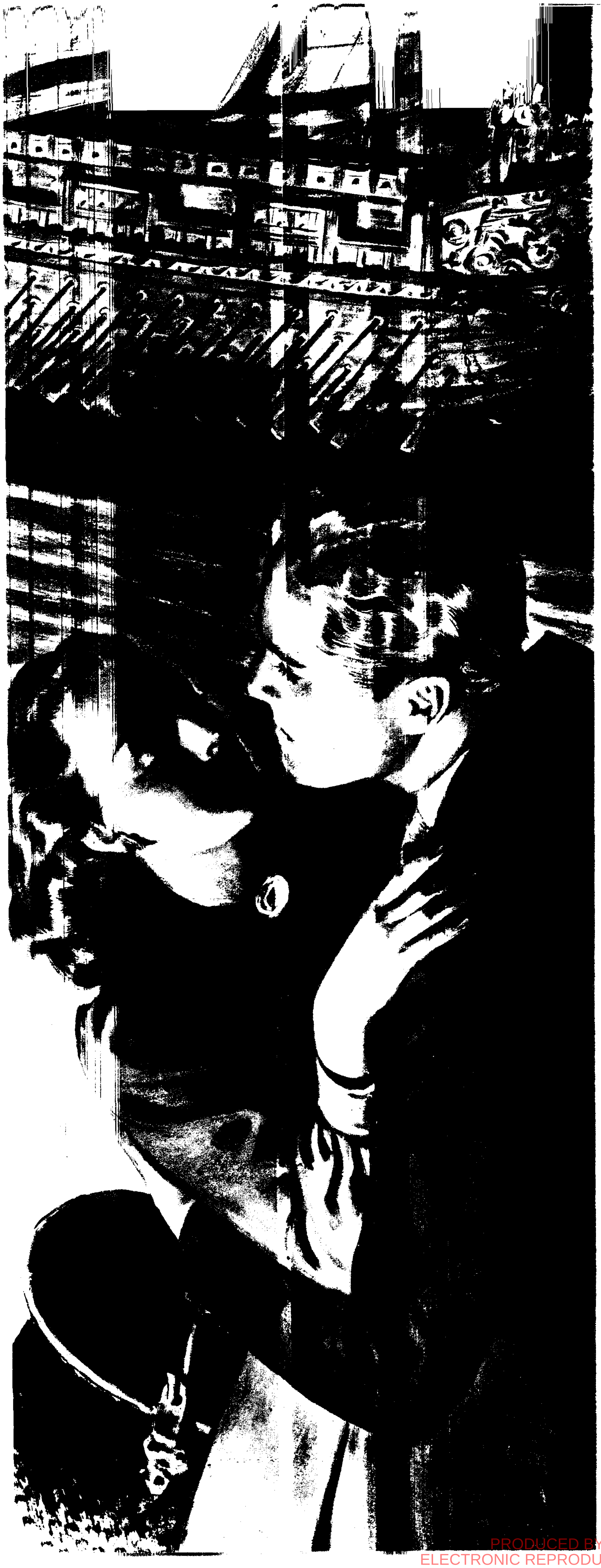
"Why, John, of course I meant bring your wife," she cried. "That's what I want to celebrate. My return and your getting married—so—so perfectly lovely."

"I've been married five months," John said carefully. "I want very much to have you meet Vivien— Think . . ."

"But of course I'll like her," said Delia, and to herself it seemed she was screaming fantastically. "I'll expect you both at a quarter to eight. And I think we'll dress. Goodby, John."

"Oh, Delly, goodby," he said.

She hung up the receiver and walked



"Ben," she said. He turned and when he saw her face his arms went out and she went into them

out of the drugstore and into the street. She couldn't see before her and so she didn't know that she was stepping off the curb; she never heard the shouts that would have stopped her. Something hit her and she went down. "I hope I die," thought Delia.

She opened her eyes because people were making so much noise. She was lying in the gutter with her head on the curb. A little crowd had gathered. A policeman was kneeling on one side of her and a strange man on the other.

"I wish I were dead," Delia said.

"Don't be silly," the stranger said angrily.

"Now, now," said the policeman, chiding them both.

Delia moved her limbs cautiously.

"I can stand up," she said, and the two men helped her. The crowd murmured a little as she got to her feet. It occurred to her that all these onlookers were as disappointed as she.

"You're lucky, Miss," the policeman said. "I'd make no complaint. You walked right into this man's car."

"I've no intention of complaining," Delia said wearily. All of a sudden she wanted to cry.

The arm that supported her tightened behind her, and she realized dully that it had kept her from falling again.

"Please let me take you wherever you're going," the stranger said. "I'm very sorry I ran you down."

She thought his voice kind now, and, looking into his face, she found that kind too. She let him help her into his car, because she didn't know what else to do.

They drove a good many blocks before he spoke to her:

"Now where?"

"Oh . . . home," said Delia.

Then she collected herself.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm really very grateful. Will you please take me to 46 East 70th?"

"Relax," the man said, and at that the tears came at last to Delia's eyes.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she said shakily.

HE HANDED her a handkerchief, and then, in front of St. Bartholomew's where Park Avenue suddenly seems wider and quieter, he drew up at the curb.

"You haven't a broken heart, have you?" he said.

"Oh, no," said Delia, and she began to cry.

"My head aches," she sobbed. "I ache all over."

"You've had a nasty jolt," he said, and at that she stopped crying as suddenly as she had begun.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, look," he said, "a fortunate-looking girl like you doesn't wish she were dead because a car knocks her down."

"No," said Delia. She looked at him again. His face was still kind, but this time she saw that it was humorous and well-cut as well, and she felt a faint stirring of pleasure because this desirable-appearing male had liked her looks.

"Admiration is certainly what you need," he said.

"It certainly is," said Delia bitterly. She blew her nose and wiped her eyes, and then, looking straight before her, she told him what she couldn't have told her closest friend.

"Ten months ago," she said, "I had a fight with a man and every day I thought he'd telephone and he never did. It was awful. Then my aunt took me abroad and we just got back this morning. The first thing I did was telephone him. I couldn't stop myself. I asked him for dinner, and he said could he bring his wife. I didn't know he'd married. Then I walked out into the street and bumped into your car."

When it was all said she felt better.

"Did you say he could bring his wife?"

"I pretended I knew he had one," said Delia. "I said of course I meant her to come."

"Well, good for you," said the man beside her. Then he added: "Of course you probably didn't get away with it."

"It doesn't matter," Delia said. She remembered John's voice, and lifted her chin. "He still cares for me. I could tell."

"I wouldn't bank on that. He's married, you know."

"What of it?" said Delia. "She got him on the rebound."

"I wouldn't bank on that either," the man said, and started the car.

WHEN they stopped in front of her apartment house, he said, "Look—there's one thing I can't figure. How did you happen not to know he was married?"

"We don't know the same people."

"You don't?"

"No," said Delia. "You see, I paint screens."

"You what?"

"I paint screens," said Delia. "They're very pretty. Sometimes I sell one."

"My," he said.

"Don't laugh at me," said Delia. "I donated one to a charity thing my aunt got up and John donated two original drawings. He's an illustrator. John Banks."

"I've seen his stuff," said the man beside her.

"Well, that's how we met—through that charity, and after that we saw each other all the time."

"What did you fight about?" the man said.

"He broke two dates and was late for the third, so of course I got mad. Then he got mad."

"Oh my," the man said. He whistled a little.

"About tonight," he said. "You can't have them alone. You've got to have a party."

"I know," said Delia.

"What you need for tonight," he said, "is a brand-new, upstanding, good-looking gent."

"Would you like to come?" said Delia gravely.

"Very much."

"A quarter to eight. Black tie," said Delia.

"My name's Benjamin Tyler. I'm a lawyer."

"I'm Delia Vincent."

He got out then and opened the door of the car for her. Just as she went into the house he called after her.

"I wouldn't bank on anything," he said. "You know everybody gets everybody on the rebound."

Lightly though these words were said, they rang in Delia's ears all the rest of the day. She heard them while she telephoned a gay, but settled, married couple to balance her party with, and while she planned a really superb dinner with her aunt's cook, and while she stood before her mirror just before dinner.

"Oh, nonsense," said Delia.

She bent forward to look into her own bright eyes. Her cheeks were hot and her hands were cold.

"That's how I look best," thought Delia.

The first time the doorbell rang she jumped a foot, but it turned out to be

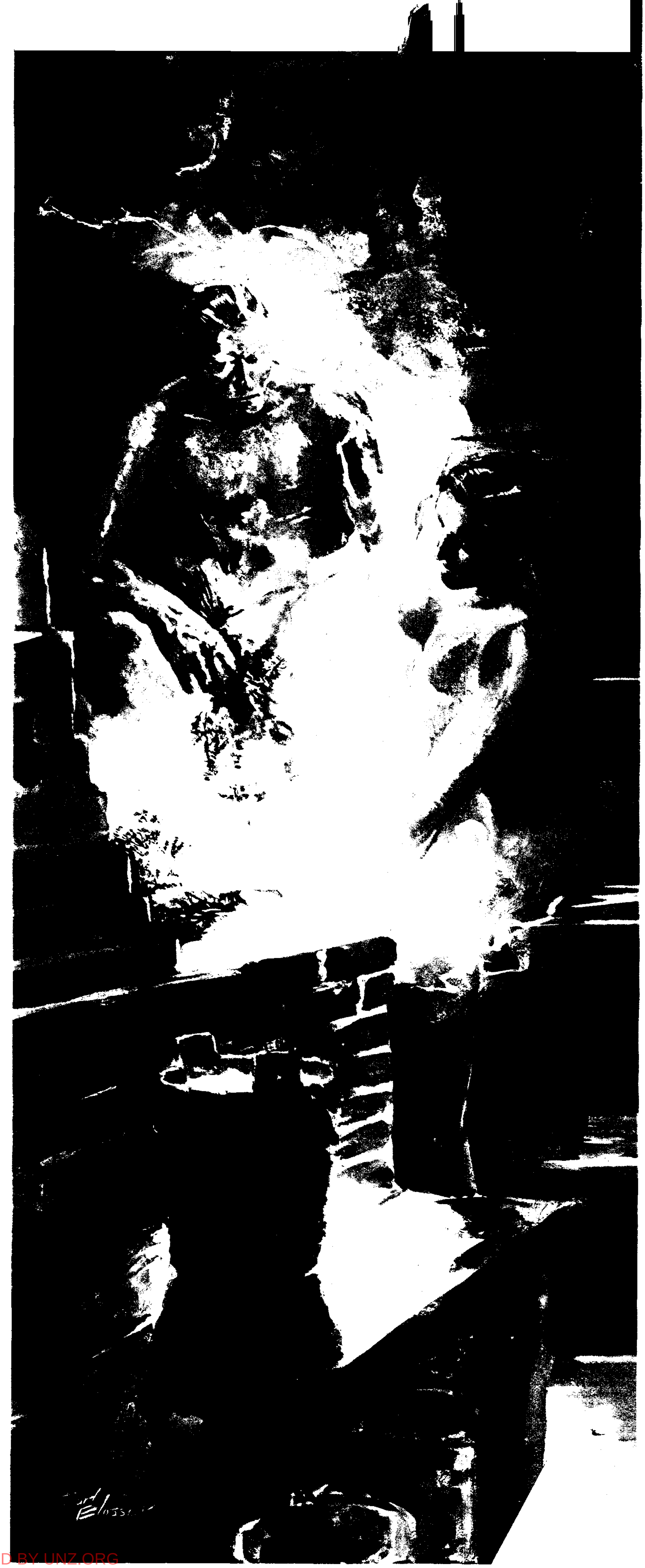
(Continued on page 80)

Finnish Steam Bath

By Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



TOIVO PELTELA was stretched out on the top bench of the steam room. He arched his neck to see me when I opened the door. "Hello," he said in his slow English. "You and me only ones tonight, I guess."

"Hello," I said. "How's the heat?" The air was heavy and moist.

"I taking steam later," he explained. "I been thinking."

It's a small *sauna*. The three-stepped benches of scrubbed yellow wood reach almost to the whitewashed brick of the oven. From one of the tin dishpans on the ledge at the far end of the steps, I took a switch—eighteen-inch cedar branches bound together at the bottom like a settler's broom—and shoved it through the oven door onto the rocks inside.

"More heat?"

"Oh, sure. Make 'um hot."

I tossed a dipper of water on the switch, and the rocks spit and sizzled.

Toivo sat up. "You think that do good? Putting switch on rocks?"

"I don't know," I said. "I just do it. It's a hundred and fifty degrees where you are. Maybe it would kill a germ, maybe it wouldn't."

"It's being a hell of a way to die."

He sat with his big shoulders hunched and his blue eyes squinted against the flushing sweat, and I looked at him and started to laugh. I said, "Any way is a hell of a way to die."

"Soon enough when you got to," he said. "And what good?"

I climbed to the top bench and stretched out.

Toivo picked up his switch and began slapping. "Good," he panted. "Good."

I lay there with the invisible steam burning in my nostrils and resting heavy on my skin. Toivo stopped suddenly. "What you thinking of that peace business?" All Finns were asking that question.

I grunted: "It's too bad."

"Aaaagh! How could little country, poor like Finland, lick Russia? . . . You stand more steam?"

"Go ahead."

He climbed down and tossed water through the oven door, a little at a time. Heat came rolling. He held his hand near the ceiling to test the temperature.

Beside me again, he slapped in quick, continuous cadence. Heat from the fanning brush flowed against me like caressing fire.

Strongly, in a last flurry, he switched himself a boiling red—back, chest and legs—while the air moved as though from the beat of wings. "Whoooooo!" He threw the cedar from him. "In Finland," he said conversationally, "they go out for rolling in snow. . . . But maybe not now," he added.

I didn't say anything. What could one say?

"Tell me something," he said. "You read that history. What the hell's why all this?" One hand rotated at the wrist to indicate all Europe.

I lay with my head on my arm, the smell of soap and cedar in my nostrils. I could see the smug, resentful righteousness of England, the inferiority feelings of the totalitarian powers; I could see the lewd fears of all of them, the debauched idealism of each people, the lies and chicanery, the hysterical self-deception. In my mind it was plain, and flat, and obvious.

"How should I know?" I said. "How should anyone know?"

"Always," he said, "Russia is afraid of Germany. Stalin and Hitler—both crazy men. But why Finland had to fight?"

I raised to my elbows in surprise. "You're the first Finn I ever heard . . ."

"Aaaagh! They was thinking with their hearts."

"Well, hell," I said. "Supposing the United States were invaded. . . ."

He jerked his shoulders impatiently. "We all fighting! And laughing like hell! We could lick that whole world, us. But Finland!—thousands and thousands of young man have die, and women from bombs, and little kids. What they got now? Maybe ten years, fighting again. What good for Russia, licking little Finland? For fifty, hundred years, anyhow, Russia can't fighting big country. Germany will lick them, or maybe England. Finland giving help, then, and getting free again, maybe. All those people dead now—for what?"

PERHAPS he was right. I picked up my switch. The heat of the beating cedar tingled on my back and arms like whipping snow, and my body opened to meet it; the cleansing steam went down my lungs. Beside me, Toivo sat with his hands hanging between his legs. Once when I paused for breath he said, "It's plain as one, two, three down on pencil and paper. I thinking and thinking, and I can see where it wasn't worth it."

"Well, forget it," I said, because I had no room or time for distasteful words. I beat my skin until the bite had gone from the strokes, the edge of the heat had cooled, and then I hurried under the cold shower. Then we sat on the bottom bench, washing from tin pans.

Toivo said, "If they could be licked after a while it would being better. Not so many people sad, not so much . . ."

"Look," I said. "I admit you're right. I suppose that any high-minded gallantry is foolish. I'm not a Finn and you are, but I took pride in the Finns. I think they were fighting the only fight a man could take a clean, high pride in. Now shut up and scrub my back."

We finished, and went into the dressing room and sat around to cool off. Toivo was cutting pulpwood up on the other side of the Michigamme River, and I asked him how he was making it. We talked of this, and that, and the other thing; but not of the war.

He got dressed before I did. "Good night," he said.

"Good night. See you next week."

He closed the door, and came back to me. He gave my hand a quick, embarrassed shake. "Not next week," he said. "I going to Canada tonight. Going to enlist." He opened the door, and then grinned back at me like a kid. "I got good head," he said, "but damn' foolish heart, too."

"Any way is a hell of a way to die," I said. "Soon enough when you got to," he replied

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Owen Ward—lucky guy—is Brenda Joyce's favorite companion and escort

Unsophisticated Lady

By Kyle Crichton

Two weeks after Brenda Joyce applied for a movie job she was in The Rains Came. She learns fast and the problem is to keep her fresh: sincerity is a very precious thing in Hollywood

ONCE upon a time there was a young lady named Graftina Leabo who was a commercial model in Hollywood, than which there is probably no worse job in the world. Hollywood is a place where any restaurant waitress who is not at least as good-looking as Joan Bennett is quietly chased into the kitchen and put to dishwashing. Selling beauty in Hollywood is exactly like carrying coals to Scranton. By simply blowing a sharp blast on a conch shell any commercial photographer can have his pick of eight ex-Wampas stars, six assorted actresses from a Sol Wurtzel Special and seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-one little beauties who work at the drive-in stands and look like Deanna Durbin. In brief, Graftina Leabo (known in the modeling profession as Betty Leabo) was in a position to take up genteel starvation as a profession when desperation turned her to the last hope: the movies.

No bookmaker has ever been found who is crooked enough to quote odds on the chances of a Hollywood commercial model breaking into the flickers. At the very best they would be about three million to one. The Leabo girl went through the motions of applying for a job with very little expectation that it would go beyond the we'll-take-your-name-and-call-you stage. When Talent Scout Ivan Kahn at Twentieth Century-Fox thought enough of her to turn her over to Tom Moore, dramatic coach, it still didn't mean much to her. It got her into a mess almost immediately, however, because next she knew she had an appointment to meet Lew Schreiber, the casting director, at two o'clock and an agency man called to say he could get her three days' work modeling. She called up Schreiber's office and said she couldn't make the appointment.

"Another fresh young punk," said Schreiber to himself, and tore up the memorandum with her name.

When she got home from the first day's work in which she had flashed her pearly teeth so many thousand times in a set of tooth-paste stills that her jaws had the feel of something set in concrete, she found a telephone call that had come during the afternoon. The Leabos, mother and daughter, were living in a rooming house and the maid who had taken the message had gummed it up pretty. The thing now read:

"Since you promised to come out and didn't, your chance for an interview is ended."

She sat right down and bawled like anything and was still blubbering along at a great rate when the phone rang again and it was Moore and he said: "Why didn't you come out? We waited for you. We're anxious to see you. . . ."

(Continued on page 46)

Hull of the Hills

By Walter Davenport

Uncle Billy said his boy Cord wasn't rough enough to be a lumberman, wasn't sociable enough to be a doctor, couldn't holler loud enough to be a preacher. But Cord, said Uncle Billy, was a right thorough thinker. That might make him President

LEAVITT

THE nearer we got to Carthage, Tennessee, the less sure we were that we had come to the right place. At Difficult and Defeated, two branch-water slow-ups off the Nashville-Knoxville highway, they told us that they'd heard that Cord Hull had gone a mite flighty. When we argued that flightiness was not one of the generally recognized characteristics of our Secretary of State they showed us several newspaper photographs of "Uncle Billy's Boy," all of which presented the Honorable Cordell Hull holding a high silk hat. There was a distinct feeling that when a man got to that place in life when he would wear a silk hat, there should be no call for him to take it off to anybody. Yet behold. There was Cord Hull standing at the depot in Washington City, silk hat in hand, making howdy to some fancy feller—likely a French foreigner.

At Pushtight and Samson's Well they hadn't heard that Mr. Hull had gone flighty but they did feel that it was too bad that his pa—Uncle Billy Hull—was dead. Uncle Billy would have read in the papers or heard through the radio that Cord was writing letter notes to European foreigners and was not getting any pen-and-ink answers. Uncle Billy'd have put a stop to that. If a man didn't answer you first time—the hell with him. Except if the man owed you money.

If a man owed Uncle Billy money, Uncle Billy'd have gone right down to see that man and get it. Or else. And if the man wanted to make something out of it, Uncle Billy'd help him make it. Nope, if you wrote a polite letter to a man and he didn't answer it like you wrote it, the hell with him. If a man ain't a man first time, that's his fault; if there's a second time that's your fault. Cord Hull was giving folks who aimed to be a skunk too many chances to prove it.

And everybody in the Tennessee Cumberlands knew that Uncle Billy trained Cord right. Once one of the Thwaites over near Nameless owed Uncle Billy three dollars and fifty cents. Uncle Billy was about to go over and get that three dollars and fifty cents but suddenly thought it would be good experience for Cord, who was about fifteen at the time. So he sent Cord, telling him to be back with the money that night or pay it himself. Cord got it. And it wasn't his own money either, because Cord wasn't a bit that way with his own money. If Cord was elected President there wouldn't be no more talk about eeeconomy. No use talking no more about what you got plenty of. If Cord Hull was nothing else, he was right careful about money. Got that from his pa—Uncle Billy—who left Cord close to two hundred thousand dollars.

At Carthage there was a well-controlled feeling that the country could do worse than make Cord Hull President,

PICTURES, INC.

Mrs. Co[illegible] with Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles at the Jackson Day dinner [illegible] one of the most self-effacing of statesmen's wives in Washington

but that it would be just as well not to expect too much of him. They told us that if we walked up Main Street we'd pass a dozen men smarter than Cord Hull. However, they added, it was hard to tell exactly how smart Cord was because he always gave you the impression that he hadn't done half as good as he was able to. In other words, they explained, it wasn't easy to say what Cord Hull couldn't do good, because if he thought the next man could do a thing better, Cord just wouldn't try that. Cord would just do something else—something he knew he could do good—and do it so well that folks would sort of forget what it was the other man was doing. And not that Cord would say anything about it; he'd just do it out in the open so that everybody could see him doing it. Not saying anything.

There was one man they particularly wanted us to talk to—an old-timer who had been close to Uncle Billy like a chipmunk's eyes. He knew Cord as well as Uncle Billy himself, having been Uncle Billy's best friend and the only witness at the time when Uncle Billy chopped off two of his own fingers rather than go to the hospital for an amputation like the doctor wanted. They told us that we couldn't miss him if we saw him because he looked "like the caution sign on the strychnine bottle." But we missed him, learning later that he had gone home to bed after an all-night wrangle about the Hayes-Tilden presidential campaign with a Yankee from Kentucky.

Nevertheless, we got our ears filled with most of what Smith, Jackson, Pickett and Fentress counties had to say about Cordell Hull; and it struck us as curiously little until we began to realize that he is a man of few parts, well-rounded. As you prowl about Ohio seeking intimate pictures of Robert Alphonso Taft, who is very eager to be the Republican candidate for President, and hear more about Senator Taft's brother, Charles P., so in Tennessee you hear much more about Uncle Billy Hull, father of the gentleman who gives no sign whatever of wanting to be the Democratic candidate. And yet they may face each other in the fall.

Not the Colorful Type

Like Mr. Taft, Mr. Hull seems to have no hobbies. Like the senator, he'd rather work than play—was always that way. As Mr. Taft asks for nothing merrier than a large roomful of industrial statistics garnished with graphs, Mr. Hull is happiest when presented with a few nice, fresh, fat volumes of foreign-trade problems with an unmade tariff bill to tune up on. Cordell Hull a fisherman? Noooo, Cord's no fisherman. A hunter? Noooo, Cord Hull's no hand with a gun. Now Uncle Billy—well Uncle Billy was a direct-acting man. Shake his hand and you got yours shaken back; draw on him and you got drawed on. Roughlike, now and then, but aimed to be a gentleman. Didn't weigh more than a hundred and forty and dressed like the only clothes he had weren't worth throwing away. Walked like somebody was holding him back by one arm—sideways like. That's because he had an eye shot out by one of the Stepp boys over at Mrs. Cindy Lovelace's farm. Quarreled about something—some say it was about a hog-huntin' rifle. Stepp boys—Jim and Dave—just opened up on Uncle Billy and his friend Alec Smith. Killed Alec. One bullet got Uncle Billy on the side of the nose under his right eye. It came out the back of his head. They'd have liked to finish Uncle Billy if Cindy hadn't flopped herself down on him yelling he was dead already. That's where those Stepp boys made a mistake.

Billy wasn't dead. When he was feeling better he went out looking for the Stepp boys, figuring to see about it. Found Jim Stepp sitting on a fence on a farm in Kentucky and Jim said howdy. But Uncle Billy wasn't feeling howdy and Jim lit out. Uncle Billy shot him between the shoulders and plugged him dead for luck.

There are a variety of versions of the story, but this seems to be the generally accepted one. Anyway, Uncle Billy wasn't much of a hand on taking chances. Uncle Billy came back to Tennessee then and folks said some things just can't be helped so there was no more said about it. But Cord? Noooo, Cord's no hand with a gun.

Understand, we're making no predictions. Maybe Cordell Hull will stick to his determination not to be his party's candidate. And perhaps Senator Taft won't be nominated. But if they're picked to fight it out you need expect no sniping, grenade throwing nor other such snappy dueling; it will be a battle of big guns solemnly booming now and then with the side with the most ammunition winning. A grave, professorial theorist lately come at fifty into the political rowdydow against an old-timer realist who's seen everything and doesn't think much of it. Cordell Hull is sixty-nine and has been in the political racket forty-eight years. Noooo, Cord Hull's no hand at getting flustered no matter which-a-way it turns out. And, noooo, he don't play golf games or drink whisky that's been mixed with something to whittle it down to boys' size. But the Cumberlands reckon that if he comes out anywheres second-best, it's because second-best's the paying end of the bargain. They tell you of the advice that his pa—Uncle Billy—gave him.

"Cord," said Uncle Billy just after Cord came out of law school, "there's bargains everywhere—in the woods, in the store, in the lawyer's office. Never buy anything you don't want unless you can get it for no more'n half what it's worth."

Now Uncle Billy, he'd make a right good President. Uncle Billy'd drink right out of a tin cup off the White House dinner table. Not that Cord ain't got his playful side.

A Marvel at Poker

There are those who will venture that he's the best poker player in Tennessee. Others go further, vowing that his equal isn't to be found in the wide world. Mr. Hull has been back to Smith County but once since Mr. Roosevelt made him his Secretary of State. It was in 1935. Cord just dropped in upon Carthage like a traveling salesman and took a room at Carrie Chapman's hotel. Then he walked up to the county courthouse where the boys were talking about the Hayes-Tilden campaign and how the Democrats were robbed by the Yankee Republicans. Cord listened some and talked some and after a while a man came up from the hotel and handed him a telegram. Cord read it, stuffed it into his pants pocket and went right on listening some, talking some and chewing tobacco.

After supper the boys sat down for a little poker and Cord took a hand. At three in the morning Cord had all the money and the boys quit, saying they'd see him that afternoon again at the courthouse. But Cord didn't say anything. He'd sat there all night dealing some, betting some, drawing some and filling some and he never unbuttoned his coat. Instead of rising like the others, Cord sat at the table all alone for another three-quarters of an hour, dealing himself a few hands of solitaire. Then he got up, pulled out that telegram, read it, swore some and went to bed, where he slept some.

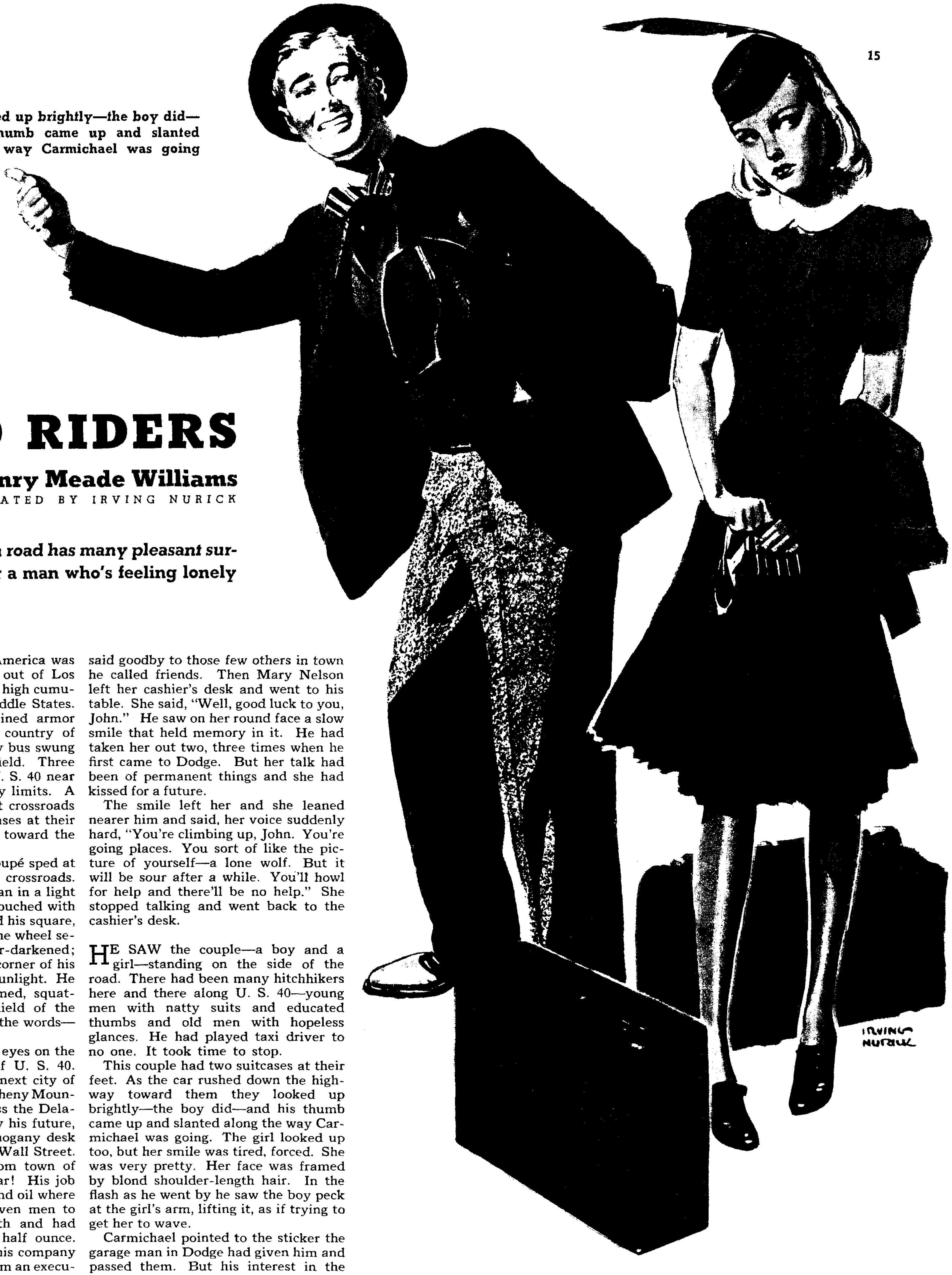
He got up, ate his grits, ham and eggs and hot bread and drank four cups of coffee. Then he packed his valise and while the man was bringing his automobile around to the front door he walked down to see his old friend and campaign manager, Lawyer McGinness.

"Leaving, Cord?" asked Mr. McGinness.

"Yep," said Mr. Hull. "Guess I'd better. Mussolini's raising sand."

Cordell Hull is the third of Billy and Elizabeth Hull's five sons. Elizabeth was right lavish in naming her lads—Orestes, Sanadius Selwin, Cordell, Wyoming and, as if the brave lady had paused for breath, Roy. They're all gone except Cordell and Sanadius Selwin, the latter living in San Antonio where he's working for the government—the Federal Housing Administration or something kin. Known as S. S. or Nade. But Cord was his pappy's favorite, inheriting the greater part of Uncle Billy's money and being the executor of the will that

(Continued on page 76)



They looked up brightly—the boy did—and his thumb came up and slanted along the way Carmichael was going

NO RIDERS

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

The open road has many pleasant surprises for a man who's feeling lonely

THE great continent of America was restless. Flight No. 21 out of Los Angeles zoomed below a high cumulus somewhere over the Middle States. A train in shining streamlined armor streaked across the broad country of western Ohio. A sleek, gray bus swung around a curve into Springfield. Three automobiles zipped along U. S. 40 near a crossroads outside the city limits. A boy and a girl stood at that crossroads waiting for a lift, two suitcases at their feet, the boy's thumb bent toward the east.

Eight miles away a tan coupé sped at sixty in the direction of the crossroads. It was driven by a young man in a light brown topcoat. The man slouched with the ease of a good driver and his square, strong-jointed fingers held the wheel securely. His face was weather-darkened; the many little lines at the corner of his eyes told of work in hard sunlight. He was smoking a short-stemmed, squat-bowl pipe. On the windshield of the car a pasted sticker showed the words—NO RIDERS.

John Carmichael kept his eyes on the steadily flowing concrete of U. S. 40. Ahead of him, beyond this next city of Springfield, beyond the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania, across the Delaware and Hudson rivers, lay his future, neatly spread out as a mahogany desk in an oak-paneled office on Wall Street. Behind him roared the boom town of Dodge, Illinois. Let her roar! His job there was done. He had found oil where no oil existed. He had driven men to their last ounce of strength and had driven himself to the last half ounce. He had made a million for his company and they in turn had made him an executive with a mahogany desk. It had all turned out as he had planned it should when he finally closed the books at engineering school five years ago. He had lived by his plan. He had asked no one for help and had expected no one to ask him for help. Being a closemouthed man, he kept these thoughts to himself.

But that morning a girl had guessed how he thought.

Two hundred miles back he had eaten breakfast at Neuman's café in Dodge. He had felt the long, hard handshake of the men he had worked with. He had said goodby to those few others in town he called friends. Then Mary Nelson left her cashier's desk and went to his table. She said, "Well, good luck to you, John." He saw on her round face a slow smile that held memory in it. He had taken her out two, three times when he first came to Dodge. But her talk had been of permanent things and she had kissed for a future.

The smile left her and she leaned nearer him and said, her voice suddenly hard, "You're climbing up, John. You're going places. You sort of like the picture of yourself—a lone wolf. But it will be sour after a while. You'll howl for help and there'll be no help." She stopped talking and went back to the cashier's desk.

HE SAW the couple—a boy and a girl—standing on the side of the road. There had been many hitchhikers here and there along U. S. 40—young men with natty suits and educated thumbs and old men with hopeless glances. He had played taxi driver to no one. It took time to stop.

This couple had two suitcases at their feet. As the car rushed down the highway toward them they looked up brightly—the boy did—and his thumb came up and slanted along the way Carmichael was going. The girl looked up too, but her smile was tired, forced. She was very pretty. Her face was framed by blond shoulder-length hair. In the flash as he went by he saw the boy peck at the girl's arm, lifting it, as if trying to get her to wave.

Carmichael pointed to the sticker the garage man in Dodge had given him and passed them. But his interest in the couple had made him automatically ease up on the throttle. He could see them now in the rear-view mirror. The boy was still hopefully looking at the car—the girl was staring down at the ground.

He had gone on a hundred yards or so when the thought of the girl began to work on him. He remembered seeing in that split tick of time the shadow on her sweater under her breasts—the little, high waistline—the short, wind-pressed, pleated skirt.

He stopped the car.

He saw the boy pick up one bag and start loping toward him. The girl followed, struggling with the weight of the other suitcase. Then he realized that he was waiting for them, that he was going to pick them up with all their junk. Was he nuts? He could go now, ditching them, and save time and the usual blab about how far you going.

It would be a dirty trick.

He backed up to meet them. He opened the door. The boy came up first, panting. He was thin-faced, long-limbed, around twenty. His head was small and set on a long neck. The hand he slapped on the door was big—like the paw of a puppy. He said, looking cheerfully at the car, at Carmichael, "Thanks, mister. Where'll I dunk this stuff?"

Carmichael said, feeling pretty good, feeling the pleasant nature of this boy, "How far are you kids going?"

The girl, who had been standing behind the boy, looked up then, her gray eyes slowly regarding Carmichael, as if something in his voice reassured her. She didn't speak.

"New York," the boy said.

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A Job in Passaic

By Zachary Gold

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

He was an old man, as pitchers go, and he couldn't win. But he didn't lose either

THE boy Christy had chubby legs, a little bowed, and when he ran he swayed from side to side. He chased the ball into the tall grass at the end of the field, picked it up and threw it back to Jake.

"Get him at second, Dad," the boy shouted. Jake scooped up the ball and made a wide, sweeping motion as if he were tagging a runner.

"You're out!" he bawled; and then, shaking the ball triumphantly, he turned to Julie and said, "Did you see that throw?"

In the fields beyond the town the grass was moist and soft and the hills rose in a series of green and brown curves. Gaunt along the side of the field, a row of trees marched toward the glitter of a lake, and somewhere near them a brook bounced over rocks.

Julie was lying on a blanket under a tall tree. She wore a sweater, and a ribbon was tied in her hair; she had on anklets and flat-soled white shoes. She looked like a schoolgirl. When she stood up, the plaid skirt just covered her knees.

"A long one," Jake yelled, and threw the ball beyond the boy. Christy raced back and then in again trying to gauge the throw. The ball arched up and then swooped down suddenly; Christy caught it and tumbled backward into the grass.

"The sun got in my eyes," he said.

"As long as you catch them," Jake said gravely; and he turned and winked at Julie.

Christy smacked his hand into the glove. "One more, Dad. Whip it in!"

Jake wound up, the way he always did, and threw. The ball bounced against the boy's glove and dropped out.

"That's burning them in. Give it the old pepper."

He must have read it in a book, Jake thought. The old pepper. Two out, bases loaded, last of the ninth and good old Frank Merriwell burns them in with the old pepper. The boy had grown; he was almost ten now. Queer how you could forget the age of your own son. Almost ten.

Christy spat on his palms and dropped his hands professionally to his knees. Jake almost laughed; and then suddenly, thinking of Julie, it didn't seem funny at all. He threw a bounding grounder and called, "Last one, Chris."

The boy ran in shouting and slid into the grass at Julie's feet. His bare legs were stained with green.

"How was I?" he said. "Am I as good as you, Dad?"

"For your size you can give me cards and spades."

Christy laughed. "Are you going to pitch tomorrow, Dad?"

Julie turned swiftly. "Run down to the car, Chris, and get the sandwiches."

The boy started down toward the road, throwing the ball into the air and racing ahead to get under it. Jake watched him, patting his hand against the trunk of a tree. The boy had grown; they came up like weeds. Abruptly he turned away and squatted on the blanket.

"I'm thirty-six, Julie," he said.

Julie said, "It's not very old." And then: "That job's still open in Passaic."

"Isn't that something; isn't that something!" He began to laugh softly. "You want me to be an auto salesman?"

"You could still play; you could manage the team."

"A company team. You're kidding."

"I'm not kidding, Jake."

Almost defensively, he said, "I'm doing all right. I'm not starving. Did you get the money I sent you?"

"It isn't the money."

"Don't start it again, Julie."

"I'm going back tomorrow, Jake."

"You said you were going to stay a while."

"No." She had her eyes closed. "Come with us, Jake."

Jake turned away and his eyes caught sight of the boy lugging the heavy picnic basket up the trail. "You promised you wouldn't ask," he said.

The boy Christy dropped the basket and wiped his brow. "Well, Dad," he said, "are you pitching tomorrow?"

Jake said, "Yes," and began to take the sandwiches out.

WHEN they got back to Jake's apartment, Julie changed into a light woolen dress and Christy switched on the radio and propped himself on the ottoman stool. Jake dropped into a chair by the window and sat looking out.

Across the narrow courtyard the wall of the other wing of the apartment house rose, checkered with windows. Jake looked down onto a kitchen table and overstuffed parlor chairs. On the second floor a man was taking a nap in an iron bed. The wall was built of gray brick and the weather, wind, snow and rain, had toned it to a dull, dirty color. It rose sheer and ugly to the red tile cornices of the roof.

His apartment was a two-room affair—a bedroom and another squarish room with a stove, sink and refrigerator tucked away in an alcove. On the wall hung a picture of Julie and himself and of Christy when he was five years old; that had been their last year in New York.

"In Detroit today," said the radio voice, "the Yankees blasted their way to a nine to three victory over the Tigers. The batteries were . . ."

"Do you hear that, Dad?" Christy said excitedly.

"Yes," Jake said.

"It looks like the Yankees again, huh?"

"They always were tough."

"Did you ever win from them, Dad?"

"Yes."

"You did? You did? Oh, those Yankees. I bet you burned them in."

"Sure, Chris," Jake said. "You have to."

"You show me tomorrow," Christy said.

He remembered then what he had told the boy. He'd have to go down and talk to Harris; he could talk Harris into it.

"Julie," he called.

"Yes."

"I'm going out for a while."

"Can I go?" Christy said.

Jake started to open the door. "You better stay. I'll be back soon." And then, after a moment: "Wait a minute."

He walked to the closet and tapped around on the shelf. When finally he found it, he brought it down and brushed off the dust. You could still read the print on the cover: My Scrapbook. He had bought it his first year in the majors.

"Read this," he said to Christy. "Got a couple of World Series games the old man pitched."

Then he went out.

HARRIS had on the blue serge suit. He was standing by the window, smoking a cigar; the smoke curled around his nose and floated upward in two plumes.

"So you finally came up," Harris said. "Thank you. Thank you very much. I saw you standing down there."

"I was finishing a cigarette," Jake said. "I felt dizzy."

"Go feel dizzy on your own time," Harris said. "What do you want?"

"I want to pitch tomorrow," Jake said.

"That's funny," Harris said. "You're a real comic, Baring. How long did you stay in the last game against the Bears? Four innings. Then: Bang! Bang! Bang! I'm not paying money for a relief pitcher."

"Money," Jake said. "That's a hot one."

"I'm sorry, Rockefeller. This is penny-ante stuff to you. I forgot. I'm sorry I even mentioned it. But to me it's money. Especially for a guy whose arm isn't even good for shelling peas any more."

"I still pull them into the park, Harris," Jake said softly. "You know that. I want to pitch tomorrow."

Harris pulled heavily on the cigar; the smoke spurted out in a heavy cloud.

"Why don't you forget the big ideas, Jake? Why don't you open up a poolroom? Why don't you forget about baseball?"

"I'm sorry," Jake said. "I wasn't listening. What did you say?"

The red blotched Harris' face. He laid his hands, palms up, on the desk top. "All right, Jake," he said evenly. "We play Benson City tomorrow; you can pitch."

"The Benson City Orioles. There's a team for you."

"Tigers," Harris said. "The Benson City Tigers."

"That's a team, all right."

"Those Swedes can hit, Jake."

"Big-league stuff. Yes, sir."

Harris said quietly, "Go on home, Jake, and take it easy."

Jake picked up his hat and walked out. The girl outside said good evening, but he didn't hear her. In the street he walked around the block once, feeling angry and bitter. He knew it was just Harris' way; Harris liked to play the big shot, but each time it happened he felt the same.

When he got to Gregor's, a small bar off the main street, he paused a moment and then walked in.

The colored bartender called, "Hello, Mister Baring."

"Hello, Porter," he said, and sat down at one of the small side tables. Porter brought over a rye with a beer chaser.

Why did Harris have to talk that way? Harris had a mouth. Harris thought he knew everything. Who the hell was Harris anyway? A small-time ball-club operator; that's all he was. Harris and Julie. There was a pair. The

kid was all right, though. He liked Christy—a bowlegged shortstop like old Honus Wagner. The kid knew how to handle himself. Nice wing, too.

Julie was another one; she got him down with that business. He was sorry she had come. She should have stayed back home. He, he wasn't really sorry. Julie was nice, Julie was sweet.

ANYWAY, there was Porter. Porter liked him. Porter thought he was the best damn' pitcher in the world.

"Who was the best fielder you ever saw, Mister Baring?" Porter asked.

"Bob Meusel," Jake said. "He could throw a ball like a bullet."

"I heard about him," Porter said. "I sure heard plenty about Mister Bob Meusel."

Someone came in and Jake heard Porter whisper, "That's Mister Jake Baring over there, the pitcher man."

Sometimes the people Porter told would come over and shake his hand. Some of them had seen him pitch in the old days.

"Sit down," he'd say to them. "Ever see Dugan?" he would ask. And even then, sitting in the small bar, Jake could see Dugan in the sunlight, cutting over toward the base line to spear a drive, and whipping the ball in a straight, hard line across the diamond. "You should have seen Dugan," he would sigh.

Or else it was Cobb or Speaker or Hornsby or Ruth.

Those were the times he really enjoyed, when the gap of the years faded away and there were only Porter and himself and the sun hot on some remembered diamond. It wasn't the drinks because he never particularly cared for

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Then Harris was shouting, "You drunken has-been! Why don't you wise up? You're shot. You're all finished. You're washed up"

The incredible Bill Tilden, who practically invented tennis, is still playing a champion's game at the age of forty-seven. Some fans insist Don Budge is the greatest player, but listen to Don

KNOPF-PIX

"Pupil and master," says Don Budge of this photo of himself and Tilden

IT WAS a very hot day in Berkeley just twelve years ago. Bill Tilden was playing against Ray Casey in the finals of a tournament. I was acting as ball boy but I was so fascinated by Tilden's wizardry that I don't think I did a very good job.

Tilden was having an inspired day. There was magic in his racket and, good as Ray Casey was, he couldn't do much against the champion. Then Tilden smashed a terrific forehand; there was a loud ping and he looked down with disgust at his broken racket. He threw it aside, picked up a new racket and continued. The old broken bat stayed there on the side lines and I couldn't keep my eyes off it. I would have given anything for that racket.

When the match was over I walked into the locker room and, let me tell you, I was trembling. I went up to the champion and I said, "Mr. Tilden, that racket you broke isn't any good to you, is it?" Then I got stuck. I couldn't say any more. I was too darn' nervous.

Tilden laughed and said, "Would you like to have it, Sonny?"

I just nodded and he handed me the broken racket. I went home walking on air. I went home thinking that Bill Tilden was the greatest tennis player in the world and the greatest guy in the world. Nothing has happened during the past twelve years to change my mind.

Now let me explain. I haven't any false modesty about myself. I love to play tennis and I feel I know something about the game. I've played against every leading player in the world and at one time or another have beaten them. I say this just to emphasize the fact that I can speak with some authority on this game called tennis. When I say that Bill Tilden is the greatest of them all I'm not making an idle gesture to boost a man for whom I have so much admiration. I'm stating what I consider to be fact. Now I'll prove it:

Only a few months ago Tilden, Les Stoefen, Ellsworth Vines and I were touring the British Isles. I felt that I was playing well. In fact I don't think I was ever in a hotter streak. We were scheduled to play in Edinburgh one night. Bill had been troubled with a bad fever and he had spent a few days in the hospital. He also had a sprained wrist that wasn't quite well.

Bill and I were scheduled to play singles and I was hoping that Bill would call it off. I knew that he was in no shape to play. But Tilden belonged to the old "The show must go on" school and he wouldn't think of postponing a match that had been advertised. So I went out on the court hoping to end it as soon as possible. An hour later the match was over and I was congratulating Bill on his fine play.

Tilden beat me in straight sets and I know that I was playing well. Tilden was forty-seven years old and I was twenty-four. Tilden had a bad wrist and a fever and we had been through a grueling tour and the weather was damp. Tilden was all washed up—a has-been. I was the world's champion according to the records and I was in perfect condition and decidedly on my game. And Tilden beat me in straight sets. I've played against them all but

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The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

CHARLOTTE ("CHERRY") RAWLINGS—for thirteen years a student at a school for "underprivileged" girls in the state of Washington—knows almost nothing concerning her early history. Following a school play (in which she has the leading role), she is introduced to Judge Judson Marshbanks, of San Francisco. The judge, a kindly man, informs her that her mother, dying, had appointed two guardians for her: himself and "Emma," a faithful employee and companion who had nursed her in her last illness. He says that a secretarial job—at the home of Emma's present employer (Mrs. Porteous Porter, a wealthy old invalid)—awaits her in San Francisco.

A few days later—following a brief visit at the Marshbanks home (with the judge; his much younger second wife, Fran; Amy, the judge's dead brother's debutante daughter; and the judge's formidable mother, Mrs. Clay Judson Marshbanks)—Cherry is comfortably ensconced in Mrs. Porter's luxurious ménage.

Her duties mastered, she is fairly happy . . . for a time. . . . The memory of a man she had met at the Marshbankses'—Kelly Coates—lingers with her. Coates is an artist. He has a cottage, Topcote, in near-by Sausalito. Having felt drawn to him from the moment she had first seen him, Cherry wonders if she will ever encounter him again. . . .

Mrs. Porter gives a large party. Kelly Coates is among the guests. Also, Fran Marshbanks. And before the evening is over, Cherry has made a shocking discovery—Kelly and Fran (*the judge's wife!*) are in love!

But, in love with Fran or not, Kelly makes it obvious that he admires Cherry. He sends her a box of candy, with an amusing note. Unfortunately, when they meet again, Cherry lets drop a remark that makes it clear to Kelly that she suspects Fran and him of having "an affair." For a moment, Kelly is confused; then, reddening, he changes the subject. . . .

The days drift by. Cherry is restless, unhappy. She has, she is well aware, hurt Kelly. But what can she do to rectify matters? There is, she feels, only one answer: She must go to Topcote, on her next free day, and apologize.

Perhaps she does not realize it, but already—after a short time in San Francisco—she is no longer the simple little Cherry Rawlings the girls had known, and loved, at school.

IV

EMMA, quiet and stern-faced and impersonal, had to concede herself sufficiently like the rest of humankind to succumb to a heavy chest cold when changeable March weather was vexing the city, and for a few days the household was seriously alarmed about her. Her old employer was ill too, and a nurse who had often cared for Mrs. Porter was installed in the rooms of the mistress; there was a second nurse as well to relieve the first. Emma, however, refused any such help and battled her way sternly back to health on her own terms. To Cherry fell much of her domestic responsibility, and except for the few days when Emma was too uncomfortable to talk, she consulted her senior constantly, made lists and wrote notes and took care of Emma.

She reflected that it was fortunate for them both that when the housekeeper was ill and when she was so needed for new duties, old Mrs. Porter also was confined to her bed with a light touch of flu. For the little time that she needed diversion, her nurses read to her or chatted with her; she had a new audience, and as always she impressed them with her goodness, innocence and sweetness.

It was at this time that Cherry formed the habit of spending the early evening hours with Emma, as Emma grew convalescent, and although the older woman never acknowledged in words that she liked her companion or missed her or waited for her, Cherry grew to enjoy these evenings, and suspected that Emma did, too.

Emma was about fifty, but she might have been any age between thirty and seventy. Her face was thin, narrow and marked by sternness and reserve. Her graying hair she wore coronet fashion in tight braids in which never a hair was awry. She carried her narrow shoulders high, was almost painfully neat and fresh in appearance and in her speech betrayed the trained nurse's unmistakable attitude.

A strange, cold, repressed woman, Cherry used to think, as Emma, belted into a gray wrapper, with her face still red from violent washing and her hair

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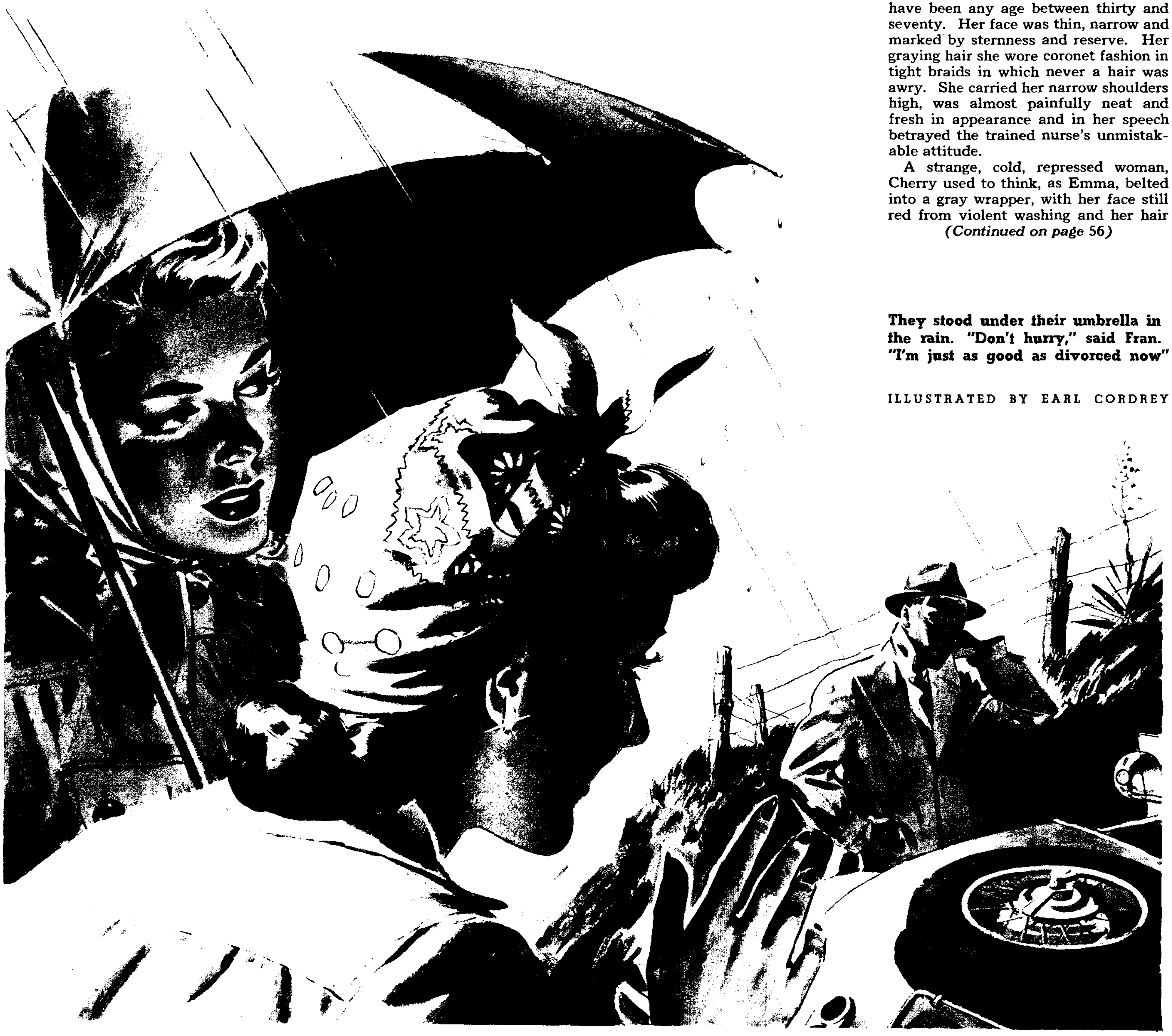
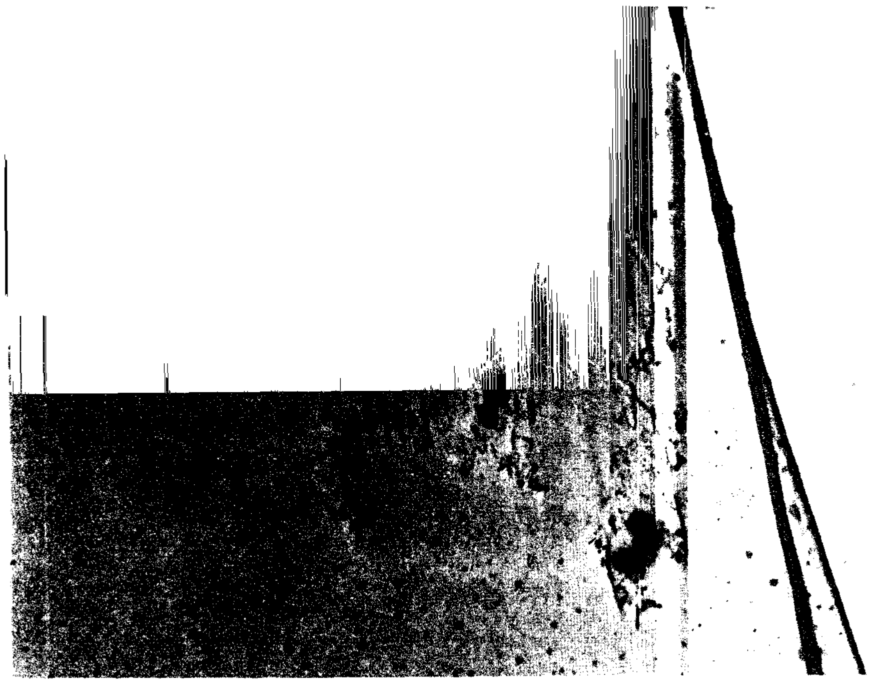
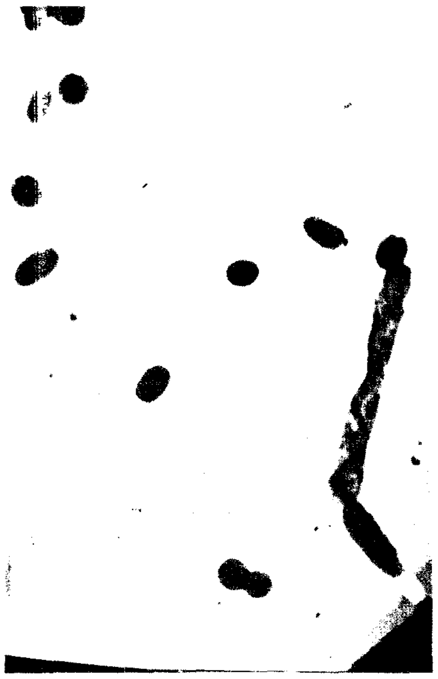


They stood under their umbrella in the rain. "Don't hurry," said Fran. "I'm just as good as divorced now"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

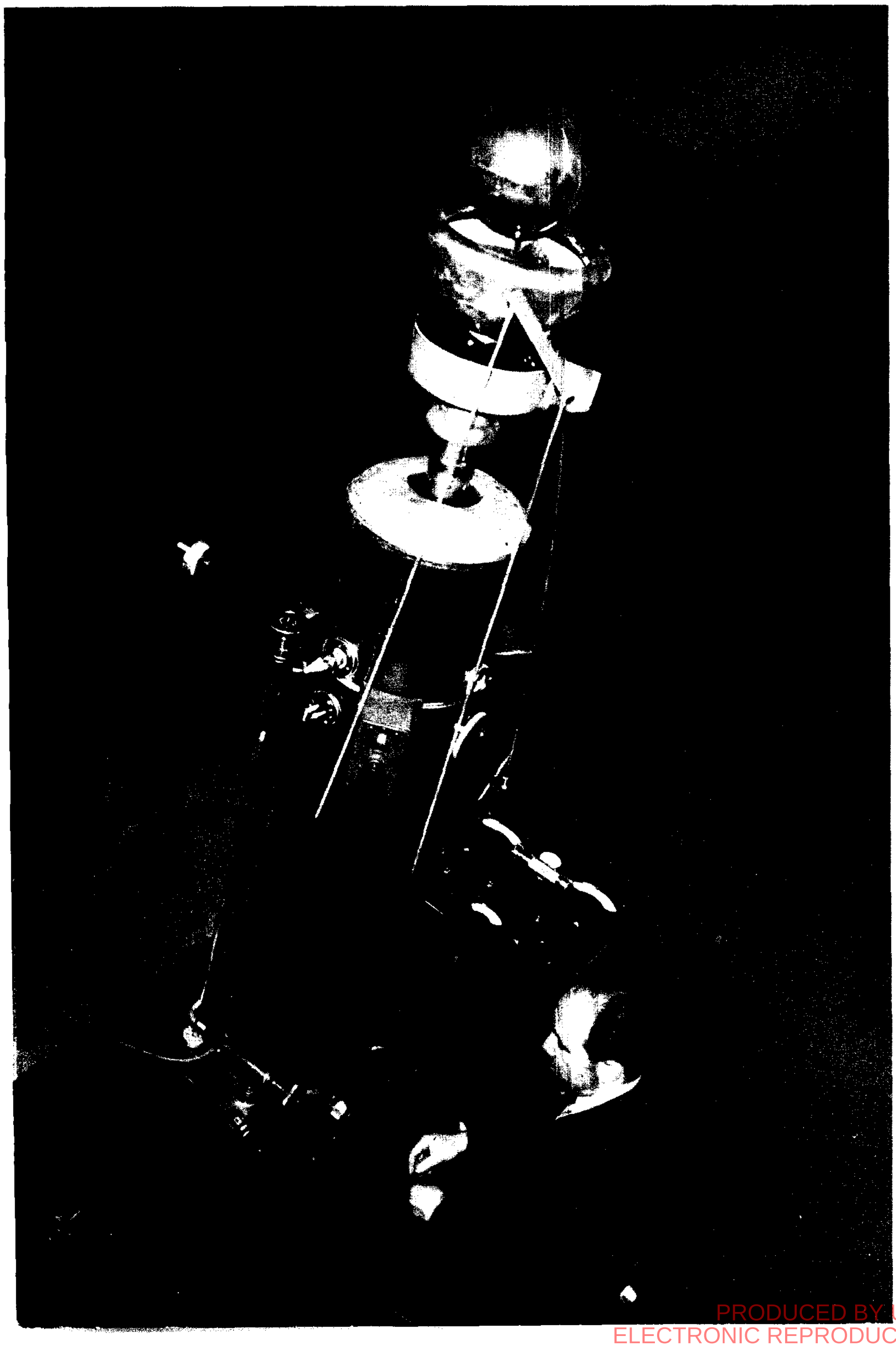


The pictures shown above represent the first glimpses of a world that has lain beyond the reach of microscopes because the objects in it were too small for light to reveal. Now, in the new microscope constructed by RCA, which uses streams of electrons instead of light rays, a magnetic field to replace the conventional lenses and a fluorescent screen for observation, magnifications hitherto thought impossible can be achieved. The photograph above shows a typhoid germ. Its wavy flagella have never been seen until the advent of the electron microscope. The sheet upon which it was mounted, one-millionth inch thick, has broken and curled in the upper left corner



Whooping-cough germs. These lie at the extreme limit of visibility of a light microscope. Here, magnified 10,000 times, they are easily seen. Some of the internal structure can be made out as well as what appears to be several instances of germs dividing

These are streptococcus germs at a magnification of 20,000 diameters. The links connecting the germs have never been seen before nor has the filmy envelope enclosing some of them. The smaller objects may be protein molecules, but that's not certain yet



Dr. L. Marton seated at the RCA electron microscope. The electric-current supply for the instrument is controlled from the cabinet at his right

The Smallest Ever

By Denver Lindley

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

NO ONE would think of using the electron microscope to look at anything as huge as a human hair. But if you did it would look like a log seven feet thick.

Not that that's the limit. That's just a convenient degree of magnification—20,000 diameters.

Twenty thousand diameters may sound like one more figure, larger than other figures for magnification but not different. Actually it represents the impossible—or what was assumed to be impossible. You can't magnify anything twenty thousand times with a light microscope and see it in detail—for a very interesting reason: you are trying to look at things smaller than the wave-length of light. Microscopes that depend on light have a definite limit and that limit is not the skill of the microscope maker. The limit is the point at which light fails him. Beyond that he can magnify till the cows come home, but he won't see any more.

Have you ever noticed the black spots on a very thin soap bubble? Those are the places where the bubble is so thin that no light is reflected.

For sixty years it has been accepted as absolute fact that no microscope could reveal anything smaller than the wave-length of light. There were a great many things scientists knew about by indirect evidence—things that lay just beyond the reach of light microscopes, such as the filterable viruses that cause infantile paralysis, measles and grippe, or the protein molecules that make living bodies—and which they believed they would never see.

Now in the RCA laboratories in Camden they are beginning to see these things.

Twenty thousand diameters is more than a new figure. It's the threshold of a new world—the world that lies beyond the reach of light. The pictures on this page are a first glimpse of that world.

How was the trick done, how was it possible to see without the aid of light? The answer is that it's been done in other fields before. You can't see X-rays, but a photographic plate can. And if you throw them on a fluorescent screen they become visible.

But X-rays are no good for microscopy. There was something else, though—electrons. They behave like waves too. And their wave-length is exceedingly short. At voltages of between 30,000 and 100,000 the wave-length of an electron is only one-one hundred thousandth of the wave-length of light. That means that if microscopes could be built that used electrons instead of visible light, their theoretical upper limit would be one hundred thousand times as great as that of other microscopes.

Of course you can't use glass lenses to focus a beam of electrons. That would be like trying to focus a beam of light with a lens made out of concrete. And you can't expect electron beams to behave properly in the air because the air

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Appointment in India

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

INSPIRED by German agents, the Spanish rebels send Fred Oaks, an American adventurer, to India, with orders to stir up trouble among the natives. Arrived in Shakkarpur, he takes a room at Seaside House (owned and run by an old maid, Gwendolyn Small); then, working with one Ganeshi Lal, he begins operations.

Two women—Virginia Hatton, whose brother is the district officer, and Rhoda Curring (who is unhappily married)—meet him, fall in love with him. . . .

Accompanied by a girl (Lucy Steel) who had employed him in San Francisco to find Fred Oaks, Bill Gabriel, a private detective, arrives on the scene. Having made good on the assignment, he is on the verge of returning to America when Lucy Steel is murdered—*apparently* shot to death in Fred Oaks' room.

Abandoning his plans for leaving Shakkarpur, he decides to stay and, if possible, find the killer. Oaks, the most obvious suspect, goes into hiding. But a native (for reasons of his own) drugs him into unconsciousness, carries him to Gabriel's room at Seaside House and leaves him there. . . . Gabriel examines the attic of Seaside House. There he finds Gwendolyn Small—*dead!* She has, *apparently,* hanged herself. . . .

Recovering consciousness in Gabriel's room, Fred Oaks finds Virginia Hatton there. In the course of a long talk, he tells her something of his turbulent past. He had, he says, married a beautiful fortune huntress in Reno. Whereupon, his father (a man of great wealth) disinherited him. He had then discovered that his bride had a husband—undivorced—living. So his marriage had been invalid. Later, in New Orleans, he had married Lucy Steel. In a dangerous spot, because of her gunrunning activities in Central America, she had married him so that she might obtain a passport. Learning this, he had divorced her. . . .

Dying, Gwendolyn Small had left a will. Reading it, Gabriel learns that the old woman had bequeathed her entire estate to a local physician—Dr. Zachary Forsythe. He interviews the doctor, who tells him that he had been in love with Miss Small; that he had found the body of Lucy Steel in Miss Small's bathroom; that, to protect the woman he loved, he had tried to conceal all evidence of violence. He cannot explain the presence of the body in Oaks' room. He feels certain, he says, that Miss Small was murdered. . . .

Leaving the doctor, Gabriel goes to his room; and presently—trying vainly to fit the pieces together—he drifts off to sleep.

VIII

AFTER two hours and fifteen minutes of noisy, openmouthed slumber, Bill Gabriel was awakened by what seemed to his sleepy mind to be a gentle seismic disturbance immediately underneath his perspiring back. He opened his eyes. Hot, steamy sunlight was pouring into the room, and a dusky face was peering through the mosquito netting. Suddenly conscious that the seismic disturbance was caused by the owner of the dusky face bouncing the mattress from below, Gabriel sat up. He blinked. Gradually his awakening mind added such details to the face as a long scar, a huge yellow-gray walrus mustache, a white turban, a bare brown torso and a dirty white *dhoti.* The ensemble was familiar, but for several seconds Gabriel could not remember where he had seen it before.

"What the hell?" he demanded.

"*Chota hazri,* Sahib," said the Hindu, raising the netting with one hand and placing a tray on the table beside the bed. On the tray were a cup of tea and two pale yellow ladyfinger bananas. At last Gabriel remembered that he had moved from the dak bungalow to Seaside House and that this Hindu was a servant he had noticed during the past day or two.

The Hindu stole a glance about the room, then began to retreat.

"Hey, wait a minute," called Gabriel, now fully awake. "How long have you been working in this place?"

"*Kya manta,* Sahib?" The Hindu paused. "*Ghusl manta?*"

"I said, 'How long have you been working here?' Did Miss Small hire you or did you come with the hotel, like the lizards in every bedroom?"

"*Angrezi nai janta,* Sahib. *Main fakat Hindustani bol sakta hun.*"

"All right, all right. Get the hell out of here then," Gabriel ordered. He would get Hatton to act as interpreter and talk to the walrus later—unless the walrus was one of the servants who had already been questioned by the district officer.

The detective went into the bathroom and splashed tepid water over himself for a few moments. He tied a towel around his middle and wrote another letter to Inspector Dumbarton, bringing his report up to date. He had just finished drafting a cablegram to his home office in San Francisco and was contemplating the disagreeable necessity of getting dressed, when there was a knock on his door.

Alvin Brinker, manager of the Bank of Shakkarpur, stood outside. His sallow face, almost yellow against the starched whiteness of his fresh drill jacket, was lined and haggard. He carried a fat brief case in one hand and a lighted cigar in the other.

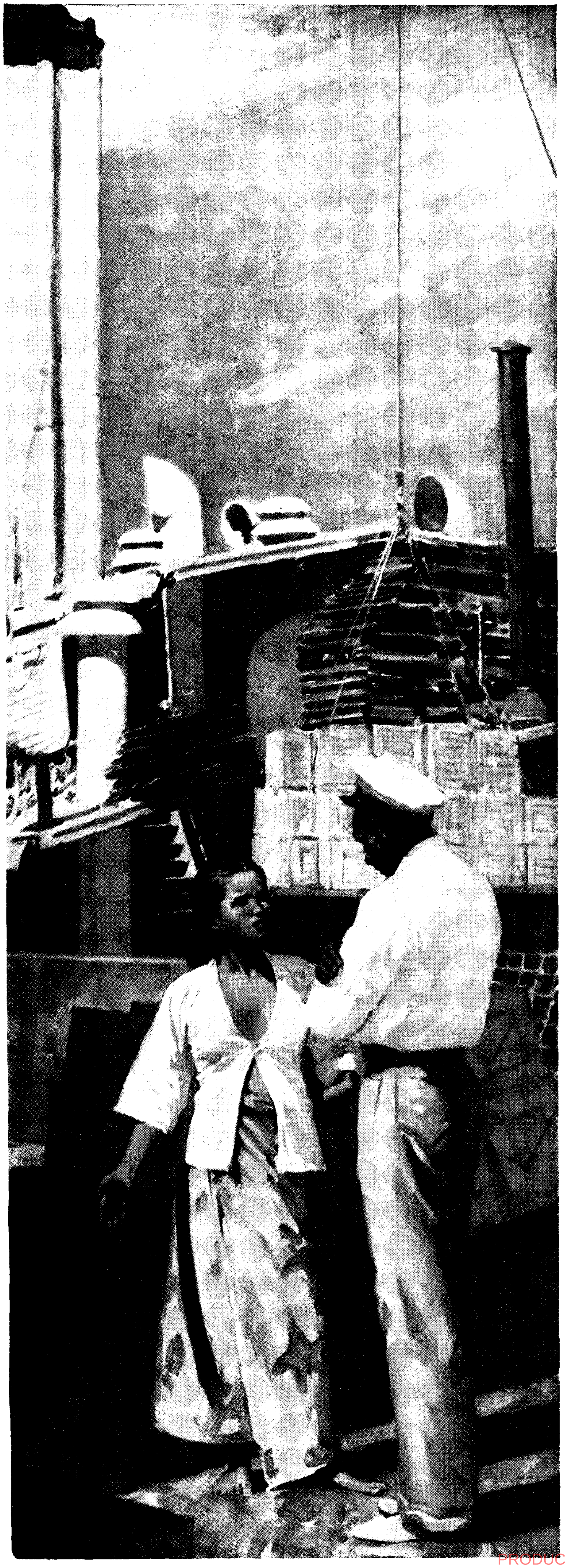
"Morning, Gabriel. Not dressed yet, I see."

"Sure, I'm dressed. I've just gone native, that's all," the detective said, tightening the towel around his ample waist. "What have you come to peddle at this hour of the morning—breakfast food?"

The banker essayed a smile, which was not much of a success. "I've come on a very serious matter," he said. "I haven't slept a wink all night, worrying about it. May I come in?"

(*Continued on page 27*)

She seemed indifferent to the battle. She ignored the efforts of the subahdar of police to get her back inside the station



SUCCESS

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The rise of a self-made shipmaster who never got anything that he hadn't earned

ONLY the star of his own particular fortune knows what sent him down to Semarang and those islands south of the Line. Some idle trick of fate, some gleeful jesting of the gods who watch in jovial silence how the tangled skeins of human aspiration can snarl and unwind and snarl again. Or perhaps it was some dim and distant urging of his racial past where glory was that put the sea and all it meant into the heart and brain of Dulce.

That his feeling and he himself were genuine, I know. Because when I was mate in the Ballyfair he was in my fo'c'sle crowd: it was from that ship he first stepped ashore with his sailor's bindle on his back to join the island feeder service of our fleet. And later, when I had the Ballyfair in command, he came to me with his trouble on his head, asking for what help a friend could give. So I know. I know he wanted nothing extraordinary.

He wanted the just reward for his skill and his knowledge. He wanted the common mark of human dignity, the sign of his unquestioned mastery of the craft; and certainly that's understandable in any honest sailorman. Dulce was guileless as a child. Dulce was big and powerful. But Dulce was black. And his name was Dulcet Abraham Lincoln Jones.

He was really a Canarsie black boy, born in a coal-and-codfish barge off the Sandy Hook Light, who had by some grim irony got the tradition, the brine of deep water tangled in his veins, and he couldn't ever get it loose. Maybe that's what sent him down to that place of brilliant sunlight and dark purple shadow; sent him in the little feeder ships to all the exotic island harbors and the pestilential jungle river ports. Gathering up such fabulous stuff as monkey hair, gutta-percha, bird-of-paradise skins. From the Molucca Passage and the Boni Gulf clear west and north to the South Natunas. Hauling it back to Semarang Roads to fill the bellies of the big white merchant ships he looked at with so much pathetic longing.

When he told his Celia about it, she just looked sadly at him with her round, wide eyes. Celia was slim and straight and olive-skinned; and Celia was utterly female in that superb, primitive instinct of her race. "You just fixin' for trouble, Dulce," she said. And she shook her head. "You better stay down here where you belong. They ain't got no ships for black boys anywhere."

But Big Dulce laughed. He had a voice and a laugh that tolled like a bell. And trouble couldn't bother such a tower of a man as Dulcet Jones, who knew his worth. "That's crazy talk," he told her. "I was born in a ship. Maybe I'll die in one. 'Cause I know for sure there's one of them meant for me. Resident agent says you got to have a license before you can sail as regular officer man. All right, then. I just go an' get me one. Ain' no questions they can ask me in New York that I don't know, if it's got to do with ships. What you talkin' misery for?"

"I ain' talkin' misery, Dulce." She still kept looking at him steadily. "I just know you're fixin' for trouble, Dulce. But I'll be waitin' here till you get back."

He grinned. " 'Course you will."

"Goodby, Dulce."

And in that forthright way he left her. He left her to join the starboard watch of the schooner Anamba, homebound for the port of New York where Dulcet Abraham Lincoln Jones had to go to sit for his officer's certificate. Celia didn't leave the jetty, waiting until the schooner sailed. She just stood there till the shadows gathered thickly, till the palm fronds started rustling and the murmur of the town grew to a heady swell of sound. Somewhere across still water a Malay gong was throbbing, but Celia didn't hear it. She stood there watching how the ghostly canvas grew as the schooner cast from the Roads.

She faintly saw the pluck of the freshening wind against the heavy sail, and she could well imagine Dulcet Jones towering above the watch tailing on the ropes. And then she heard his deep and rolling bass helping the men with the heavy gaff. That's what she was waiting for, it seemed. For that startling music brought her erect at once. She took one long, deep breath that made her dress come taut as if her breasts would in another moment burst it. And there was a shining in her eyes as she heard Dulcet's own particular halyard song booming sonorously through twilight with the chorus thundering after:

"I ain' nevah gonna die.
Nevah!
I ain' nevah gonna die.
Nevah!
'Cause I'm travelin'.
Travelin'!
I'm just travelin' to Jerusalem land!"

That's the way Dulcet Jones sailed away from the Java coast, singing a song like that to help seamen lift the burden of a heavy weight. No doubt he sang it often again, beating down through Sunda Strait; across the boisterous Indian Ocean, with the monsoon howling in his ears. And perhaps he roared it out many times in the teeth of the westerly gales before the Anamba collared the Cape and stood north and west across the broad blue of the Atlantic swells, searching for the white pillar of the Sandy Hook Light and a tug to take her in.

When he got back to Semarang, Celia was waiting for him. Just the way she said she would. And they gave him a third mate's job in his little feeder ship, carrying a half-caste Dutch skipper and a Malay crew. In theory now, he was Mr. Jones. But up along the Buton Passage the dealers in indigo and spice still called him just plain Dulce. The traders in Celebes timber and trepang knew him yet by that quaint abbreviation of his name. And that's all the name he had to the shriveled rattan crackers on the southern coasts of Borneo. He was just plain Dulce to the lot of them. It was only inside the Mandalike Light the Malays called him by a different name. They called him, in the concise idiom of their tongue, "the man who sings about God."

I heard her lush and throaty voice: "I tol' you you was fixin' for trouble, Dulce. Come along now"

He left Semarang and his Celia three times, and three times he came back. Till he got to be a sort of combination chief mate and valued trading agent for the Line. But in the hot and brilliant sunlight of that place you could still see him on the deck of his cranky little tub, a tower of a man, very dark against the monsoon clouds, still peering with that hollow longing at the fine white merchant ships of the fleet; still butting his pathetic head against the invisible wall; still endlessly hunting the just reward. Till the Ballyfair sent her third mate ashore in Balikpapan with fever and let her anchors go in Semarang Roads wanting a watch officer for her homeward leg.

THAT'S when Big Dulce strode down Poncholschen Road and went into the agent's office with his deepwater cap in his hand. The agent had just been transferred from Singapore, and he didn't know what the rest of us knew. So he looked up, frowning to see that black giant of a man looking down at him with that from-under stare Dulce had by now. I know, because I was there. The Ballyfair was mine.

"Well?" the agent demanded brusquely.

Big Dulce let his full lips relax in a slipping grin. "They're saying down at the lading jetty that the Ballyfair needs a new third mate."

"Yes; that's so." The agent appealed to me, as though the whole trouble, fever and all, was my own sardonic doing. "Where we going to find one in this godforsaken hole?" he wanted to know. "Pick him off a banyan tree?" He turned back to Dulce, acidly. "You know one, by any chance?"

"I do."

"What? Send him along! Don't stand there! Send him along."

"That's just what I done."

"Well, where is he?"

"Here."

The agent looked puzzled. "Who . . ." Then it dawned on him, and he broke into a short, harsh laugh. *"You?"*

"Me," said Dulce.

"Oh, get along with you, black boy. You're wasting my time." The agent waved his hand with annoyance. "It's an officer the Ballyfair wants: not a mess boy or a fo'c'sle hand."

I looked up at Dulce. He never said a word. And he wasn't angry, either. But he had the saddest look in his fine eyes I have ever seen in the eyes of any man. He just reached inside his pocket and put a paper on the agent's desk, pointing his finger at it, arm outstretched. After a moment the agent unfolded it, and then his eyes went wide. He looked up, startled.

"Chief officer!" he said in slow amazement. "Where the hell'd you get this ticket?"

BIG DULCE smiled his guileless smile. "I earned it. I never got nothin' I didn't earn. I never want nothin' I don't earn. I'm chief mate in the Natuna. We just got in from Macassar, carrying palm oil, copra and spice. I'm twenty-nine years old, seventeen of 'em in ships an' the other twelve in a coal-and-codfish barge out of the port of New York. I can handle anything that floats. I can because I have. Sail or steam. I been in the company ten years, an' I want that third mate's job in the Ballyfair."

The agent frowned again. Then he tossed big Dulce's certificate carelessly aside. And he shook his head. "Sorry," he said shortly. "Can't be done."

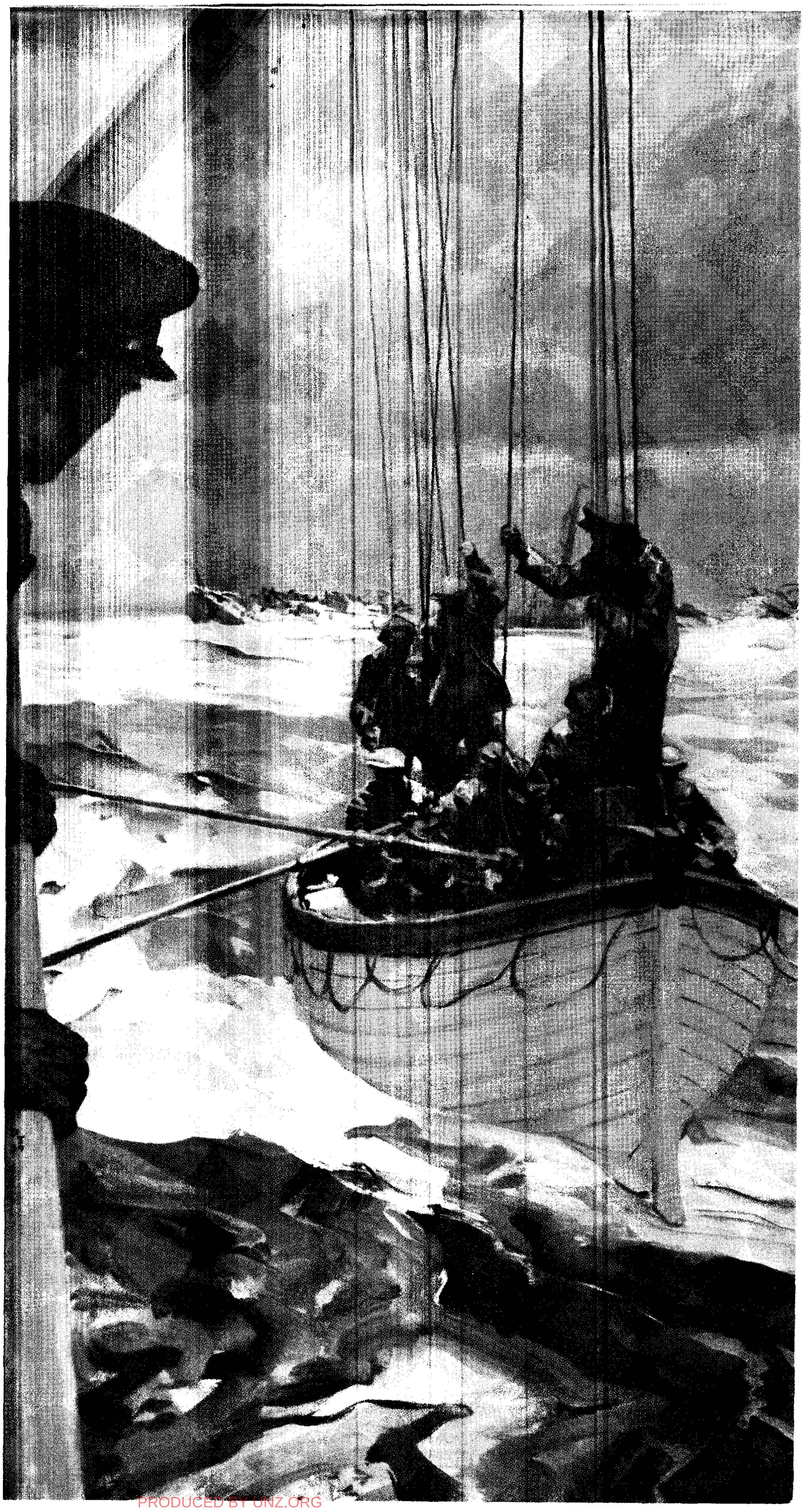
"Why not?" that simplehearted fellow wanted to know. "Why not?"

The agent's brows came together. He was just about to speak when I coughed. I coughed loudly. "It's a custom in the company, Dulce," I said, "for all the senior watch mates to hold master's certificates."

Well, what the devil else could you do? You just had to lie, that's all. Because Big Dulce was fine, and how could you in all decency do outrage to such a spirit? He turned his big head on me slowly, gentle pathos in his eyes.

"Thank you, Captain," he said. "Then I'll just go an' get me one."

He picked up his *(Continued on page 48)*



Dulce was the first man in the boat. He had the cover off, stripping the gear they didn't need. Dulcet Jones pulled the stroke

Morning on South Street

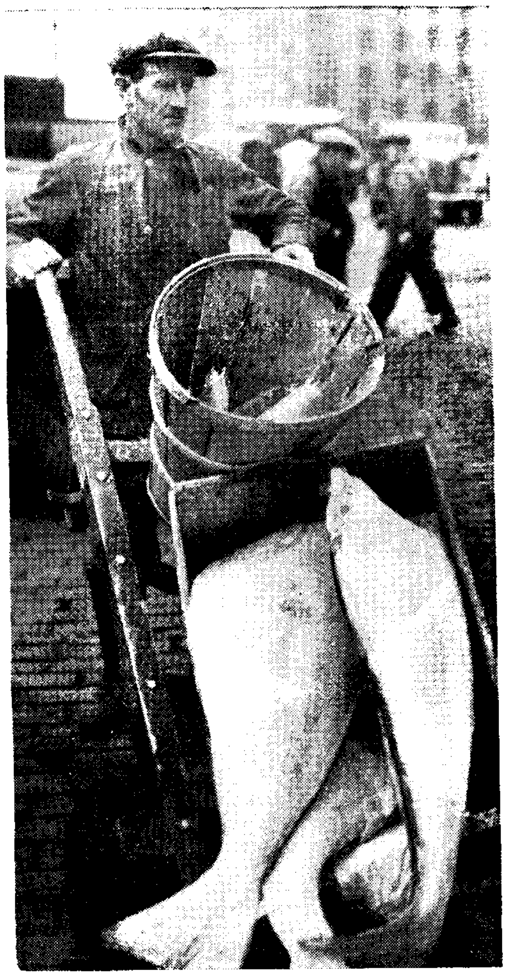
By Quentin Reynolds

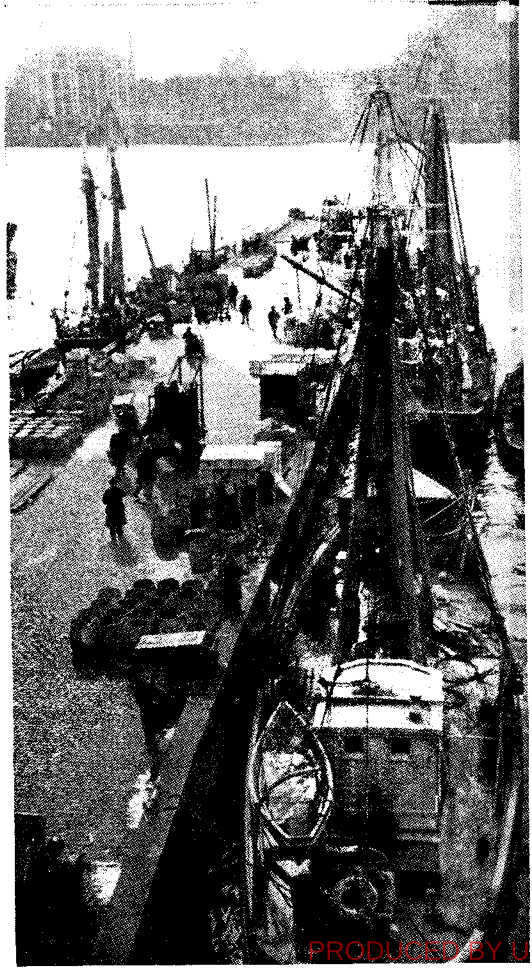
PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

Here's Fulton Fish Market in New York where the only fish ever to be boycotted—the Spanish mackerel—takes its place with fish from all waters. We'll show you around—and there are no odors

MARINETTE, WIS

Fulton Fish Market in New York City, the largest sea-food market in the country. Above, a salesman weighing up an order of sea bass. Lower left, halibut being delivered to a near-by store. Lower right, fishing boats unloading their catch at the pier, where they are re-iced for shipment





THE Spaniards came to Florida looking for the Fountain of Youth. They didn't find the fountain but they found the mackerel. Now, no more inoffensive creature than the mackerel ever lived. The mackerel is essentially a home body who never stays out late or gossips about his neighbors. In the water the mackerel is a slim, good-looking lad who has a lot of fun doing figure eights and nip-ups. Even lying there on the counter at the Fulton Fish Market the mackerel is not without dignity. His belly is a soft white and his back a bluish black. A very nice fish indeed.

During the war in Spain, sales of Spanish mackerel fell off just about forty per cent, as they were boycotted by both Loyalist and Franco sympathizers. Just before the war ended they hit upon a happy solution: they renamed the fish the Florida mackerel, and sales immediately began to boom. Today if you walk into the Fulton Fish Market and ask for Spanish mackerel you will be told gently, "We have no Spanish mackerel but look at this Florida mackerel. It is superior in every way. . . ."

The Fulton Fish Market is on South Street on the East Side of New York. It is the largest in the country and was founded in 1664, and it has been the fish headquarters of the metropolitan area ever since. Each morning, for more than 200 years, boats have edged into the long piers on South Street loaded with loot from the Newfoundland Banks, from the Georgian Banks, from the warm waters of the Caribbean, from Japanese seas. Each day 1,500,000 pounds of fish come to the market and then are distributed to dealers who sell them and ship them all over the country.

In the beginning, fishermen from the Banks would nudge into the East River, tie up at the pier and wait for customers. Gradually the market grew as New York grew, and middlemen entered the picture. They would buy the whole catch of a boat, take the financial risk and hope to sell the fish to retailers. Today the Fulton Fish Market is highly organized, with as many as fifty boats coming in a day, and a hundred wholesale dealers, each with ten or twenty employees, selling the fish to customers all over the country.

For Early Birds

You have to get up early to get along in the fish business. You have to get up early even to see the market operate. Now suppose we drop into the market at five o'clock in the morning and watch the wheels go round. During the night about twenty fishing boats have come into the piers on South Street.

There's the Alice J. Hathaway with 40,000 pounds of codfish and flounders; the Charles S. Ashley just in from the Banks with 59,000 pounds of cod and flounders; the Eunice and Lillian with 45,000 pounds of sole and haddock; the Joan and Ursula, named after the two children of its owner, with 23,000 pounds of yellowtails in its hold; the Portuguese boat Elvira Goulart out of Gloucester loaded with whitefish and butterfish; the Rio Dourio with 36,000 pounds of what Boston calls scup but what New York calls porgy. Several small draggers full of lobsters are there, too, and the wind caught their stubby masts and the boats swayed closer to the dock. All of the fishing boats are heavily motored, mostly with Diesel engines, and nearly all of them carry short masts too, but the ketch rigs are nothing but riding sails to hold the boats steady when they are out getting the fish.

It is still pitch-dark but lights hung from the rafters of the ancient market lend a false and eerie daylight to the scene. Row after row of stalls are guarded by salesmen for the wholesalers. No buyers are allowed in the market until 6 A. M. Then the watchman walks majestically to the front of the market which faces South Street and solemnly pulls a rope which rings a huge gong. It rings three times and the Fulton Fish Market is open for business.

The market, which actually comprises two long, low buildings each about one hundred yards long, is owned by the city of New York, which leases it to the New York Fishmongers Association. This organization is made up of the wholesale dealers of the city and each in turn leases space in the market. More than 2,000 men are employed in the Fulton Fish Market and they are all ready for the rush when 6 A. M. comes.

Let's ask one of the wholesale dealers to guide us around this amazing place. Here's Frank Wilkisson, who has been doing business here for forty-five years and who looks and talks like Al Smith.

"Al and I worked alongside of each other as kids down here in the market," he tells us.

Fish from Every Section

We'll walk up and down the aisles separating the counters and the stalls and look at some of the booty the fishermen have looted from the sea. Here are some native mackerel that were swimming contentedly in the depths off Block Island twelve hours ago. Their backs gleam dully under the electric lights. Here are thousands of small silver smelts, sparkling merrily.

Here is a counter laden with sea trout caught off the Georgian Banks, a stupid-looking fish with a large open mouth; and here are some beautiful steelhead salmon all the way from the Oregon River. Here, packed in boxes encased in silver frost, are hundreds of native smelts, the conventional breakfast of Fulton Market workers.

"These were caught through holes in the ice up in the Canadian lakes," Wilkisson explains, "they're frozen naturally. As soon as they are caught they are laid on the ice there on the lake and in a few minutes they are frozen. Then they are put in refrigerator cars and expressed down here. They're still frozen and somehow a fish that is frozen naturally seems to keep its flavor better. We'll have some of these for breakfast a little later."

Here are some huge turtles. A jovial Irishman, Johnny Buckley, specializes in these. He's perhaps the only Irishman in New York who talks Chinese. Eighty per cent of his customers are Chinese and they are about the only ones in New York who eat diamondback turtle.

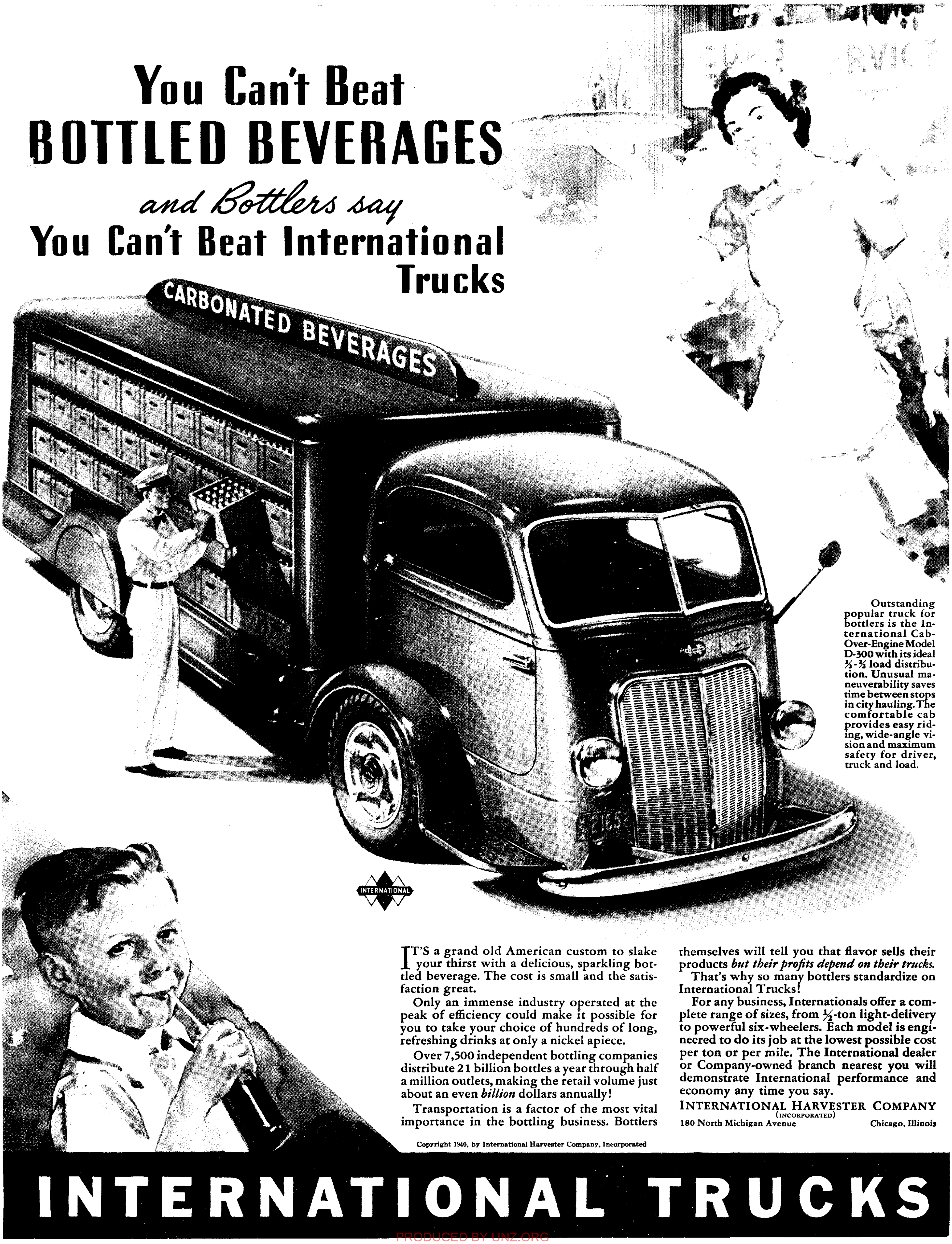
"They're superstitious," Buckley explains. "They figure that if they eat enough turtle meat they'll get to live as long as the turtles do."

Here are small bay scallops found in Buzzards Bay and the larger ones taken off the Georgian Banks. Here are five tons of large shrimp just being unloaded from a huge truck bearing a Louisiana license plate. They are full of health, these Louisiana shrimp, loaded with iodine.

"People don't know how to cook shrimp," Wilkisson frowns. "Best way is to bring a vegetable soup stock to a boil. Peel your shrimp and then put them in a screen. Lay 'em in that boiling soup stock for ten minutes and they'll open up like a carnation. Then you've got something."

There are tilefish, black and golden, and cuttlefish, which are ground up and made into bird food. Octopuses, sea urchins, lobsters and all kinds of shellfish are displayed with buyers haggling amiably with the dealers. The market is a cosmopolitan place. Here this morning there are brook trout from

(Continued on page 75)



You Can't Beat BOTTLED BEVERAGES *and Bottlers say* You Can't Beat International Trucks

Outstanding popular truck for bottlers is the International Cab-Over-Engine Model D-300 with its ideal ⅓-⅔ load distribution. Unusual maneuverability saves time between stops in city hauling. The comfortable cab provides easy riding, wide-angle vision and maximum safety for driver, truck and load.

IT'S a grand old American custom to slake your thirst with a delicious, sparkling bottled beverage. The cost is small and the satisfaction great.

Only an immense industry operated at the peak of efficiency could make it possible for you to take your choice of hundreds of long, refreshing drinks at only a nickel apiece.

Over 7,500 independent bottling companies distribute 21 billion bottles a year through half a million outlets, making the retail volume just about an even *billion* dollars annually!

Transportation is a factor of the most vital importance in the bottling business. Bottlers themselves will tell you that flavor sells their products *but their profits depend on their trucks.*

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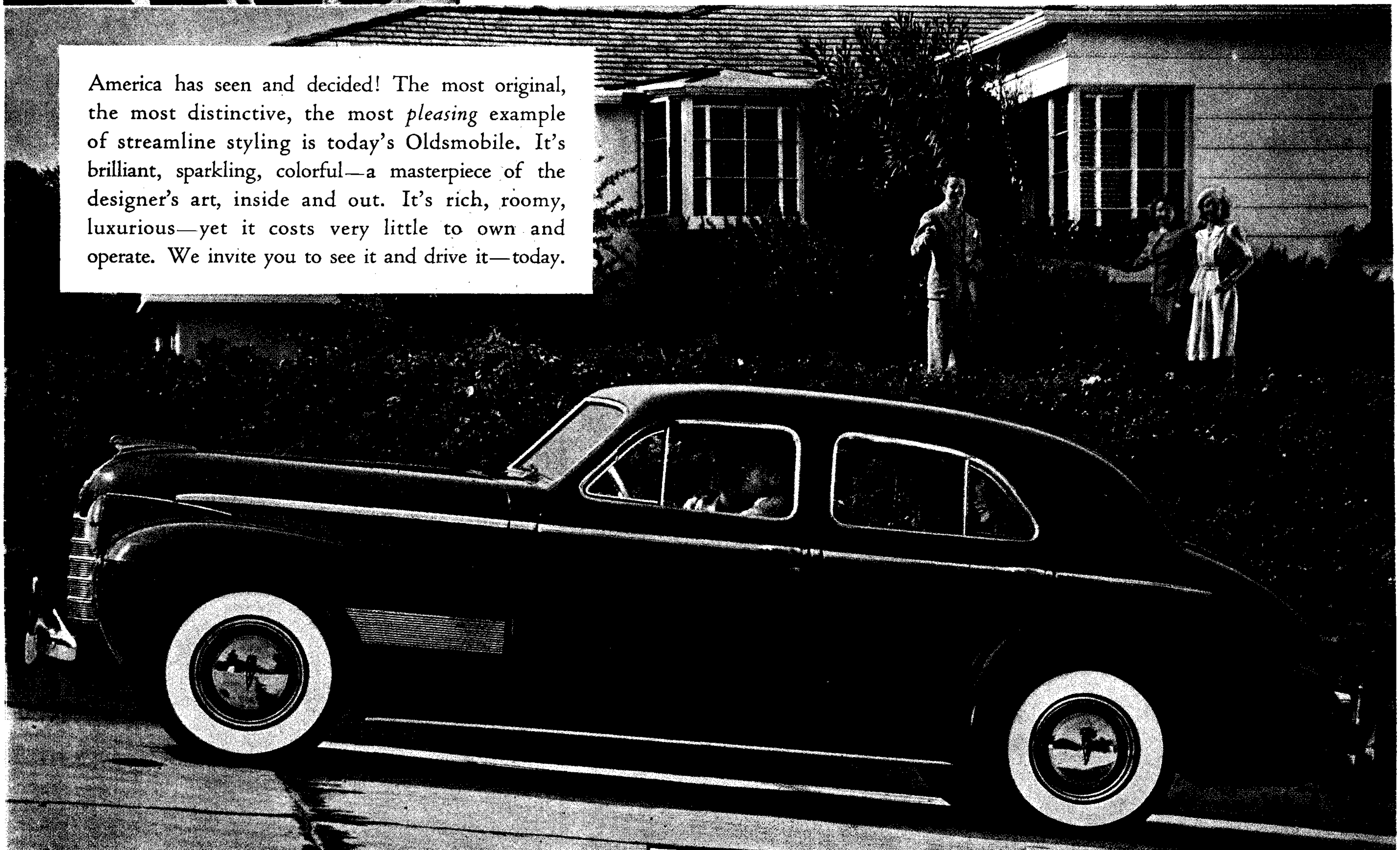
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

YOU HEAR IT *WHEREVER YOU GO* -

"Best Looking Car on the Road!"



America has seen and decided! The most original, the most distinctive, the most *pleasing* example of streamline styling is today's Oldsmobile. It's brilliant, sparkling, colorful—a masterpiece of the designer's art, inside and out. It's rich, roomy, luxurious—yet it costs very little to own and operate. We invite you to see it and drive it—today.

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Car illustrated: Custom 8 Cruiser Touring Sedan $1144, including white side-wall tires, delivered at Lansing, Michigan. Other models, Coupes $807 and up; Sedans $853 and up. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Help promote safety—dim your lights when passing.

OLDSMOBILE

Appointment in India

Continued from page 21

"Sure, why not?" Gabriel said. He watched Brinker take off his topee, noted that his bald spot was wet with perspiration. The man was obviously nervous. As he sat down, he clasped his brief case tightly with both hands. "What've you got in there?" Gabriel asked. "Your detailed confession—or another body?"

Brinker didn't even try to smile this time. His tiny eyes stared at Gabriel insistently for a moment, before he said: "Then you *have* suspected me. I was sure of it."

"I haven't suspected you particularly," the detective said. He picked up one of the miniature bananas from his *chota hazri* tray, began peeling it absent-mindedly. "What made you so sure I did?"

"Well, from the first I've always fancied you as a rather astute person," said Brinker. "I don't see how you could do otherwise than suspect me, once you had all the facts. If you don't—yet—it must be merely because you haven't the facts."

"What facts?" Gabriel bit off the end of the banana.

"Well, for example . . . has your home office in San Francisco cabled you anything about me?"

"Not a word."

"Well, they will," Brinker declared. "That's what I said to myself last evening, when I learned that you were in some way connected with this Lucy Steel, and that she was a former wife of young Fred Oaks. I said to myself, 'Brinker, you're in for it. They're going to blame you for this.' I should have spoken to you about it then and there, except that it was rather a nasty shock. But after this horrible thing happened to Miss Small last night, I knew I couldn't hesitate any longer. I had to come and talk to you."

"Why?" asked Gabriel casually. He tossed the banana skin in the general direction of the refuse basket. It fell short, landed squarely in Alvin Brinker's lap. The banker ignored it.

"Why?" echoed Brinker. "Don't you know—? But of course you don't, if your home office didn't cable you. But haven't you even tried to guess the name of the man for whom Gwendolyn Small gave up her career—the man who gave her Seaside House?"

"Adolf Hitler?" suggested Gabriel idly, starting on the second banana.

"George Francis Oaks!" Brinker announced. "The *late* George Francis Oaks."

GABRIEL dropped the banana. "Fred Oaks' old man?" he asked.

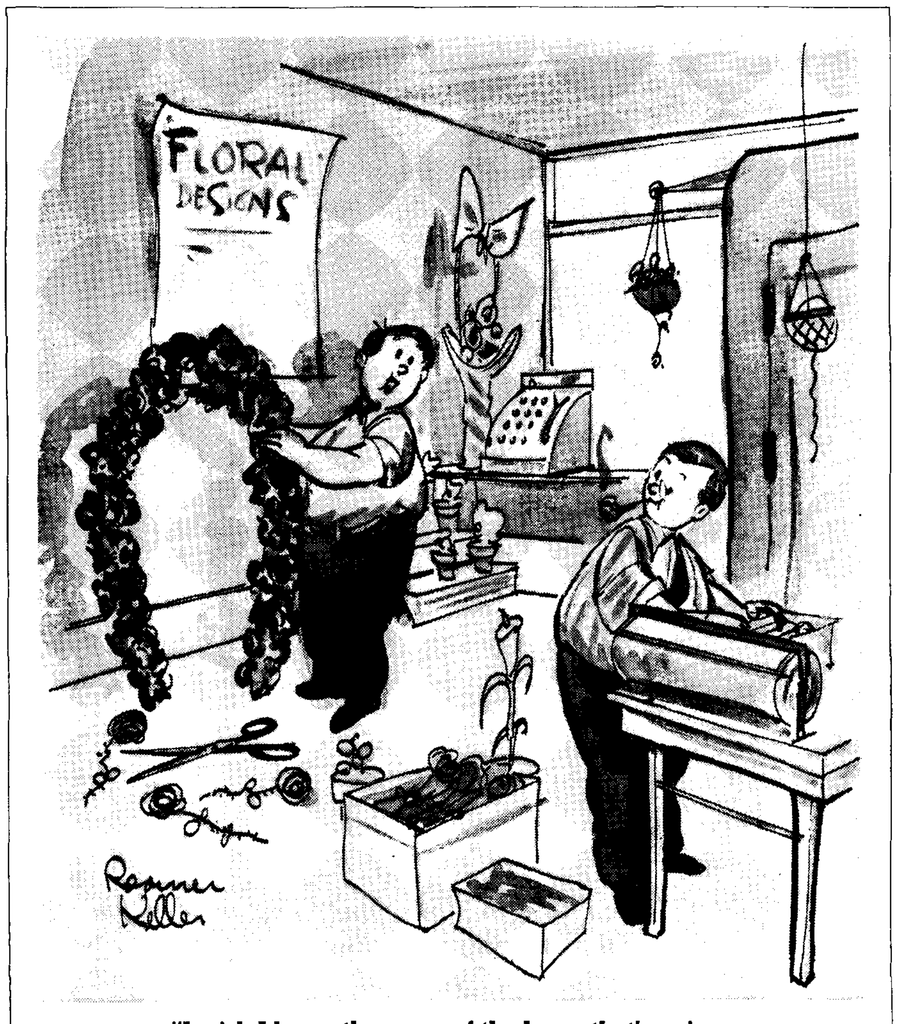
Brinker nodded. "I was sworn to secrecy, of course, but it can't matter now, since they are both dead."

"I still can't see how that makes you guilty," Gabriel said.

"It doesn't," Brinker replied. "But it makes me a suspect, definitely. You see, the Bank of Shakkarpur handled the entire financial relationship between Gwendolyn Small and Mr. Oaks, Senior. The Bank of Shakkarpur, in fact, was owned by Mr. Oaks until he gave up his sugar interests here, about twenty years ago, and the bank was taken over by the Bank of India, Burma, and Malaysia. We still handle the trust fund, however."

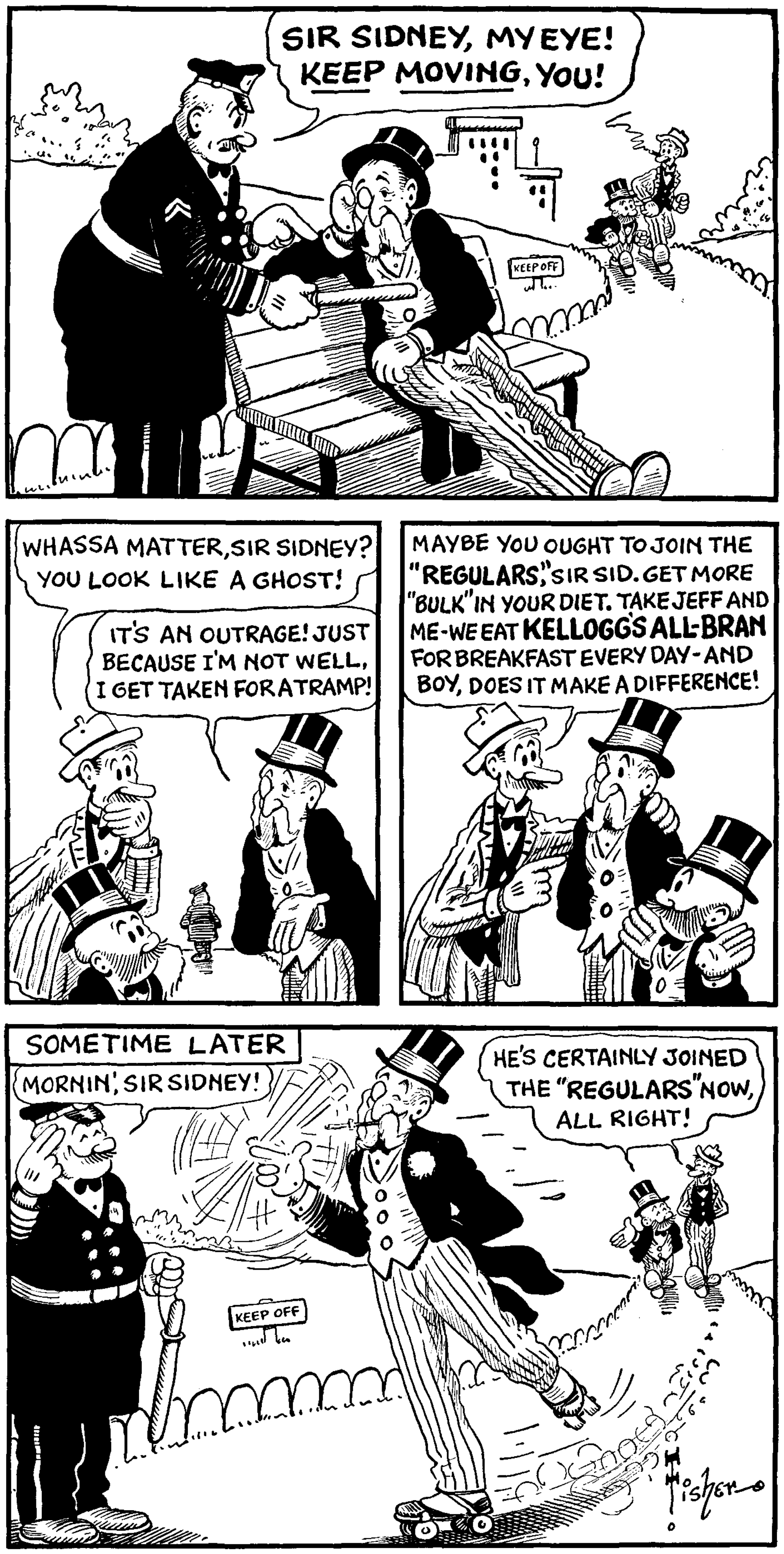
"I didn't know there was a trust fund."

"Oh, yes. When the hotel began to go downhill, Mr. Oaks created a trust of forty thousand pounds, the income of which was to support Gwendolyn Small. You were bound to find that out


FLORAL DESIGNS
Reamer Keller

"I wish I knew the name of the horse that's going to wear this. I could use a few extra dollars" REAMER KELLER

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


SIR SIDNEY, MY EYE! KEEP MOVING, YOU!
KEEP OFF
WHASSA MATTER, SIR SIDNEY? YOU LOOK LIKE A GHOST!
IT'S AN OUTRAGE! JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT WELL, I GET TAKEN FOR A TRAMP!
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO JOIN THE "REGULARS," SIR SID. GET MORE "BULK" IN YOUR DIET. TAKE JEFF AND ME-WE EAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EVERY DAY-AND BOY, DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE!
SOMETIME LATER
MORNIN', SIR SIDNEY!
HE'S CERTAINLY JOINED THE "REGULARS" NOW, ALL RIGHT!
KEEP OFF
Fisher

IS there a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to "cure" it later? There is, if it's the common kind (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet). Get at the cause and *prevent* the trouble with that delicious cereal—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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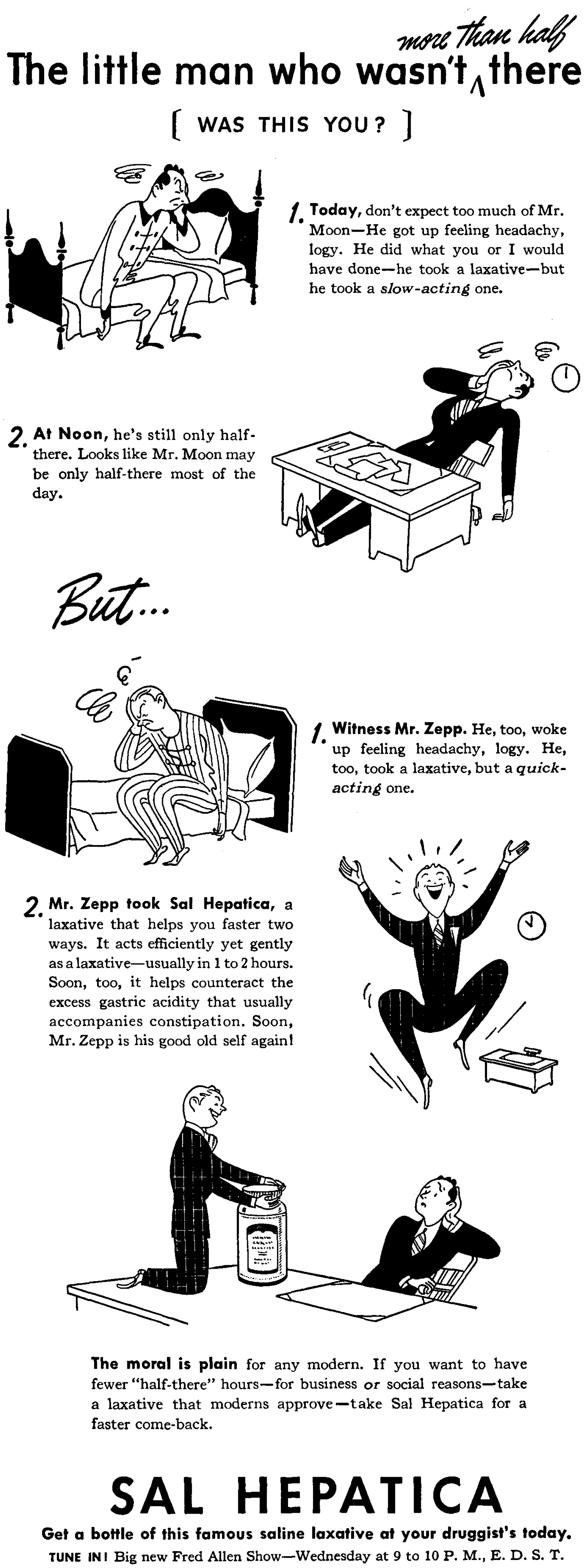
Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN


The little man who wasn't more than half there

[WAS THIS YOU?]

1. Today, don't expect too much of Mr. Moon—He got up feeling headachy, logy. He did what you or I would have done—he took a laxative—but he took a *slow-acting* one.

2. At Noon, he's still only half-there. Looks like Mr. Moon may be only half-there most of the day.

But...

1. Witness Mr. Zepp. He, too, woke up feeling headachy, logy. He, too, took a laxative, but a *quick-acting* one.

2. Mr. Zepp took Sal Hepatica, a laxative that helps you faster two ways. It acts efficiently yet gently as a laxative—usually in 1 to 2 hours. Soon, too, it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies constipation. Soon, Mr. Zepp is his good old self again!

The moral is plain for any modern. If you want to have fewer "half-there" hours—for business *or* social reasons—take a laxative that moderns approve—take Sal Hepatica for a faster come-back.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesday at 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

ultimately, of course. And since Lucy Steel came to India, you say, in some connection with the Oaks legacy, it would be only natural for you to assume that she had some knowledge of this trust fund."

"I begin to get it," Gabriel said. "I might suppose you killed Lucy because she came to accuse you of embezzling away the trust fund?"

"Exactly. And Miss Small for the same reason. It's true, isn't it, as the D.O. says, that you believe Miss Small was murdered?"

"Very much so."

"There's no possibility that it might have been suicide?"

"Not the slightest."

"There it is, you see." Brinker sighed. "A tragic coincidence that might have the most unfortunate effect upon me. So I thought it best to clear the matter up at once, without waiting for you to gather your clues. As you know, I'm leaving for Bombay within the fortnight, just as soon as my successor arrives, and I shouldn't like to go away with this awful thing hanging over my head. Do you blame me?"

"No," said Gabriel. "Not unless you did embezzle the trust fund. Did you, by the way?"

"Not a penny of it." Brinker's voice was resonant with sincerity. "That's the whole point of my visit." He began unfastening the straps of his brief case.

"Here's the whole story," he went on, taking out bundles of papers. "Here's every instrument executed in connection with the trust. Here's a complete record of the account, with Gwendolyn Small's signature on each receipt for each payment made to her on account of income. You'll find it all accounted for—every last rupee, anna and pice. I've even brought the securities themselves, the consols and government bonds that make up the portfolio of the fund. Would you like to lay the evidence before the D.O.?"

"Not me. You can, if you want. I'll just take one of these receipts—the last one Miss Small signed—to check on a little point that's been bothering me. Otherwise I'm satisfied you're in the clear, Brinker. Looks like you'll be able to make that trip to Bombay with a song in your heart and all that sort of thing."

"Thank heaven!" Brinker exclaimed, mopping his brow again.

"I guess you'll be glad to get out of this dump, won't you?"

"Rather," Brinker admitted. "But Mrs. Brinker is the one who is really pleased. Can't blame her, of course. Her people have been civilians on the Bombay side for generations. I was just a *chota sahib* then—my first banking job in India."

"Same bank?" Gabriel asked.

"Bank of India, Burma, and Malaysia, yes," Brinker said. "They control the Bank of Shakkarpur, you know. It will be quite different, though, going back as a *burra sahib.* I've been promoted to vice-president. I suppose you've heard."

"YES, I've heard," said the detective. "I guess you've been with the bank a long time."

"Since '24. I was in Bombay from '24 to '29."

"And in Shakkarpur ever since?"

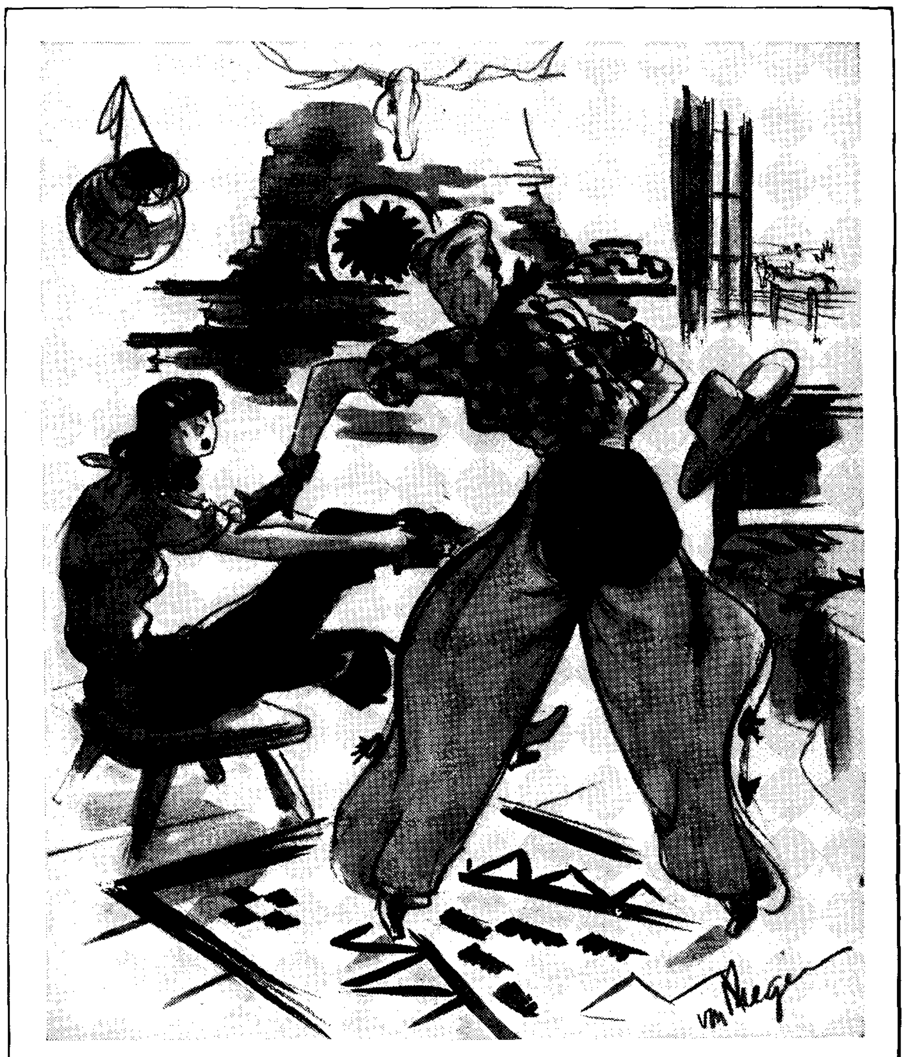
"Well, no. We were a year in Calcutta and two years in London. By the way, Gabriel, do you suppose Gwendolyn Small knew of the death of Mr. Oaks, Senior, before she died?"

"I didn't tell her," Gabriel replied. "Did you?"

"No. I only heard of it yesterday myself. Air-mail letter from his solicitors. I was wondering, nevertheless, on account of her making that will the other day. The D.O. told you, no doubt."

"Yes, he told me."

"That's another thing I thought perhaps might be construed as circumstan-



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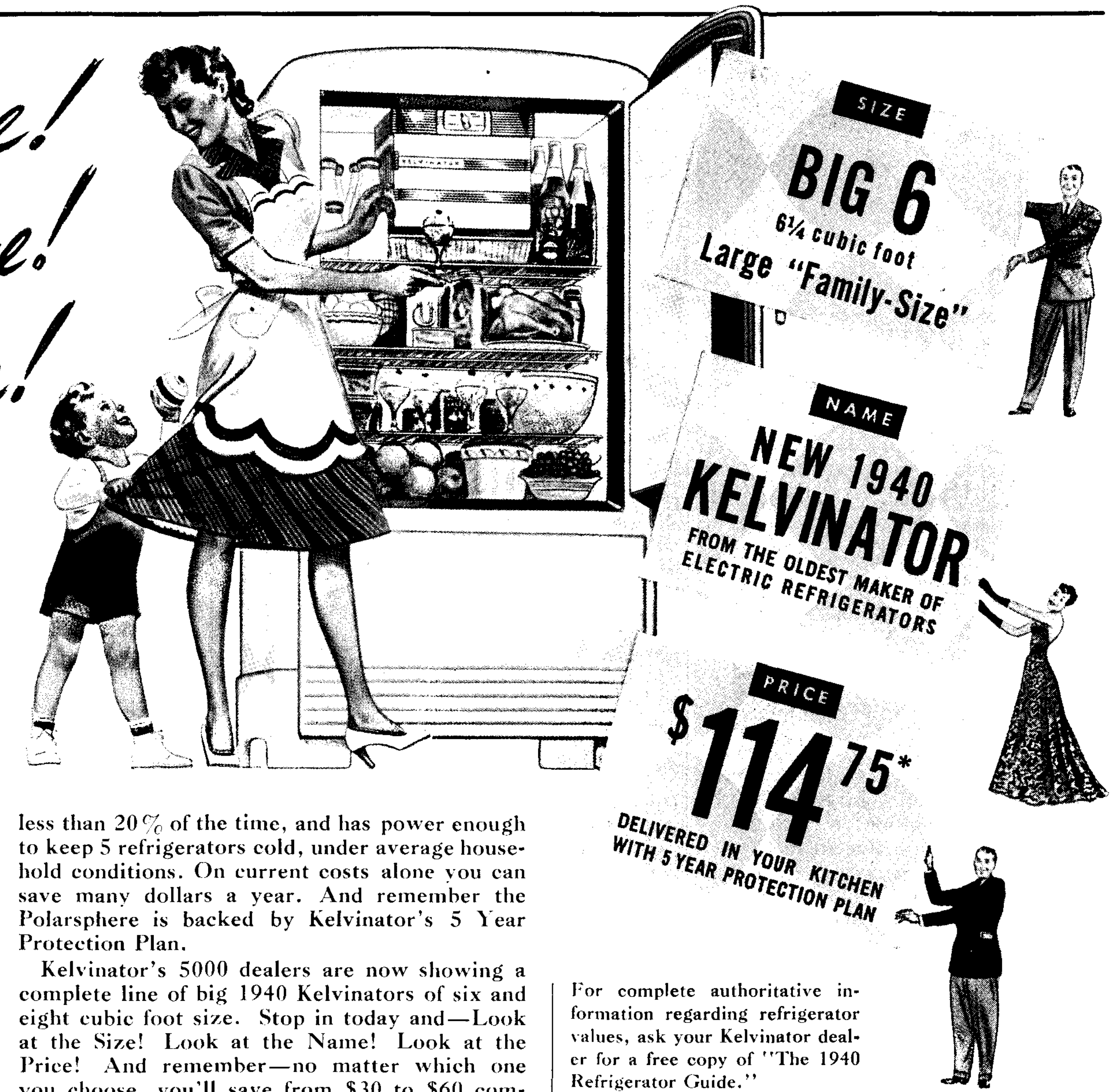
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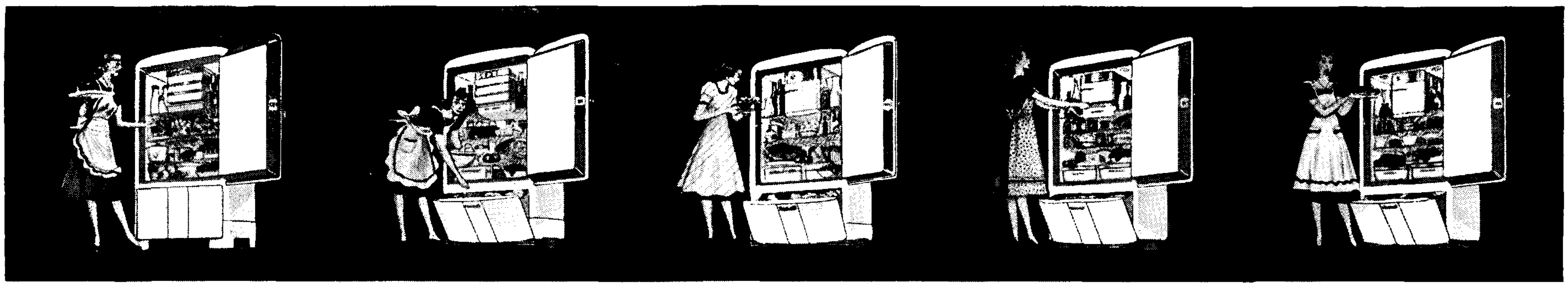

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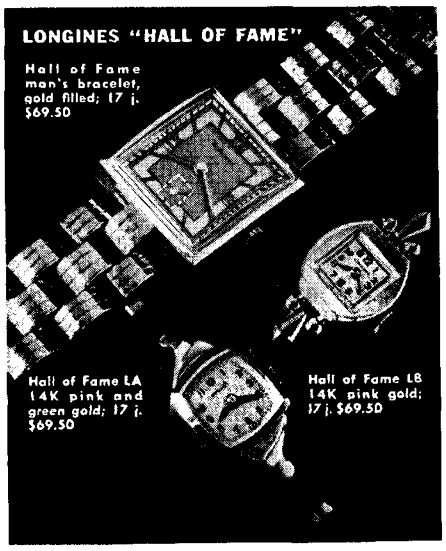
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tial evidence in my disfavor. Why did she deposit the testament with the D.O., instead of with me? After all, I've been her adviser for years—the only one who knew her secret. Why did she suddenly lose confidence in me?"

"Dr. Forsythe says she was a paranoiac."

"I fancy that must be . . . a sudden attack . . . mania of persecution. And yet she didn't withdraw her other tokens of confidence in me. This, for instance."

Brinker drew a yellowed, mildewed envelope from his wallet.

"What's that?" Gabriel demanded. He pulled over a chair and sat down close to the banker.

"It's a key to some sort of chest," Brinker explained, opening the envelope. "This hasn't anything to do with the case, I fancy, but you may as well know about it, in the event that there is some clue or other in it. It's just a pretty piece of sentiment, as far as I'm concerned."

"Well?"

"Do you know, Gabriel, that she's been writing to old man Oaks for all this time—a letter every mail day for thirty years—and yet never posted a single letter? She kept her word, which was not to try to communicate with her old lover, apparently, yet she couldn't help writing him, pouring her heart out—and then putting the letters away under lock and key."

"And that's the key?"

"So she told me. 'When I'm dead,' she always told me, 'you may get them out. They're all stamped, ready to post, so you may as well drop them in the nearest pillar box. It can't harm him, can it, once I'm dead, to let him know I always loved him?' Of course there's no point in posting them now, but if you think it would help your investigation, we could look for them."

"Let's," said Gabriel. "Wait until I jump into a pair of pants. Where do you suppose these letters are?"

"Lord only knows," Brinker answered. "She never told me what the key was for. I fancy it won't be difficult to find out, however."

It wasn't. In ten minutes they found that the key fitted a trunk in the attic of Seaside House.

Gabriel examined the trunk carefully on the outside, then lifted the lid. A strange blend of odors greeted his nostrils, the warm smell of musty dampness and the faint, expiring scent of lavender—the fragrance of memories, struggling to survive the rank, all-destroying suffocation of the tropics. The powdery dust of Shakkarpur had seeped into the locked trunk, and lay in a gritty film upon the many bundles of letters.

GABRIEL untied the first bundle at hand, ripped open an envelope, began reading at random. The light was bad. He tried to move the trunk.

"She's heavy," he said.

"Not surprising," Brinker said. "Just multiply fifty-two by thirty. Must be more than fifteen hundred letters in there."

"If you gave me a hand, we might move the trunk over by the window where the light's better."

"Gladly," Brinker said. He lifted his end of the trunk easily. "You're out of condition, Gabriel," he laughed. "Been neglecting your golf?"

"Never could play the game," Gabriel said. "Never knew enough cuss words to last more than five or six holes."

They put the trunk down. Gabriel dusted off a spot on the floor, sat down, and resumed reading. As he opened letter after letter, the amazing story of Gwendolyn Small's mad and hopeless love unfolded—the story of a woman's heart that had imposed its irrational rule upon a woman's mind, the story of a mind that had hypnotized itself to obliterate the passage of time. Gwendolyn wrote to her departed lover as though he had just gone away on business, had been annoyingly detained, but would return shortly.

"I hope you get back before the season starts," she wrote in one letter, "because I shall be dreadfully busy rehearsing, I fear, and won't be able to be with you as much as I want, darling. I have been reading plays, plays, plays—appallingly bad, most of them. There just aren't any first-rate playwrights any more, I'm afraid. . . ."

Then for a dozen or more letters there would be no more mention of the theater. Her mind was back in Shakkarpur, filling pages with long, gossipy accounts of her daily routine at Seaside House; the price of milk was going to be increased two pice per ser; there was trouble with servants; one of the fishermen had been rude to a guest in bathing and had to be discharged; there was talk in the bazaar of an epidemic at Ranjibad. . . . And through them all there was the continued closing of her mind to the immediate past, continued talk of a future that was thirty years dead. George was back soon. George would always love her. She would always adore George. . . .

"Looks like she didn't know old man Oaks was dead," the detective commented. "She was writing him right up to last week. Unless—why didn't she write a letter this week, Brinker?"

"She would have written it today," Brinker said. "This is mail day."

"She was quite a gal," said Gabriel, "crazy or not, she was quite a gal." For a long time he stared into space. Then he asked suddenly: "Brinker, what about the servants in this hotel? Do you know them all?"

"There's always been quite a turnover," Brinker replied. "Miss Small wasn't exactly easy to get along with. The Indians didn't quite understand her, I'm afraid."

"What about the bird that brought me my tea this morning? He was a big Hindu, with a scar on his right cheek and a gray walrus mustache."

"He's fairly new here, I believe," Brinker said. "I've only noticed him about these last few days. Don't recall having heard his name, in fact."

"Was he here last night when you came to Seaside House?"

"I didn't notice him. But then as you know, I didn't go in. I waited on the veranda for Mr. Hatton."

"I don't mean the time you were here with Hatton," Gabriel said. "I mean the time before—when you came with James Curring."

Brinker stared blankly at the detective. "Who told you I was here with Curring?" he asked.

"Well, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was—after a fashion. That is, I walked as far as the corner of the garden with Curring."

"And then you hurried back to warn Mrs. Curring that her husband was on the warpath?"

"I see now." Brinker seemed relieved. "You've been talking to Rhoda. She told you of my visit?"

"She told me a lot of things. I was just wondering why you hadn't told them to me yourself, since you've gone to all the trouble of coming down here to pay me a call before breakfast."

BRINKER took out a handkerchief and blew his nose deliberately. "I came here to exculpate myself," he said through the handkerchief, carefully weighing every word. "I didn't see it was my place to incriminate another."

"You know what the D.O. says about obstructing justice."

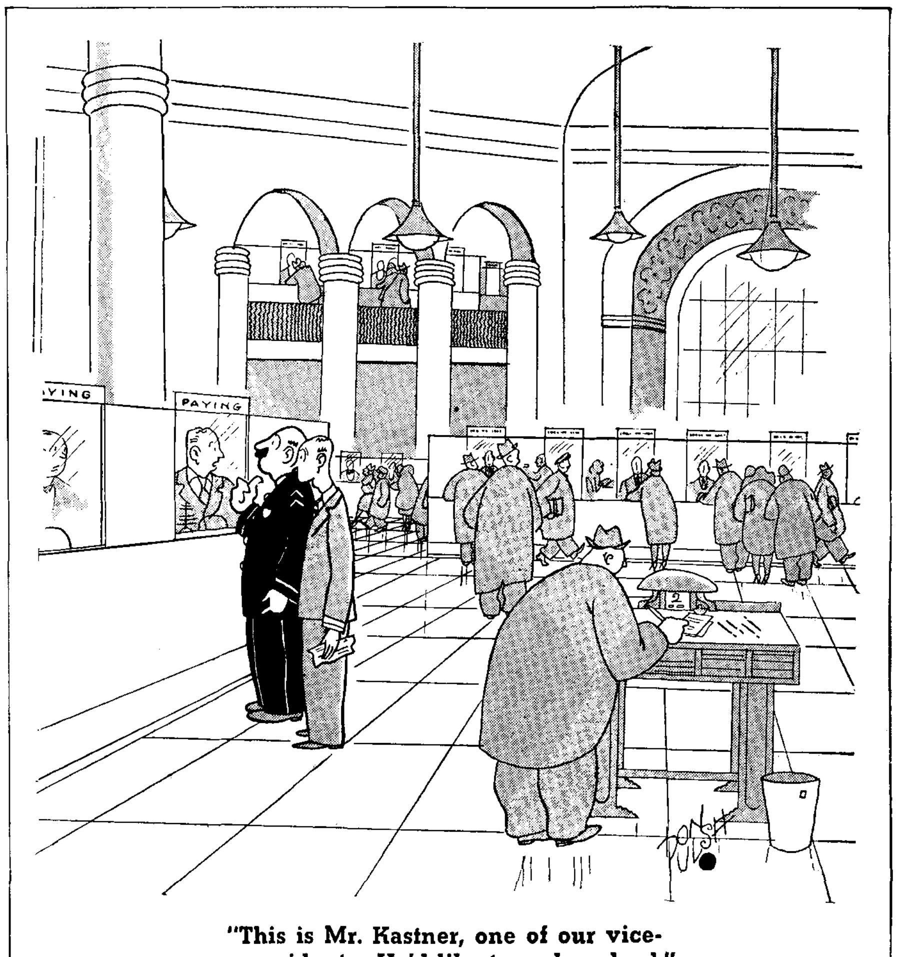
"But I'm not obstructing justice. I've merely neglected to relate perfectly innocent circumstances that might place poor old Curring in a bad light."

"For instance?"

"Well, a casual witness might say that Curring met Lucy Steel at the station when she arrived last evening. As a matter of fact, he was there to meet me."

"Tell me more," said Gabriel.

"Curring sent word yesterday afternoon to ask me to meet him in the refreshment room of the station, fixing the hour. When I got there, the Madras



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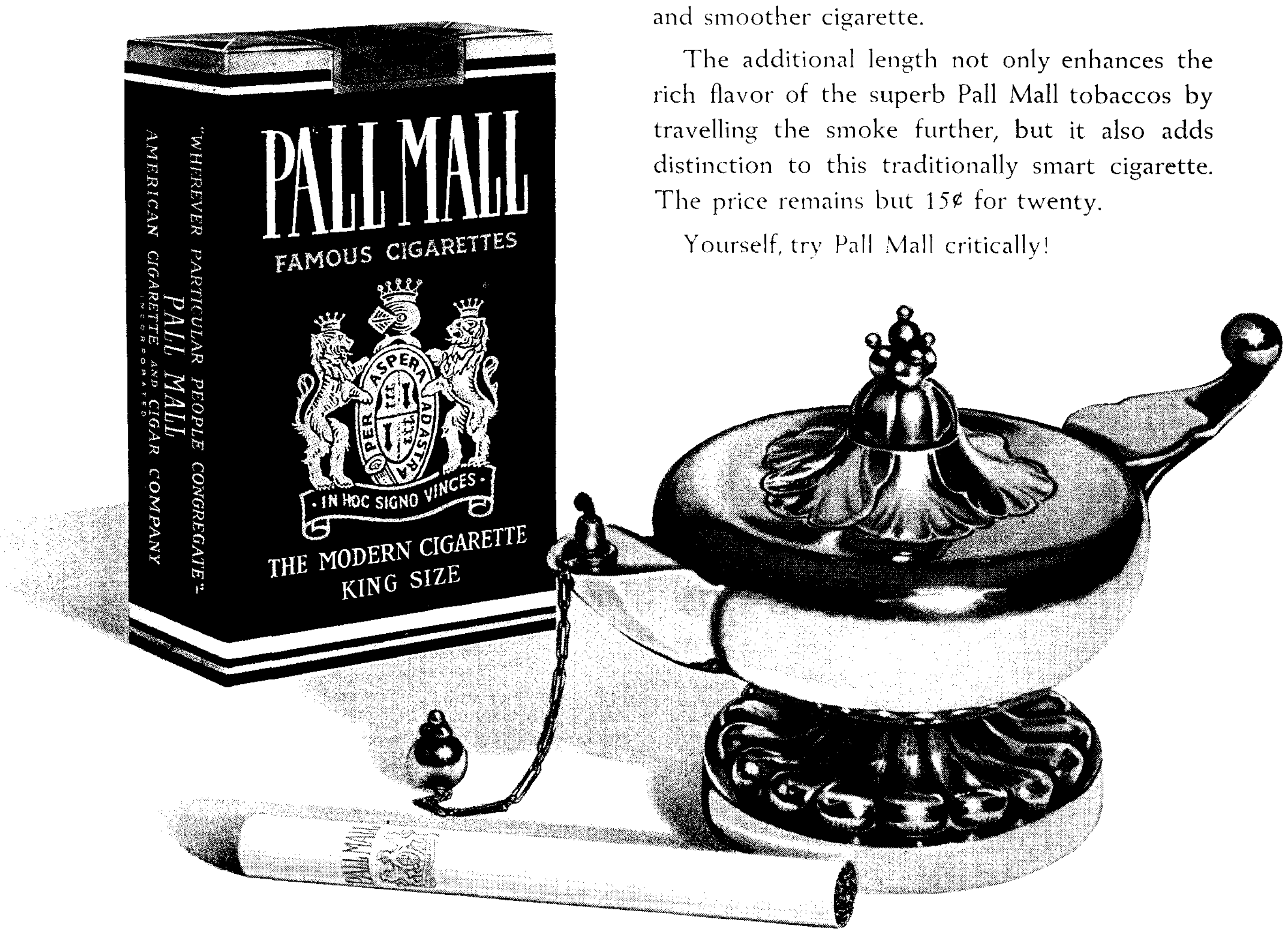
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Mail was just pulling out, and Curring was standing on the platform, talking to a rather attractive blond woman. Naturally, when he came over to me, I asked him about his gaudy new friend. He said he hadn't the slightest notion who she might be . . . that she had merely asked directions to the *dak* bungalow."

"And you believe him?"

"I see no reason not to. After all, it was quite natural for her to address the only European she saw on the platform."

"You don't think his rendezvous with you was just a ruse to explain his being at the station when the Madras Mail came in?"

"It's possible, of course. On the other hand, Curring did have a legitimate reason for wanting to talk to me. His affairs have been going very badly of late. Indigo plantations practically gone to pot, in fact. The Bank of Shakkarpur holds several considerable notes of his that he has no prospect of meeting. He was wondering what the new bank manager would do about the notes when I leave, and whether it wouldn't be better to give up and go through bankruptcy. We discussed the matter over several *chota pegs*, and then went for a walk along the beach."

"As far as Seaside House?"

"Beyond, if I'm not mistaken. Then we came back."

"You didn't see Lucy Steel come down the hill to Seaside House as you were walking along the beach?"

"I didn't, no. I can't say about Curring. He didn't mention it, in any event. When we got as far as the corner of the hotel garden, Curring suddenly said, 'Damn it all, I'm going in and have it out with Oaks!' "

"About Rhoda, was it?"

"That's what I supposed, naturally, and I still think that it was in the back of his mind, although Jim Curring is not a chap to talk about his domestic troubles. He had another story—about Oaks getting him into some jam with the government."

"How?"

"Well, it seems that Fred Oaks claims to have found the same geological formations on Curring's plantations as in the Vizagapatam manganese fields—post-Tertiary with outcroppings of Gondwana strata, I think—and talked Curring into doing a little speculative mining. Curring ordered dynamite, and Oaks hired the labor through Hajji Ahmed. Oaks paid the bills and was to get a small share in the company that would be formed to exploit the manganese—if there was any. Curring was of course delighted at the prospect of getting out of his financial difficulties, and readily agreed to everything—including Oaks' plea for secrecy. Then the dynamite disappeared, and he began to suspect that he was being used as a blind to furnish explosives for some Moslem uprising. He spent the afternoon talking to Hajji Ahmed, who, of course, denied everything. Then he made the appointment with me, to ask my advice."

"Why didn't he go straight to the D.O. and tell his story?" Gabriel asked.

"I don't know, really. He seemed to think that Hatton wouldn't believe him. Might think he was an accomplice of Oaks'. Queer chap, Curring. Never was any love lost between him and the D.O. At any rate, he preferred to have it out with Oaks himself."

"Why did you get Rhoda Curring to put in her oar?"

"Because I rather like Curring, and didn't want to see him get into any worse trouble. I thought his wife would keep him from doing anything rash—if only for the sake of Oaks."

"And then you went home to your game of bridge?"

"Wasn't much of a game," Brinker said. "We didn't finish a single rubber, what with the D.O. buzzing off every quarter hour on one thing or another, and dragging me with him."

Gabriel stood up, replaced the packet of letters he had been reading in the trunk, closed the lid. For a long time he stood looking out the window, his eyes half closed against the dazzling blue of the Bay of Bengal.

"Brinker," he said after a long pause, "I think I know who killed Lucy Steel and Gwendolyn Small."

"Good!" the banker exclaimed. "I hope you see that they get what's coming to them."

"I'll do my best," the detective said. "Do you happen to know where Jim Curring is this morning?"

"No, I don't. Home, I fancy."

"You didn't stop by the Curring bungalow on your way over here, did you?"

"No, I didn't. I was rather in a hurry to get to you before you left the hotel."

Gabriel continued to look out the window. "You know, Brinker," he said, "I have a sneaking hunch that Curring didn't come home last night."

At daybreak, Fred Oaks was safely if uncomfortably hidden in a pile of empty boxes on a balcony opposite the railway station. The balcony jutted from the second story of the shop of a Marwari dealer in religious ornaments.

Fred had picked the place because of its proximity to the station and because of the obvious pragmatism of the Marwari dealer, whose good will he purchased by the old expedient of giving him half of a hundred-rupee note and promising the other half on good behavior. The Marwari was behaving very well.

Fred had a good view of the station, and when the sun came up, he knew he would not have much longer to wait. He had sent a chit to Ganeshi Lal, saying there had been a slip-up in the arrangements for the delivery of the rifles, and suggesting how they had best be taken possession of. Ganeshi Lal did not have to be told twice.

The men began to drift into the station half an hour before the arrival of the Mail from Madras. Fred spotted them at once, although they were a motley lot—coolies, water venders, beggars, pilgrims. Something about each one of them—perhaps a sort of impatient muscularity—distinguished them from the legitimate passengers. He chuckled with satisfaction as he saw the bullock carts take up their strategic positions, and approved Ganeshi Lal's sense of timing as the sacred bull was maneuvered into the crowd, just as the train pulled into the station. He did not see the exact technique used on the bull, but he heard the bellow, and saw the instant outbreak of the make-believe riot in front of the station.

It was not entirely make-believe, either. The two Moslems who had been set upon because they were accused of striking Nandi, the sacred bull of Shiva, were soundly whacked. So were the Hindu whackers, when the first Moslem reinforcements arrived to aid their fellows. And there were encores all around when the police came and began laying on indiscriminately with their *lathees*.

Ganeshi's men kept the uproar and pate-cracking going in front of the station until the train was again on its way. The distraction was so successful that no one noticed that the dozen large packing cases which had been unloaded from the luggage van had been immediately appropriated and loaded upon waiting bullock carts. No one, that is, except the assistant station master (who was quickly overcome and locked in the men's room for third-class passengers) and Fred Oaks (who enjoyed every moment of it) and Virginia Hatton.

Fred was so fascinated by the neatness and artistry by which Ganeshi Lal had accomplished the transfer of the contraband rifles that he didn't notice Virginia until the last of the bullock carts was rolling down the dusty road.

The girl was standing at the doorway of the first-class waiting room. The glittering debris of a broken windowpane lay at her feet, and an occasional overripe mango spattered against the wall beside her, but she seemed completely indifferent to the battle still going on before her. She even ignored the efforts of the subahdar of police to get her back inside the station, out of range of stray missiles. She continued to stand at the doorway, a determined little figure like a schoolgirl watching a parade, craning her neck and standing on tiptoe to see something or someone she was especially looking for.

When Fred saw her, she had just caught sight of the bullock carts, rumbling down the dusty road, and from her demeanor he knew that she realized that the big packing cases contained rifles—the rifles that had been addressed to her. For a moment he thought she was going to call to the subahdar, to send him and his men off in pursuit of the bullock carts, but she didn't. She continued to turn her head and crane her neck, looking for someone.

Fred swallowed hard, as he watched from his hiding place on the balcony across the street. He wanted very much to go to her, but that was impossible, of course. Besides, there was no good in his telling her how much he admired her recklessness in coming down alone to beard the lion, to take over the cases she knew were contraband. There was no good in his trying to be protective and rushing her out of range of the trumped-up riot, which was subsiding anyhow. She was obviously making a last-minute attempt to show him, by her own courage, that he was following a blind and futile road and that he had better detour while there was still time to follow her to a useful and social life.

Useful life . . . ! Strange that he should be thinking in such terms. He had never pretended, even to himself, that his own life had been anything but useless, yet he had always been content with it—until last night. Ever since he fled from Seaside House, with the fragrance of Virginia's kiss still sweet upon his lips, he had been thinking of the emptiness of his petty triumphs in the past, the hollow ring of excitement that had been his music for so many years, the paltry use to which he had put the independence he prized so highly.

He had even questioned, for the first time, this thing he was doing in India—not the violence of it, which was unimportant, but the fact that it was destructive, illogical. Why wouldn't it be just as exciting, he seemed to hear Virginia say, to make all the perverse factors of modern India work together, instead of driving them farther apart? Shakkarpur was modern India in a microcosm: The tradition-steeped fanaticism of Hajji Ahmed; the quiet, mystic wisdom of Shivaji Lal; the agnostic, aggressive modernism of the younger Lal; the selfless Occidental science of Dr. Forsythe; even the stern, colorless, English justice of Reginald Hatton. Why wouldn't it be exciting to take a hand in welding them into the New India—with Virginia? Probably it would be. Anything would be exciting with Virginia—anywhere. . . .

He crawled a little farther from his packing case to see her better. The girl was still looking for someone. The proud stance of her pink-clad figure, young, eager, brave, was calling to Fred, eloquently, persistently. He rose to his knees to answer, then, with a deep pang of forlorn hopelessness, sank back again. It was no use. By his own actions he had cut himself off from her forever. He could not stay here with her because British justice would separate them. He could not take her away with him because in fairness to the girl he could not condemn her to the fugitive's life he had chosen for himself. He had spoken the truth last night when he said it was too late. He wanted her desperately, yet he knew he could never have her. He would stand by the decision he had made. He would put Virginia and Shakkarpur behind him just as quickly as possible—and he would do it irrevocably, so there would be no regrets from any quarter.

He had finished his job in Shakkarpur. Ganeshi Lal and his Hindu hotheads had been furnished with rifles. Hajji Ahmed and the Moslems had dynamite. They would be fighting by nightfall, and the ferment of unrest would be carried across India by the thousands of the pilgrims of both sects when they returned home. Fred wouldn't even have to start the fighting, probably. The little melee at the station would be enough impetus to carry through the day, building up to a violent climax at night. If it didn't, he had two sure-fire devices in reserve. He would see that a pig was released in the Mosque, and a sacred bull killed somewhere near the Temple of Shiva. That would be all that was needed. The gentlemen Fred had met in Burgos should be well pleased. Yes, he could pull out tonight.

Fred turned his back on the station, tore a sheet of paper from his notebook, began writing:

Dear Rhoda:

Last night you wanted me to take you away from Shakkarpur on my own terms. If you still want to get away, here are the terms: The railway, of course, is out of the question. However, there is an indigo *dhow* from down the coast tied up at river ghat today. Since it is unloading indigo to be fermented in your husband's vats, you will have a legitimate excuse to visit it. Talk to the captain, and arrange for him to sail us down the coast as far as the first port of French India. Yanaon will do if he can't make Pondichéry, although we will have a harder time getting transportation beyond. See that the *dhow* is stocked with enough civilized food and drink for the trip; nothing fancy; just a tin or two so that we won't have to subsist entirely on dried fish and cold boiled rice, but not enough to arouse suspicion ashore. Arrange to go aboard after dark, and you had better forget about luggage. I'll join you aboard by nine-thirty or ten and tell the captain that we had better get under way immediately after.

I shall be eternally grateful to you, Rhoda dear, if you can make these arrangements—although I cannot promise to be eternally faithful. You know exactly how I feel in the matter, I think. We shall merely be a couple of rogues together—and for as long as we can stand the sight of each other, which probably won't be inconveniently long for either of us.

If you can possibly make the arrangements with the captain of the coastal boat, just take a gharry to Chunder Bose's godown before three this afternoon, and ask for Major Smith. There is no Major Smith, of course, but I shall know then that everything is in order, and will join you aboard tonight.

Yours, **F.**

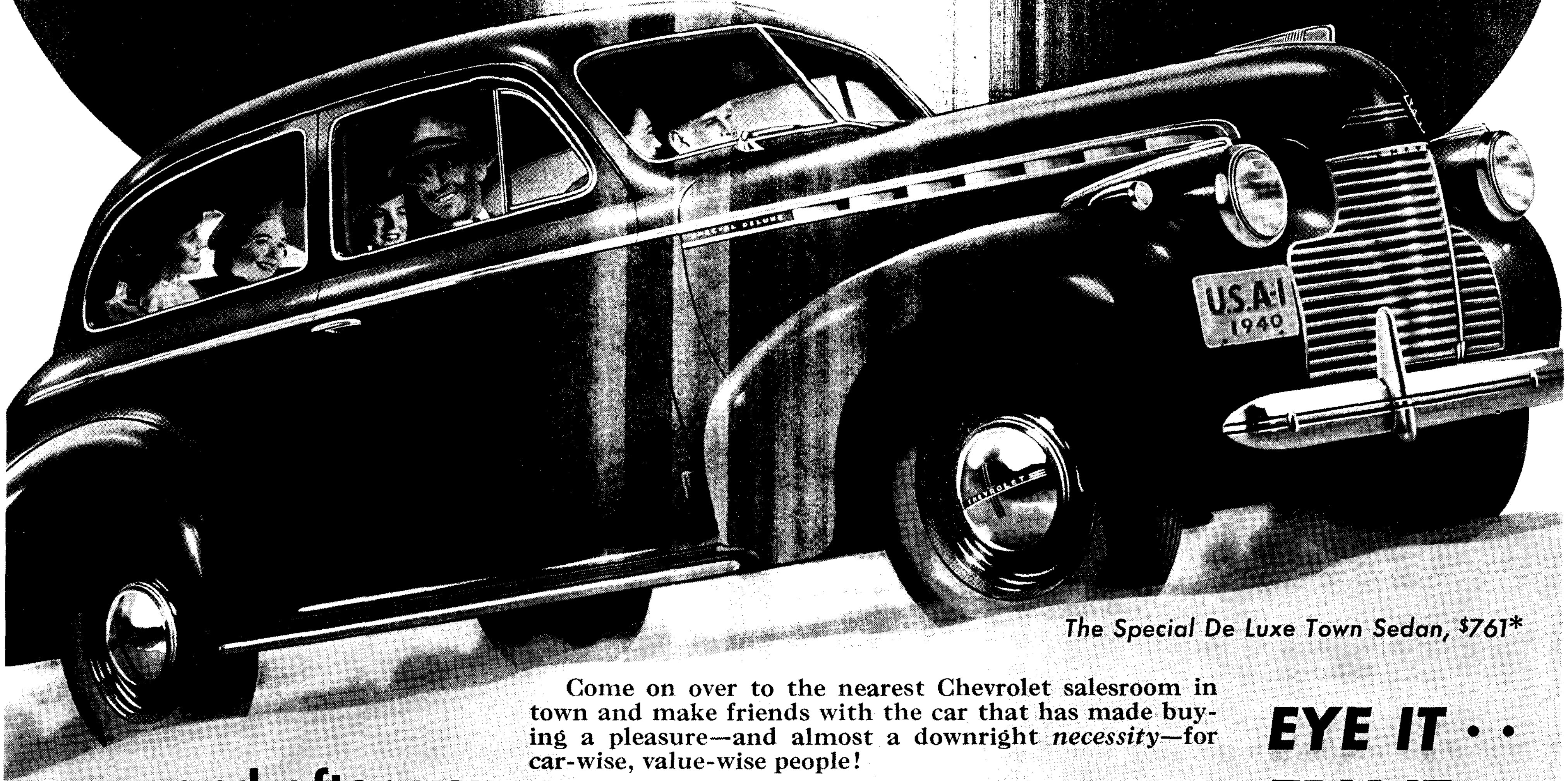
Fred arranged for the Marwari to send the chit to Rhoda Curring's bungalow. He was fairly certain that Rhoda would not fail him.

(*To be continued next week*)

Yo … at

THE … DER

In Style · In Th … tion · In Sales!



*The Special De Luxe Town Sedan, $761**

. . . and after you *EYE IT*, please *TRY IT*, for then we know you will *BUY IT*—just as the entire nation is placing Chevrolet first in sales for the ninth time in the last ten years!

Come on over to the nearest Chevrolet salesroom in town and make friends with the car that has made buying a pleasure—and almost a downright *necessity*—for car-wise, value-wise people!

You'll find you can't wait till you get your hands on the steering wheel of this big, beauty-leading Chevrolet with the swank "Royal Clipper" Styling . . . with the Fisher Body luxury . . . with the 181-inch measurement from front of grille to rear of body which makes it the *longest* of all lowest-priced cars!

And you'll find you won't want to get out from behind that steering wheel once you experience the pulse-quickening, spine-tingling thrill of Chevrolet in action.

For *this* car out-accelerates and out-climbs all other cars in its price range . . . out-rides them, too, on smooth or rough roads, with the majestic smoothness and safety of its "Ride Royal"*. . . and gives you these better results at the *minimum* cost for gas, oil and upkeep!

Yes, Chevrolet for '40 is the leader . . . the leader in style, thrifty road action, dollar value and sales. . . . So, come on *drive* it, and convince yourself that "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

★On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

EYE IT . .
TRY IT . .
BUY IT!

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

FASTER ACTION

BUT NOT FOR RUST!
IF IT'S Bonderized

FASTER action, more economy and greater efficiency feature the modern washing machine. But rust has been stopped.

Many leaders in the industry now set up a barrier to corrosion. They now supply a finish quality that resists the effects of splashing, soapy water and laundry humidity. They accomplish this by Bonderizing.

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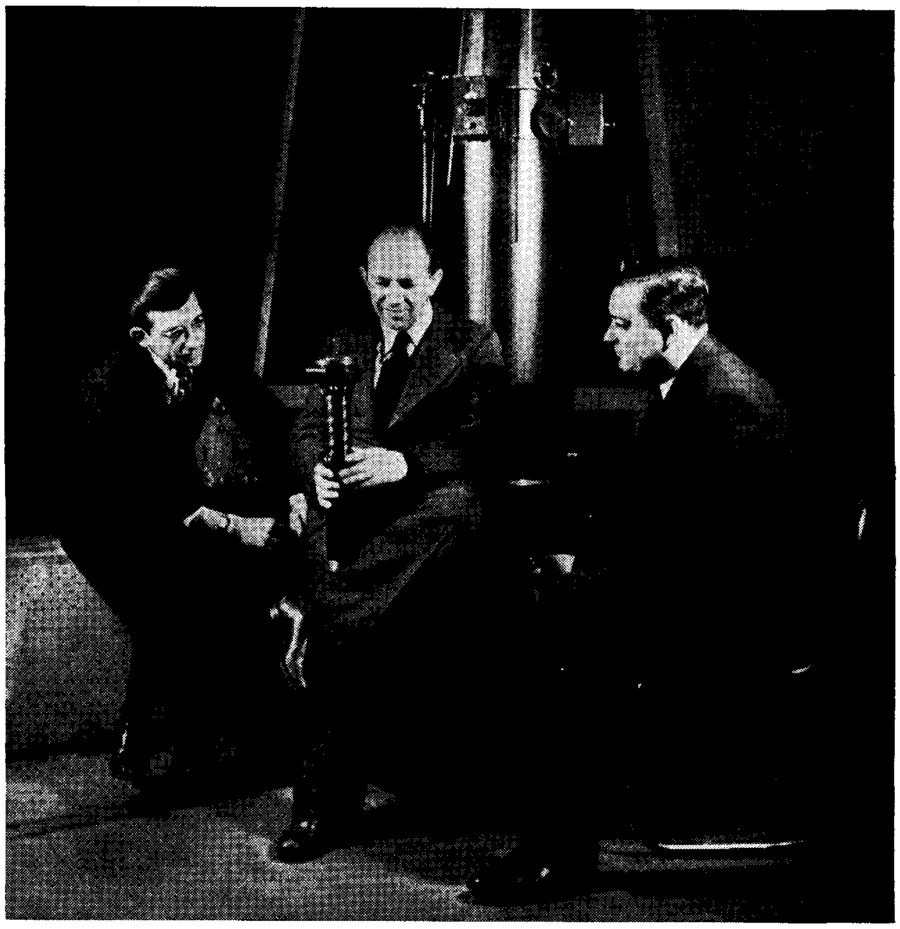


M. C. Banca, Dr. Marton and Arthur W. Vance discussing a problem in electronics. Vance and Banca collaborated with Marton in the actual work of building and installing the RCA microscope

The Smallest Ever

Continued from page 20

is composed of huge objects known as molecules (huge in comparison with an electron) and there would be a series of collisions that would knock the beam galley-west.

The answer to the second difficulty was to use a vacuum. But what about lenses?

Interestingly enough, that problem had been solved in theory before there was any chance of testing the solution. Physicists had found out that beams of electrons could be bent by magnetic fields. And mathematicians had figured out that if the field was shaped like a glass lens, the electrons would behave very much like light.

The new microscope in Camden is not the first to be built. But it's the most manageable one and eminently suited for biological specimens.

The interest of RCA in this new sort of microscope is an outgrowth of the company's development of television. A department of electron optics was opened with Dr. Vladimir Zworykin in charge. Dr. Zworykin had ideas about electron microscopes as well as about television and he began assembling a staff of experts to carry them out. One of the men he got was Dr. Ladislov Marton, who had been quietly building electron microscopes in Brussels. He had completed three of them, each an improvement on the last, but none of them easy or satisfactory to handle. The combination of Marton's practical experience with the immense technical facilities and knowledge developed by RCA in its television work has produced the present instrument.

It doesn't look, naturally enough, anything like a microscope. But Dr. Marton will assure you that it's just the same—provided you bear in mind that electrons are used instead of light, magnetic fields instead of lenses and a fluorescent screen for seeing the image. And, of course, there's a vacuum inside. It has to be a very high vacuum. And that means that if you had to pump the whole instrument out every time you changed the object you were looking at there might be a long delay. They've taken care of that, though. At the place where the specimen is inserted—mounted on a film of nitrocellulose less than one millionth of an inch thick—there is an air lock like the escape chamber in a submarine. That section can be cut off from the rest of the microscope, it can be filled with air and the specimen can be replaced and the section pumped out again, all without breaking the vacuum in the rest of the instrument. That reduces the time to one or two minutes—about the time required for changing slides for any other high-power microscope.

Focus by Electricity

The plateholder for taking photographs represents a similar problem, so there is another air lock at the bottom of the instrument to take care of that.

What you actually see when you peer into this microscope is a fluorescent screen. It is about 3½ by 4½ inches in size and you can, of course, look at it with both eyes instead of squinting through an eyepiece. And to make it easier to find your way around in this world of the infinitely small, there is a sort of periscope that lets you see the specimen at its first stage of magnification—100 diameters—and so choose the most interesting part of it for the final increase in size. The specimen itself can be moved about on its stage by exceedingly fine screws that are controlled from the outside. It is never necessary to move the stage itself or to move the lenses as is done in an ordinary microscope, for these convenient lenses are like rubber; their shape can be changed at will. And so the focusing is done electrically by changing the shape of the magnetic fields.

One of the characteristics of a new world is that everything in it is unfamiliar. No one has ever seen it before. Therefore the research workers who have looked through the electron microscope have been forced to go slow in identifying what they saw. They have to advance cautiously from the known to the unknown. For instance, the whooping-cough germs shown on page 20 are at the very limit of visibility for light microscopes. With the electron microscope plus photographic enlargement they can be made as big as footballs and their internal structure can be seen.

A New Door Open to Research

The same thing is true of the typhoid germs. They were known before. It was also known that they had flagella—the long, whiplike arms used for swimming through the blood—but these flagella had never actually been seen. What had been done was to stain the germs with a special dye that built the flagella up until they were thick enough to come within the limits of ordinary microscopes. But this gave a totally wrong impression of what they were like. They appeared to be zigzag appendages about the length of the germ itself. In the electron microscope, unfixed and undyed, they turn out to be, as you can see in the picture, six or seven times as long and not zigzag at all.

To anyone, with or without typhoid, this mightn't matter very much, but it's by collecting these bits of information that medical men learn how to combat disease.

The picture of the streptococcus germs shows a couple of things that have not been seen before—the links connecting the germs, for instance, and the filmy envelope that encloses some of them. The smaller objects in the photograph have not been definitely identified. They are the right size to be large protein molecules. If that's what they are, this is the first time they have ever been seen.

Another thing that has probably already been seen, although identification is not certain, is one of the so-called filterable viruses. These are the agents that cause a whole series of diseases. Up to now, very little has been known about them.

They are called filterable viruses because they will pass through a porcelain filter. Since they could not be seen, the only way this interesting fact was brought to light was by taking some of the filtrate and producing the disease. Nobody knows to this day whether they are alive or not; they seem to be right down on the dividing line between inanimate matter and life.

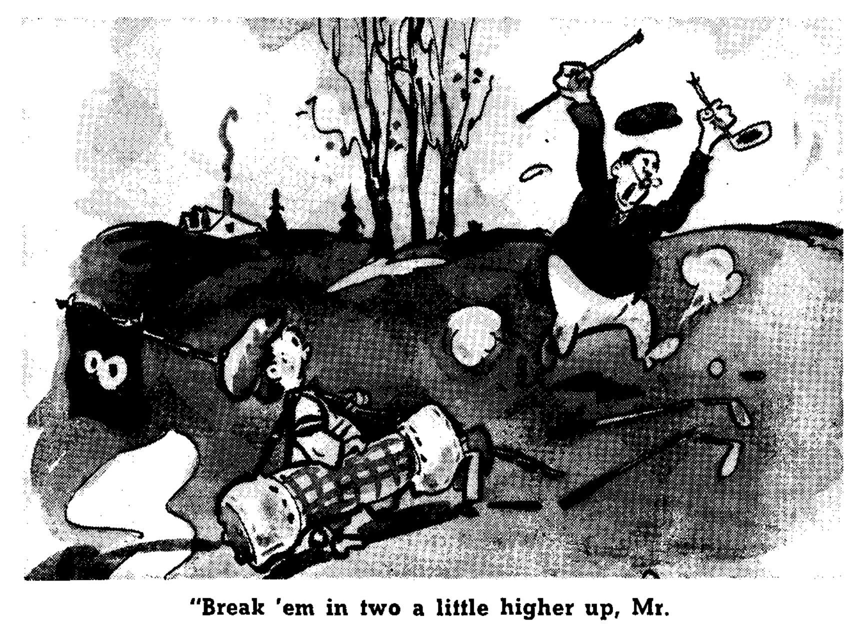
When the other viruses are seen and identified, the men working on the virus diseases will no longer be working in the dark. There are some scientists who believe cancer is caused by a virus. With the new microscope it should be possible to settle that question once and for all.

Naturally there are more problems to be solved than one microscope, even if it were used continuously, could handle. And so others are being built. It is the expectation of RCA that eventually the cost of these instruments can be brought down to a point where any large hospital or research institute can have one. They are already planning simplifications. Anyone with a little training can learn to operate one. Not that it will ever be very simple. You can't handle thirty to a hundred thousand volts with childlike abandon. And you have to have equipment for controlling these very high voltages with great precision—otherwise you will find your lenses changing shape while you look through them. At Camden the control is accurate to within five volts in 50,000. And that, by itself, is a first-rate technical achievement.

The biological uses of the microscope are dramatic because of the possibilities they open up for the conquest of disease. But the industrial applications are probably just as important. Dozens of industries, from the making of cement to the making of rubber, are eager to find out what lies just beyond the reach of light microscopes.

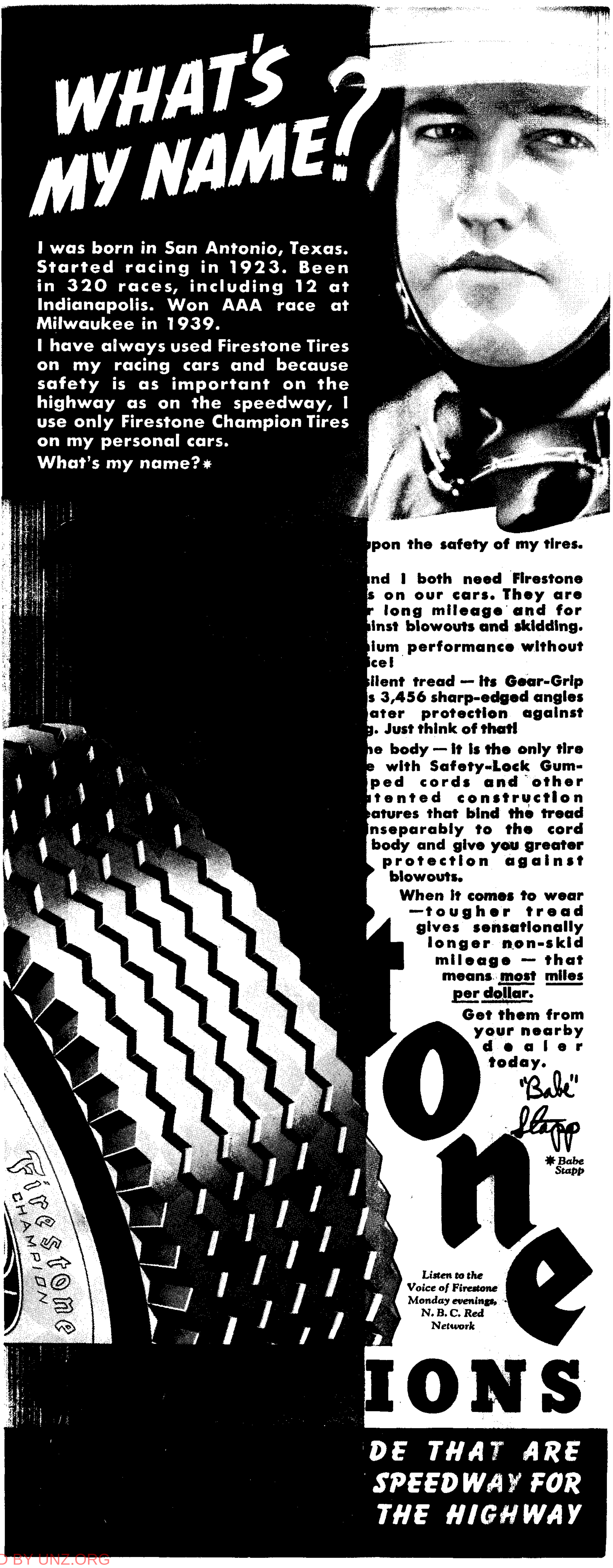
No one can say what they will find or what the results to industry will be. When you leave light behind you enter a domain that is even more mysterious than the one Anton van Leeuwenhoek saw when he first looked through a microscope at a drop of water and found it filled with fantastic monsters.

There are no maps as yet for the world of the electron microscope. But they will come. And they may show us—this is at least within the limits of possibility—the ultimate building blocks of the world.



"Break 'em in two a little higher up, Mr. McCabe—I need a set of clubs for myself"

REAMER KELLER


WHAT'S MY NAME?

I was born in San Antonio, Texas. Started racing in 1923. Been in 320 races, including 12 at Indianapolis. Won AAA race at Milwaukee in 1939.

I have always used Firestone Tires on my racing cars and because safety is as important on the highway as on the speedway, I use only Firestone Champion Tires on my personal cars.

What's my name?*

pon the safety of my tires.

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Get them from your nearby dealer today.

"Babe" Stapp

*Babe Stapp

Listen to the Voice of Firestone Monday evenings, N. B. C. Red Network

one

IONS

DE THAT ARE SPEEDWAY FOR THE HIGHWAY

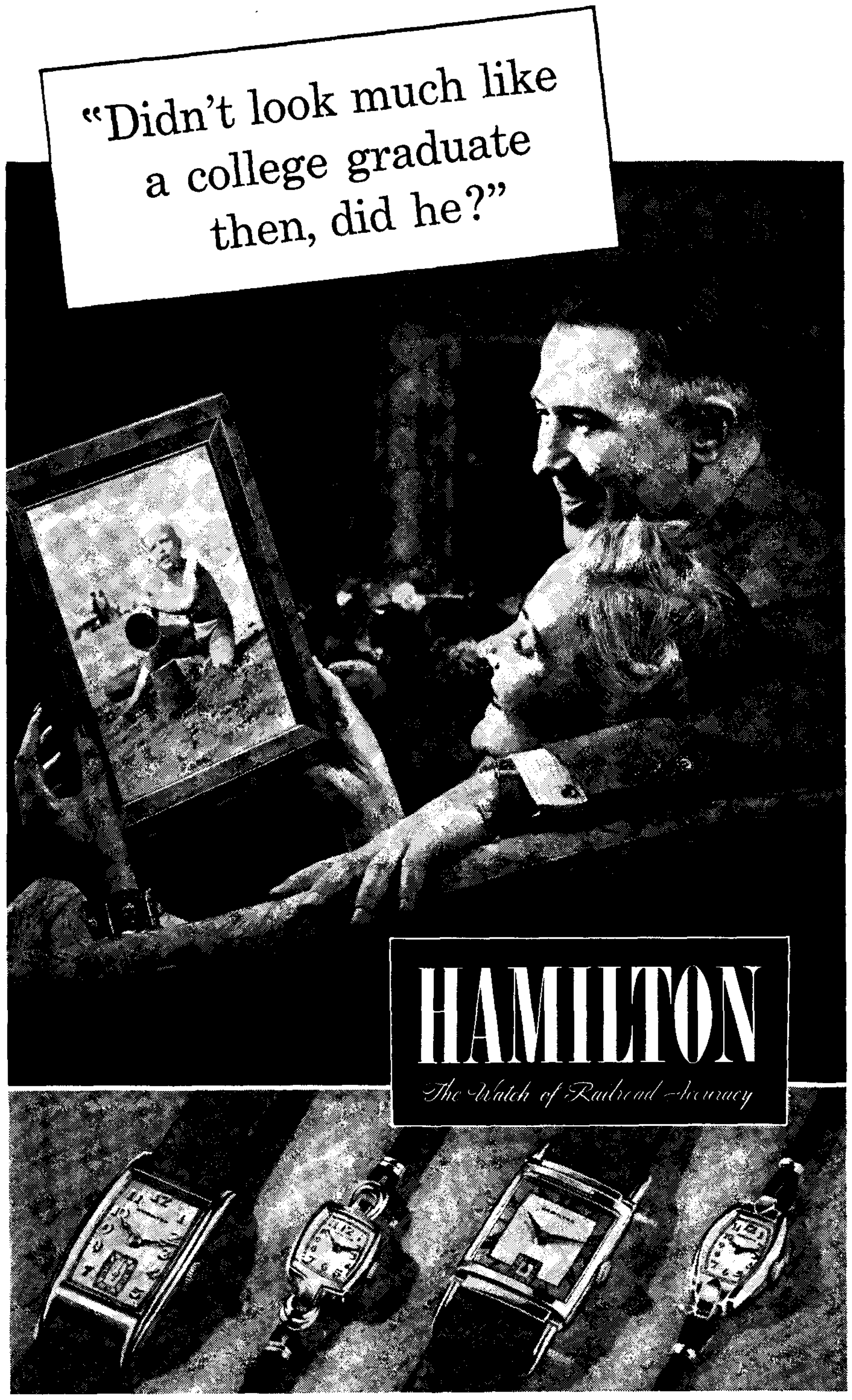
REMEMBER WHEN WE SNAPPED THIS, MOTHER? Was it last summer, or was it really 1923? I can see him now, chasing those waves. He wasn't afraid of anything. Still isn't.

Sometimes, though, I wish I'd been smarter or richer. I'd have enjoyed smoothing some of the bumps for him. He wanted a lot of things he never got, and never asked for.

Not that it would have made any difference between us. He understands. We could give him some little gadget tomorrow. Or nothing at all. He wouldn't mind. But tomorrow's going to be our big day as well as his. I'm going to be just as excited as he is when we give him his Hamilton.

He'll say, "Dad! Mom! You foolish people, you needn't have done so much." And I'll probably say, "Forget it, son." But none of us ever will.

» Is your daughter or son graduating? Give a Hamilton . . . America's most beautiful watch. Hamilton makes only high-grade watches, $37.50 to $5,000. See the new models at your jeweler's, or write for folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 457 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.


"Didn't look much like a college graduate then, did he?"
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The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

YORKTOWNE. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. Comes with 18K applied gold numeral dial only........$45

GRACE. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. With 18K applied gold numeral dial. Comes with 14K gold fittings...$65

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CORINNE. 17 jewels. 14K white or natural gold-filled. 18K applied gold numeral dial, $45. With bracelet...$47.50

***Note:** Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every other size and grade that Hamilton makes.*

A Job in Passaic

Continued from page 17

liquor; but he needed the people. After a while talking, he didn't feel so lonely.

Porter was at the bar, whistling, while he polished the glasses and dusted the bottles lined up in front of the mirror. There was nobody like Porter in the whole world—New York, Albany, Columbus, Chicago, Trenton—there was only one Porter.

"I like you, Porter," he said. "I like you."

Porter grinned across the bar and said, "Sure thing, Mister Baring. I like you, too."

"That's a compliment, Porter," Jake said, and sat there thinking that Porter was like baseball—clean and grinning. That's why he liked the game. Great guys, ballplayers, great guys.

Then Julie came in. Jake didn't see her. She walked over to the table and sat down next to him. "Jake," she said insistently. "Jake."

Jake lifted his head, and then tried to stand up. "Look, Porter," he said. "Look, Julie. What's the matter? What's the matter, Julie?"

"I got worried," Julie said. "I didn't know where you were."

She took off the beret she was wearing and her hair tumbled down. Her face looked tired; she hadn't had time to fix the lipstick on her mouth; it streaked a little at the corners.

"You're all right, Jake?"

"I'm all right. I feel fine."

Jake sat there holding the empty glass in his hand, looking at her.

"Come back to Passaic with me, Jake," Julie said.

"Did you hear that, Porter?" Jake said. "Julie wants me to be an auto salesman."

"Why not, Jake?"

"I tell you I'm going great. Ask Porter. Porter's seen me pitch. Isn't that right, Porter?"

"I seen you pitch," Porter said carefully.

"Please, Jake," Julie said. "Please, Jake." And suddenly she was crying with her head cradled in her arms on the table; and Jake was looking at her, his hands lying awkwardly on her shoulders.

The door opened and, looking up, Jake saw the square of light on the dark street and Harris walking in.

"Hello, boy scout," Harris said.

Jake said: "Go away, Harris. Go away."

"I told you to go home. I told you to take it easy."

"He's all right, Mister Harris," Porter said.

"He isn't all right," Harris said. "Not when I have to go looking for him in saloons."

Julie stood up facing Harris, her body half shielding Jake. "I'll take care of him, Mr. Harris. Please, let him alone."

And then Harris was shouting, "You drunken has-been! Why don't you wise up? You're shot. You're all finished. You're washed up."

Jake started to walk toward Harris.

"Take it easy, Mister Baring," Porter said. "Don't start anything."

He kept walking in and when he got close enough he swung his fist. It didn't touch anything. Harris laughed. "That's your good deed for today, boy scout."

JAKE walked in a little closer and held his fist up. He couldn't see Julie, behind him, holding onto the bar. Harris laughed again and slapped him.

He stumbled back against the bar and fell to the floor. He felt hollow inside, like a celluloid doll; and from the floor he heard Harris say: "You're working tomorrow, Jake. You asked for it, remember? And it's going to be like the Bears again. Bang! Bang! Bang! And then you can pack up and go home. Bring your girl friend, Jake. Bring all your friends. It'll be a great game."

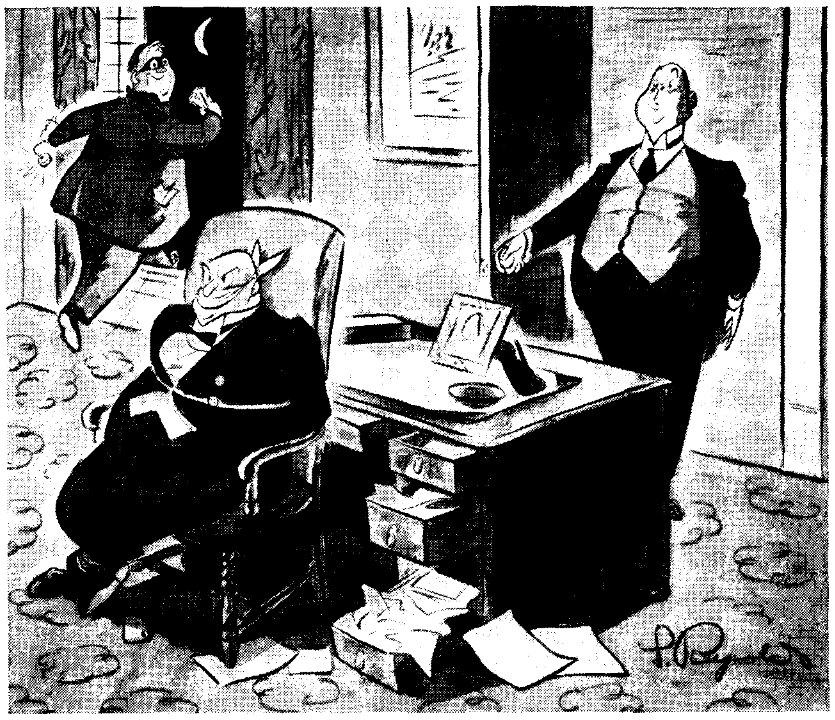
"I got a contract," Jake said.

"You know what you can do with the contract," Harris said, and went out.

The poster read:

THE BEAVERS vs. The Benson City Tigers. Jake Baring—Formerly with the World Champs—Pitching for THE BEAVERS

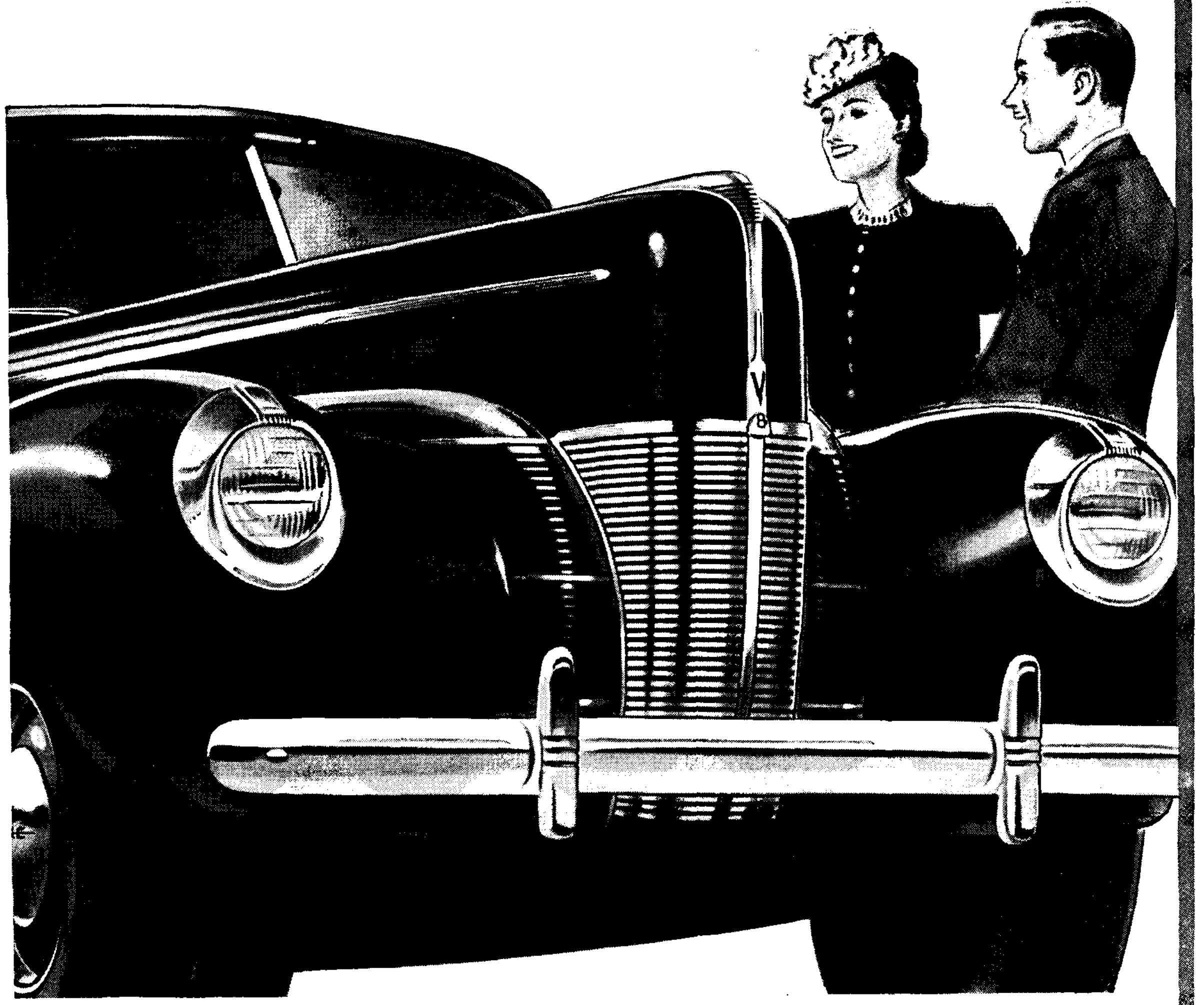
He read it over twice, kneading the muscles in his right arm slowly. The



"There were two policemen at the door trying to sell tickets, sir, but I got rid of them"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

AMERICA IS BUYING THE 1940 FORD BECAUSE



OF ALL THE LEADING
LOW-PRICE CARS IT HAS—

- ★ More cylinders
- ★ More flexible performance
- ★ More speed
- ★ Better gas mileage▼
- ★ Bigger hydraulic brakes
- ★ More comfortable seats
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- ★ Engine that needs no "breaking-in"

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The big, roomy Ford is ahead of its field in all these things which count. ★ It's the style leader in its price class—with beautiful interiors and many extra features without extra cost. ★ Its mechanical quality stands out in its semi-centrifugal clutch, blocker-type transmission, torque-tube drive, front radius rods, double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, and many other features in addition to the famous V-8 engine and the advantages listed above. ★ Drive it and try the new Finger-Tip Gearshift, the Controlled Ventilation, the modern riding comfort, and the matchless performance of the only *eight-cylinder* car in the low-price field.

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Three meals first day 90
Three meals second day 90
Breakfast third day 25
Total Cost $41.55

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San Francisco World's Fair
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Colorado Rockies
Utah-Arizona National Parks

picture on the bottom was of a pitcher reared back with the ball still held in his hand, and the visor on his cap pulled low over his eyes. It looked very pretty.

"We'll kill 'em, Dad," Christy said.

"Sure, Chris."

The summer sun sent little waves of heat shimmering up from the sidewalk. Clouds were banked against the sky, moving eastward. He shielded his eyes and looked up into the sun.

He took Julie and Christy to a box behind third base and rented a couple of leather pads for them to sit on. Christy chased one of the candy butchers to get a score card.

"I'm sorry about last night," Jake said.

Julie didn't answer him.

"When are you leaving?"

"After the game."

"Wait for me," he said. "I'll drive you to the station."

"All right," Julie said.

He stared at her for a moment and then turned and started for the dressing room. Once he looked back but she wasn't watching him; she was looking out at the empty field.

That last-night business shouldn't have happened, Jake thought; but there was nothing more he could tell her. He really was sorry. Then, in the locker room, he stopped thinking about it, and started to strip.

Max, the trainer, walked by and said, "Rub your arm down, Jake?"

Jake took off the shirt and Max rubbed in a concoction of alcohol, arnica and bay rum. The friction burned the skin. Jake felt his muscles constrict and tense.

"That's enough, Max," he said.

"Feeling right?"

"I'm okay."

"Keep 'em coming," Max said. "Use your head. I seen Pennock when all he had was his head and a prayer."

"I still got my arm."

"I didn't mean anything, Jake," Max said. "I didn't mean it that way."

THE outfield grass was yellow from too little water and the turf was sandy to the foot. It rose in little clouds of dust at every step. Pacing himself slowly, Jake lobbed them in to Mallon, the catcher. It's going to be fine, he thought, it's going to be very fine.

He heard the players on the field but he didn't watch them. He kept throwing them in until Mallon called, "Okay, Jake, let's go."

He worked easily the first two innings. The ball slid out between his fingers and smacked with a hard, leathery sound against Mallon's mitt.

When he came in at the end of the second, Mallon said, "Keep it up, Jake."

"Get me some runs."

Mallon waved his bat and laughed. "You get them. The Swede can pitch."

The Swede was raw and young. When he got in a hole he just shoved the ball through. The boys at the plate were swinging behind the pitches all the time. He didn't have much, but he was strong.

IN THE fourth Swede went wild and they jammed two runs across before he could untrack himself.

"There's your runs, Jake," Mallon said.

The shadow of the stands creeping toward the third-base line cut weird patterns on the field. A wind was blowing in from the lake, blowing the dust in little spurts across the diamond.

He was loose, and inside he felt sure. He knew where the ball was going. They were bouncing them into the ground or popping up short, looping flies.

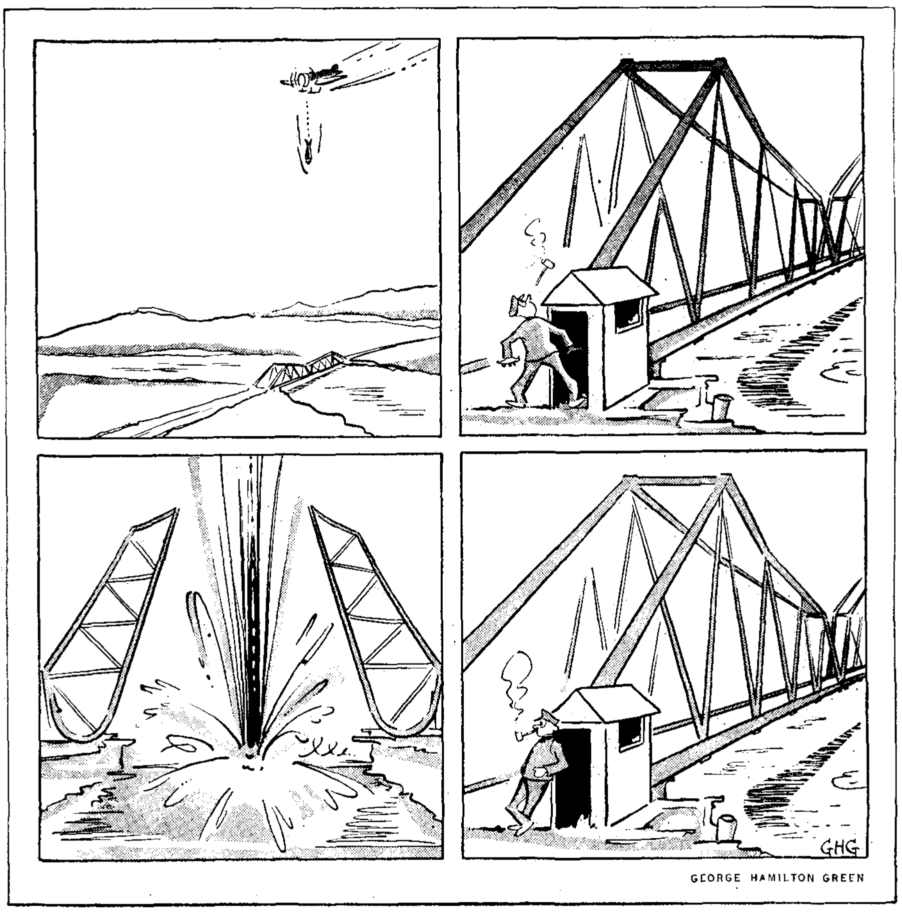
The tall Swede, first man up in the sixth, grinned at him and let a hook sweep in too low—for a ball. The Swede crowded the plate, waggling his bat. He tried to keep the ball inside and walked the man.

Working carefully, he got the next two men, but the hook was gone. Every time he threw it, it came in too low. Mallon piped from behind his mask, "Two down, Jake," and lifted two fingers for the outfielders to see.

The little nerves in his eyeballs began to twitch from the sun. He pulled the cap lower on his forehead to keep the glare out.

The batter walked up to the plate and knocked the dirt from his spikes with the end of the bat. Someone in the stands yelled, "Come on, Jorgensen."

Jorgensen spoiled the good ones until he had Jake in a hole. Then with the count three and two on him he topped the pitch and bounced a high bounder down the infield. Jake moved over for it but he was too late. The shortstop



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

ran in, scooped it up, wheeled and tried for the play at second. The Swede came in, spikes high and driving; the dust showered upward and the umpire's hands were out flat.

Two on. Jake looked quickly toward first before pitching to the next man. Jorgensen eyed him warily. The Swede on second was yelling. Jake whirled and pitched.

The batter reached for it and Jake watched it go nearly straight up. Mallon circled under it and took it near the stands.

For a minute Jake remained standing on the mound. Seeing the other players coming in he suddenly realized it was the third out. The muscles in the back of his shoulders were quivering.

Harris said: "Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"They still haven't got anything on the scoreboard." Jake scooped some water out of the pail, sipped it and spat it out. Harris pulled his feet away.

THE way the Swede pitcher was working, Jake could see he wasn't tired. He was controlling the ball now, and when he bore down the ball crashed into the catcher's mitt with a tingling whang. He's good, Jake thought, rubbing his arm softly; take a kid like that and with a little schooling he could go places.

Jake clenched his hand and then flexed the fingers outward; the palms were moist. Before he went out to the mound he rubbed his hand in the sand. And for a while he had the old sweet feeling, and he thought, that's how it always used to be. Once Mallon called, "That's the pepper, Jake." Christy, he thought, Christy; and he was glad that the kid was in the stands watching him.

But the thing about the Swedes was that they always threatened. They looked big standing at the plate, with their wide, driving shoulders, and hard, barrel-shaped legs.

It happened suddenly—like turning a familiar corner and finding it dead-ended ahead. He just looked at the scoreboard once, because the game seemed long and he had forgotten the inning, and suddenly he realized he was tired. He could feel it in his shoulders and in his forearm; he felt heavy.

And, when he turned, the Swede was at the plate. He used a shorter windup and threw the ball. It almost floated. The Swede went around to his knees, swinging. Mallon shook the ball under his nose and the Swede banged his bat into the dirt.

But he was tired. Two innings more, Jake thought.

He got it up to two and two and, taking Mallon's throw back, he knew this was the one. He brought the pitch through, feeling the muscles in his shoulders tense and hold, and for a moment he thought it was going to make it.

But as soon as he heard the crack, he knew; and suddenly he felt empty inside. The ball arched against the sky and the fielder raced toward the wall and then slowed up, standing with his hands on his hips.

It wasn't the homer. That happens. But this was different; I was going fine, he thought, I was going the best I could.

It was over: the clean-etched days, the feel of the mound under his feet, the sight of Mallon's mitt, Porter's voice, even Harris. Over.

Because he was Jake Baring, the pitcher. Jake Baring had been with the World Champs; Jake Baring had a scrapbook. And these were bushers; when they weren't playing ball they worked in the factories or in the fields. You had to do better than two and two, if you were Jake Baring.

Over, he thought, over; you could tell from one pitch. If he had put a little more down on the ball; if the wall were three hundred and twenty feet away instead of three hundred and five; if, even, he had walked the man instead—

But it was no good. He knew it was over.

"Lucky one," someone yelled. "Lucky!"

He looked across the field toward the box; it sounded like Christy's voice.

Maybe it was. Maybe this one was lucky. But suddenly all the remembered diamonds flooded back into his memory, and he stood there holding the glove in his hand and thinking: I'm thirty-six.

And he could see the years—next year and the year after—and he was glad that it happened while he was still ahead.

That was important. I can quit while I'm ahead, he thought. Curiously he watched the Swede cross the plate and the players standing around, slapping him on the back, shaking his hand. It's only one, Jake thought, and we have two. He was still ahead any way you looked at it. Besides the game—for Julie, for Christy, for himself—he was still ahead.

Turning, he saw Harris' face outlined in the dugout. Slowly he began to walk toward the locker room. The scorer was slipping a large whitewashed one in the slot for Benson City. When he got to the clubhouse he remembered to shut the door after him; otherwise there was a draft in the dressing room.

When he came out of the shower Harris was waiting for him. "That was a nice act you pulled," Harris said. "Big-stuff Baring. If you don't feel like pitching, you just walk out."

"That's right," Jake said.

"Get out of here," Harris yelled.

"I quit when I was ahead," Jake said softly. "Nobody knocked me out of the box."

Max came into the room. "See that he gets out of here, Max," Harris yelled.

They watched Harris pass under the window of the locker room—the top of a hat, a curl of smoke.

"The Swedes are lucky," Max said. "They just close their eyes and swing."

"They aren't lucky," Jake said carefully. "I just haven't got it any more."

HE FELT better now that he had said it. He felt that he ought to say it. When he finished dressing, he cleaned out his locker and dropped what he didn't want in the can in the corner.

Outside, Julie was waiting for him.

"Where's Christy?" he said.

"I sent him down to return the seat pads."

She knows, he thought. And he was glad she had sent Christy away. Because maybe it was still there on his face, or in the way he carried his body; maybe the kid would be able to see it. And he didn't want that. The kid had the scrapbook and memories. Memories are always good.

The funny thing, and he had never thought of it before, was that he had them too, the scrapbook, the memories. He still had everything—in a different way, maybe—but it was all still his. That way it didn't seem so bad; he'd quit when he was ahead.

"Christy thought you were going great," Julie said. "I told him you had a sore arm when you walked out."

She would even think of that. "I'm going back with you," he said.

"I know."

"It's all right, Julie," he said. "It's all right."

They could see Christy coming up the path toward them.

"Christy's a little bowlegged like Wagner," he said. "He'll be a ballplayer."

Julie didn't say anything. She was holding his arm, looking up at him.

Jake laughed. "Sure. Why not?" he said. "The old man wasn't so bad."

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HE: *"Globe-trot my eye, that's just Southern California."*

SHE: "Don't be such a stickler. Maybe the Taj Mahal and a few other things are missing, but the movies *do* find every kind of the world's scenery within a few miles of Hollywood."

HE: *"So what?"*

SHE: "So suddenly we're globe-trotters. Seeing something new and exciting every day. Getting out of the rut.

"Lying on a beach as smooth as Riviera sands. We're floating in cool Pacific surf. We're off to climb the Alpine peaks of the High Sierra, to see the Missions of Old Spain, to sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten.

"We're golfing on fairways as green as County Cork. We're at the broadcasts, fiestas, the mighty Symphonies under the Stars, the intimate supper clubs where celebrities come out at night. Yes, John, let's try Southern California this summer. Let's really have *fun*."

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(Please print name and address)

No Riders

Continued from page 15

"I'll take you a ways. Put the suitcases in the rear—will you?"

The boy obeyed hurriedly. Under his arm he carried a black leather box for a musical instrument. He slammed open the rear compartment, chucked in the baggage and got in, telling the girl to sit on the outside. "She likes the view," he said, looking at Carmichael.

No one spoke until the car was in high at fifty, then the boy, who had been examining everything with interest, named the make of the car and settled down. "This is okeydoke," he said.

Carmichael brought out a package of cigarettes. "How long you two been on the road?"

"Since this morning," the boy said. "We left Dodge this morning."

"Dodge?"

"Ya—well, she, we live there."

"Nice town," Carmichael said. "I just came from there." He felt the boy's uncertainty.

"You did?" he asked, looking at Carmichael. "You live there?"

"No. I worked there, just for a while." He could feel the boy's relief.

"You made good time," Carmichael said.

"Three lifts, mister. You're the fourth. It's a cinch with a good-looking gal at the other end of the thumb. They all stop." He waved his hand at the sticker on the windshield.

CARMICHAEL thought then that he would bring them a ways and drop them with some excuse, business. It would be before dinner. He wanted a good dinner and he wanted it alone.

The boy said, blowing out smoke, "You going far, mister?"

"Not far." He thought a minute. "Columbus. I've got business there."

The boy was disappointed. "Well, it's something." He turned to the girl: "We'll stick with him, huh, Star?"

Carmichael waited for the girl's answer and wondered what her voice would be like. She said, softly, "Yes, George."

Her voice had a liquid warmth, but shyness kept it on the verge of being husky. Carmichael turned to look at her. He caught a glimpse of a delicate profile, a short, straight nose, soft lips that curved downward slightly. Her long hair rested on her shoulders and was even blonder than it had seemed at first.

After a moment or so he heard her talking to the boy: "George, we mustn't go too far before we telephone. You promised me long ago."

George said, "Aw—forget it. Don't you see the man's in a hurry. We'll write them a letter tomorrow."

Carmichael said, "Say, what you kids up to anyway?"

The girl stirred uneasily but the boy went on smoothly: "We're taking a shot at New York. Her brother doesn't know that we are moving yet, see? She thinks he's gonna worry. A friend of mine's got something lined up for me with a band in the city—a real hot band, too."

Carmichael heard him but his mind wasn't working with him. He was thinking about the girl. There was something wrong about this setup—and it wasn't the girl. They were nearing Springfield.

He said, interrupting the boy, "Look—if there's going to be any telephoning, here's a good chance. I'm getting gas."

He swung the car into a small station. The boy protested: "I didn't want to bother you, mister." He looked angrily at the girl.

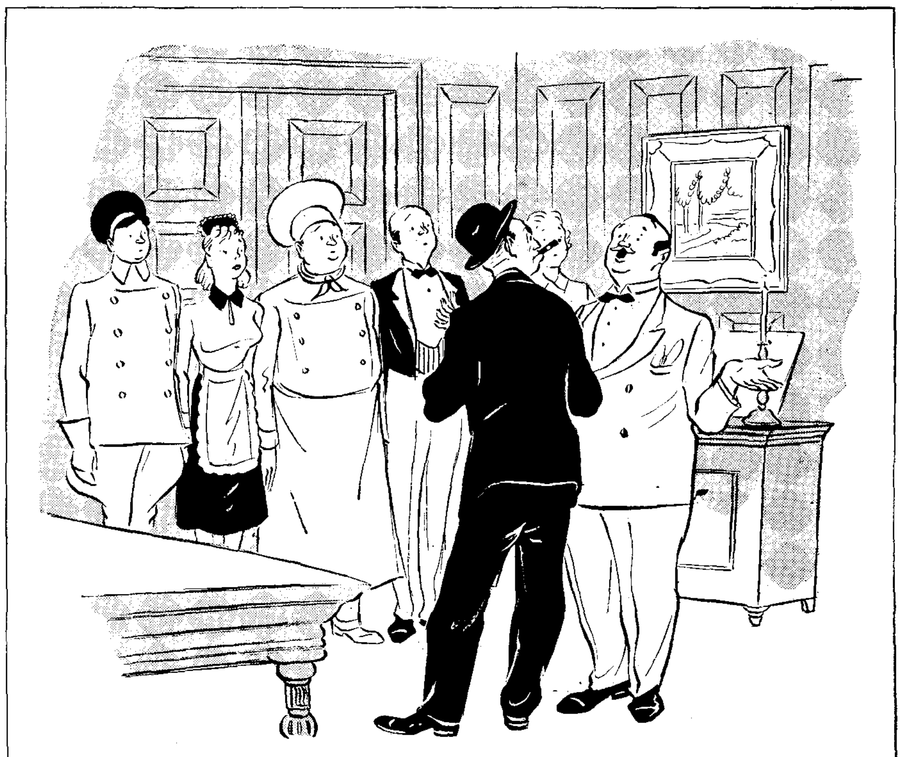
Carmichael went around to her side of the car and opened the door for her. The glance she gave him had both surprise and gratitude in it.

The place was small and along the side of the building an old car was being worked over by a fat man in striped overalls. The engine chugged along monotonously.

As soon as they were inside the building, George and Star went into a conference. When the girl looked up there was distress in her eyes. She said, "But, George . . ." then gave back the change he had given her and said, "All right, then I'll have to reverse the charges."

The boy walked over to Carmichael and leaned back against the table, his elbows hunching up his shoulders. He said, confidentially, "She's calling her sister-in-law at home. She forgot some clothes at our place."

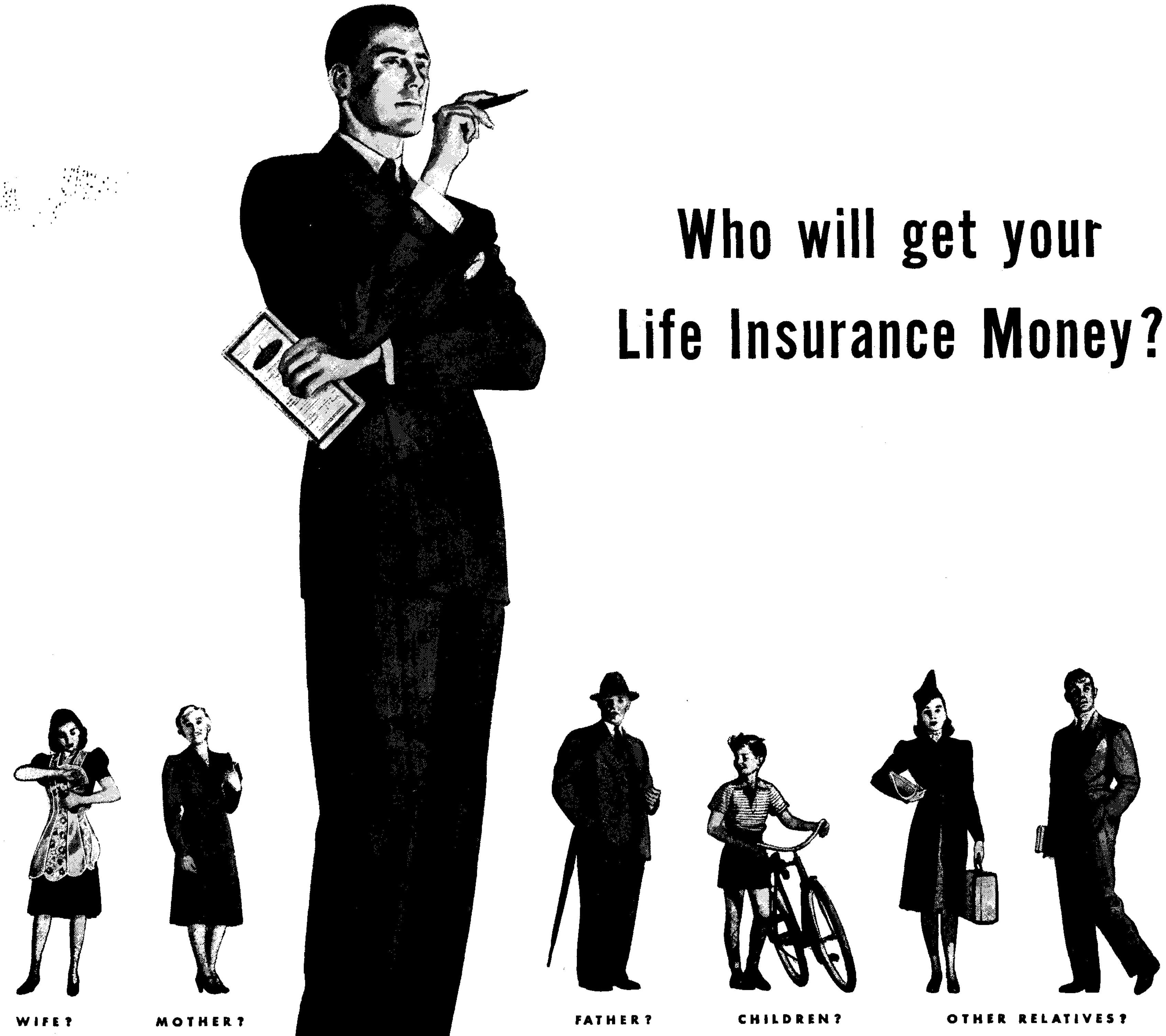
He could see the girl in the booth. She was talking, but the motor of the old car outside muffled her words. She waited



"But it couldn't have been an inside job. This fellow knew just where everything was"

BEN ROTH

Who will get your Life Insurance Money?


WIFE?
MOTHER?
FATHER?
CHILDREN?
OTHER RELATIVES?

USUALLY, when you take out a life insurance policy, you have a definite person in mind as your beneficiary. And so this person's name is written on your application, even before your life insurance policy is issued.

▶ Of course, you know that in designating a beneficiary you can reserve the right to name a new one at any time. This may be done without the consent of your present beneficiary. However there are various conditions which may influence you in exercising this right.

▶ Let us suppose that the person you have named as beneficiary should die before you do. Who then would get your life insurance?

You may want to be prepared for just such a possibility by naming a "contingent" beneficiary, as provided in most Ordinary life insurance policies. In other words, with your wife as beneficiary, you might wish to name your children as contingent beneficiaries.

▶ It sometimes happens that both the beneficiary and the contingent beneficiary die before the policyholder. In this event, he should immediately get in touch with his agent to consider the advisability of selecting a new beneficiary.

One more thing. You should make sure that your beneficiaries know where you keep your policies, and also the name of your agent or his district manager. They should understand that the company representative, through whom you bought your life insurance, considers it his duty and privilege to assist you in securing prompt disposition of all matters in connection with your policy. Obviously, there is no charge whatever for his services in this connection.

▶ Remember, finally, that the clauses and provisions we have referred to here are not the only ones in your policy. There are many others of equal importance. That is why we urge you to read your policy carefully. Read it from beginning to end. The time it takes to do so could not be better spent.

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The man with the star-spangled appetite, on the opposite page, ⟶ knows that the

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➡ DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE! ➡

for the call to go through. And then, after a minute or so, she began talking again, her face showing concern. Suddenly the motor outside died and in the new silence her voice was clear: "... Lucy? Don't you understand? Just tell Bob that we're married. Tell him we got married this afternoon. I'll write a letter explaining everything. . . ." She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "What? You don't want me to write?" Her voice faded, became small and withdrawn: "All right, Lucy, I won't."

When the girl came out of the telephone booth she crossed to them. There was strength in her face, and her eyes, although still haunted by what she had heard, were level and did not try to hide.

George said, "Well, that's what you wanted."

"I had to let them know, George." She turned to Carmichael. Her voice rushed softly, "Thank you, you were swell."

Then Carmichael said, looking at the girl, "Do you kids want to go on with me some more?"

George spoke up jauntily, "We can always get another lift if you don't want to take us."

Carmichael was still watching the girl.

"Good," he said briskly. "Let's get going."

They piled into the car. This time the girl sat in the middle.

THE car clicked along at sixty over U. S. 40, heading into the shadow of the night in the east. They shot through Harmony, Lafayette, West Jefferson, Alton, Rome. At the other side of Columbus, five or six miles out, George said, "Thought you had business there, mister."

"I did—in case I wanted to get rid of you two."

George said, "Wise guy," but he sounded pleased.

A few minutes later Carmichael wondered about dinner. Maybe he had made a mistake—had been an easy mark. Now he had them on his hands. He thought a minute and the thing that changed his mind was the thought of the girl sitting opposite him at a table, talking, telling him about herself. It would be worth while stopping just to have a good chance to look at her.

He said, "Anyone hungry?"

"You bet," George said, "haven't had a thing to eat since this morning."

Carmichael turned in at the next good-looking place. It had a red-and-blue neon sign—DINNER—DANCING. There was a large parking space half filled with cars. The tires crunched over the gravel and when he cut the engine he could hear muffled music and the shifting of feet dancing.

George spilled out of the car and stood there listening to the music. "Boy!" he shouted. "Hear that horn! Come on, Star."

The girl sat opposite Carmichael. She said something to George but he paid no attention to her. He was looking eagerly at the five-piece orchestra grouped around an upright piano on a raised platform. When they began to play he beat time with the flat of his hand on the table.

Carmichael picked up the isinglass-covered menu and said to Star, "I bet I can't make him listen." He said to George, "How about a big steak dinner—soup to nuts!"

George turned quickly: "Just what I was thinking of." And then, his hand spreading air, "Next time it's my treat, mister."

They were hungry, those two. George put away his meal with a one-two-three get-right-down-to-it. When he had had enough he wiped his mouth in a hurry and got up, his eyes on the orchestra. "I'm going over to talk to the boys," he said. "I want to see what kind of an outfit they have." He walked across the dance floor, hands in his pockets, shoulders swaying. He went to the fat-faced man who played the horn and began talking with him.

Star watched him. "He'll be playing in a minute, you'll see. He'll go get his own horn and play with them."

"Do you mind?"

"Not exactly—but that's all he wants to do."

Carmichael leaned back against the booth's partition. He took out his pipe, and began filling it slowly, carefully from a worn leather pouch. "It's funny," he said, "but I know darned well I never saw you in Dodge."

She was startled. "I don't live in Dodge," she said. She was confused, unhappy. "George said that, just—I don't know . . ."

"Forget it," he said. "How about a cigarette?"

She took one and he saw her hand shaking a little. He said, looking at the bowl of his pipe, "My mother lives in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. I'm going there to see her now—and to do some trout fishing in the mountains up north. Then, after that I go to New York."

Star smiled. Her hand wasn't shaking now. "You're nice," she said. Then: "George thought it would be better to say that we came from Dodge on account of my brother. He might have sent out a call to the state police. I live with him and my sister-in-law. He doesn't like George very much."

Carmichael said, very gently, "How long have you two been married?"

Color flooded her cheeks. With an effort she made her eyes meet his. She kept her eyes steady that way for a moment.

That was all. In that look she had told him. He knew then that she was aware of him and was drawn to him just as he was drawn to her.

He said, "All right, spill it. What's the trouble? You'll feel better if you tell it. I'm just a guy you'll probably never see again. So I don't count."

She shook her head. "You're not just a guy and you do count. Even if I never see you again."

The orchestra began playing. She looked across the room and he followed her eyes. George was sitting in a chair on the musician's platform, the horn to his lips, his face flushed, his eyes gazing out into space.

SHE turned to Carmichael: "I told you he would be playing." She laughed a little. Then she said, "We ran away from Mt. Carmel—that's where I lived—this morning. All I thought about at first was getting away. I wasn't very happy there. My brother—well, there are three children in the family and the house isn't very big so I seemed to be always underfoot—in the way. And George said he had this wonderful job in New York. I don't know, maybe he has. Oh, I shouldn't talk this way. Of course, my brother will never let me come back home now."

"Why?"

"You don't know him."

They were silent for a minute or so and during that time they watched George with his horn. Then Carmichael said, "I suppose when you and George get to New York the idea is for you to get married?"

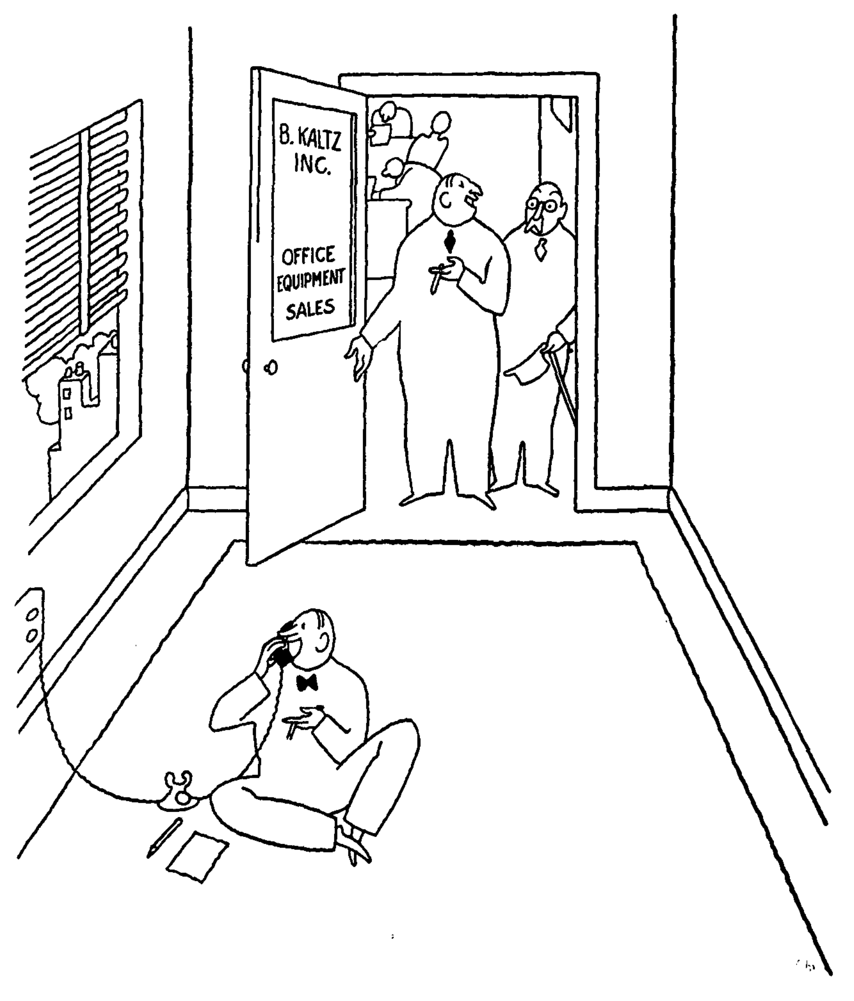
The girl said in a low voice, "I suppose so."

The music had stopped and George was making his way toward them. He looked triumphant.

"Say—was that good or was that good?" he demanded.

Carmichael looked at his watch. "Had enough?" He asked for the check and told George to get his horn stowed away in the car. When he had gone he turned to Star and said, "Look here . . ." Then, quietly, "Well, I hope it works out—but you ought to have a better break."

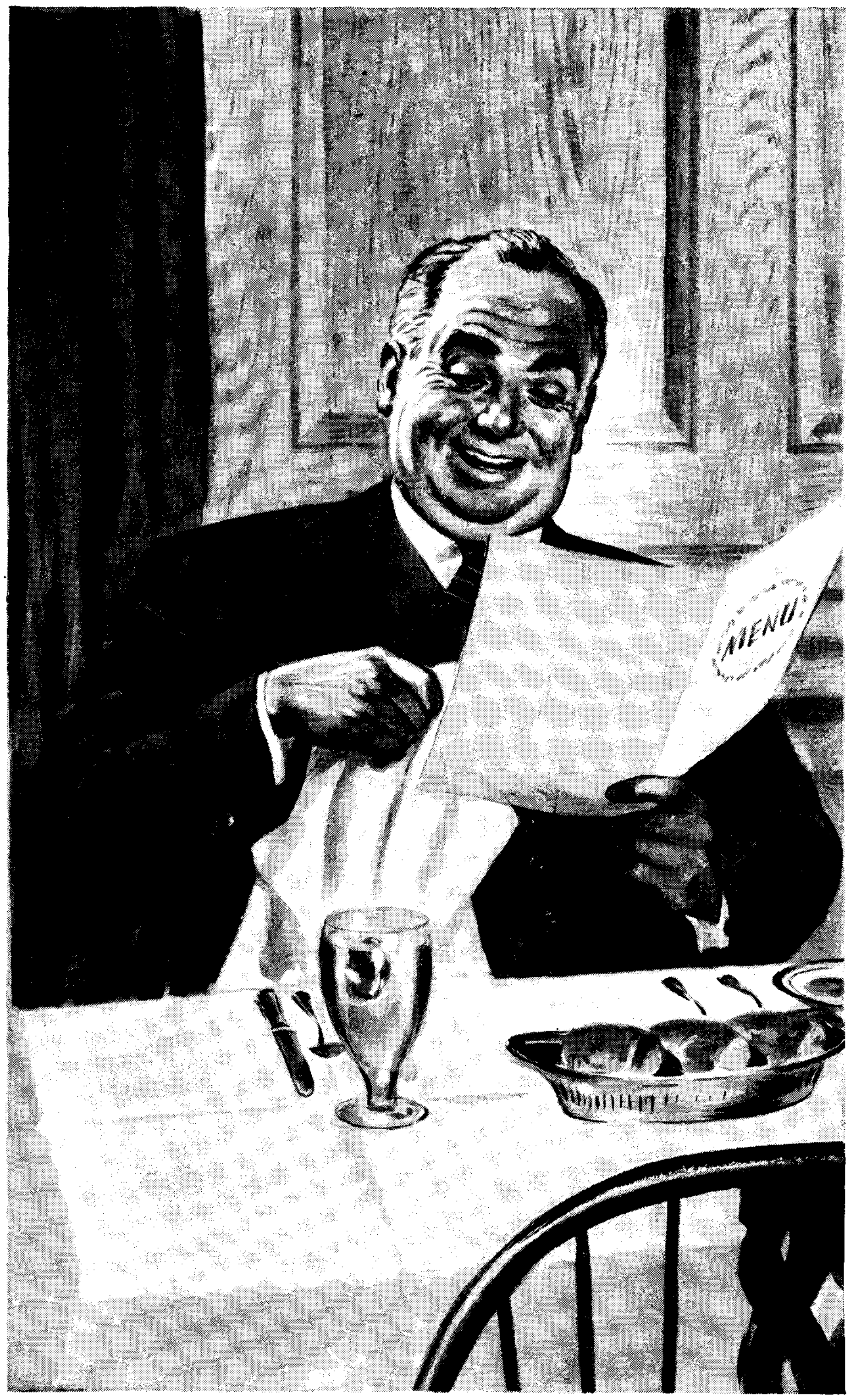
George was at the side of the car talking to the gas-pump attendant when Star



"Most successful salesman we've ever had. Can't keep a wastebasket for himself!"

GARDNER REA

The man with the star-spangled appetite



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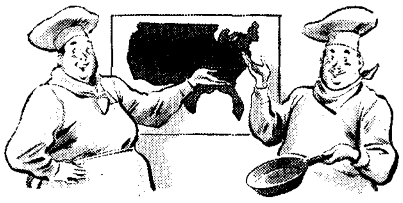

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"Well," concluded the star-spangled enthusiast, "I've talked myself into a swell appetite. See you later!"

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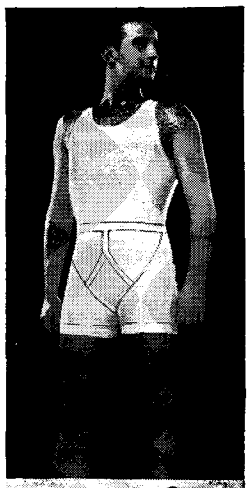

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and Carmichael came out. He didn't see them. He was pointing at the windshield, saying, "Give her a wipe, will you, buddy? I just filled her up with gas a little ways back."

Carmichael looked at the boy's way of standing there, his self-assurance. The kid was nervy, all right. Without a word he opened the door for Star and then got in himself, leaving the driver's seat empty. When George saw him he looked confused.

Carmichael said, "You want to drive your own car, don't you?"

George hesitated for only a second. "Boy-oh-boy," he crowed, and slid in behind the wheel.

He was one of those slam-bang drivers, heavy on the foot, quick with the turns. Carmichael watched him worm in and out of traffic on the highway, the way a taxi driver works his cab. He had supreme confidence in himself. He hit sixty, seventy, and asked Carmichael if he could open her up. Carmichael said, "Don't ask me, you're driving." That steadied down the boy.

IT HAPPENED twenty minutes later. A truck ahead of them began working out to the middle lane of the three-lane highway. Ahead of the truck Carmichael had seen the back of a dull gray sedan in the beam of the truck's light. The truck, pounding along at about thirty-five, would avoid, if possible, losing any of its built-up speed. George gave the truck the horn and began edging out. The truck blinked its left-turn arrow and kept right on working out to the middle lane.

George muttered, "The damn' road hog. Shove over there, you!"

He stepped on the gas and went out onto the far lane. Carmichael saw the blinding lights of an oncoming car boring down on them. He felt the girl stiffen beside him and saw her hand go to her face. George tramped down on the brake and swung the car back, trying to get behind the truck. The hood of Carmichael's car weaved in under the tailboard and the other car slithered by, a streak of lights and metal. It would have been all right if George hadn't been in such a hurry. He edged over too far to the right, saw the gray sedan chugging along and swung back to avoid it. He swung too hard and lost control—the car shooting obliquely across the left lane. It left the concrete, hitting the soft shoulder where the front wheels worried in the earth.

The car started sliding down into the ditch. It seemed to slide very slowly. A fence post loomed up in the headlights and hit the radiator. The jolt threw the girl forward just as Carmichael got his arm ahead of her and saved her from falling against the instrument panel. For a moment she was stunned. He held her in his arms and spoke to her gently, anxiously: "Are you all right, Star? Are you hurt?"

George said, "That damn' truck gave me no room!"

"Star's hurt. We've got to get her out of here."

"Honest—that wasn't my fault," George shouted. "I didn't see the little car."

Carmichael said, "Oh, shut up." He opened the door and lifted Star out. She stirred. "I'm all right," she said. "What happened?"

Some men were running across the highway from a gas station opposite. "No one's hurt," he called to the nearest man and told him to get a blanket out of the rear of the car and to bring it across to the station. He was still holding Star. "I'm taking her over there."

George followed the man to the car and Carmichael heard him say, "Hey, you! Look out for those suitcases."

Carmichael made Star sit in the swivel chair in the little office of the gas station. He felt her forehead, her pulse. He took the blanket from the man who had fetched it and wrapped it around her. He said to her, "Rest a minute, you'll be all right."

"I feel fine," she said. Her hand touched his arm. "You'd make a good doctor. Maybe you are a doctor?"

George said, "She's okay now. Women like to fuss."

Star looked at George. "Don't worry, George, I won't make a fuss."

"You saw what happened, didn't you, Star? That could have happened to any good driver, couldn't it, mister?"

Carmichael looked at him and then said, "Sure. Now go over to the car and bring her pocketbook. She'll be wanting it."

George said, "Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute. Where do you get that stuff? Go over there yourself." He stood there, half resentful, half frightened. Then he jerked around and walked to the door. A moment later he came back carrying the suitcases and his horn. He said to Star, "Come on. We're clearing out of this. I don't know who the hell that guy thinks he is."

Star said in a small voice, "Where—where are we going?"

"I saw some overnight cabins down the road. We'll stay there."

Carmichael saw a quick flush come to the girl's throat. She hesitated. Then she said, "We can't go now, George. You ought to stay here to help with the car."

George looked angrily at her. He turned to the door. "Are you coming?"

For a moment Star didn't move. Then slowly she pushed aside the blanket and got up. She avoided looking at Carmichael and started toward the door.

"Wait a minute," Carmichael said. "You're sure you're all right?"

She looked up. "Yes, I'm all right." There were pride and reserve in her voice.

Carmichael watched them walk down the road toward the string of lights at the tourist camp. A few hundred feet away in the light of a garage, Star turned and looked back. Then she went on, walking slowly, her shoulders sagging a little. Finally she disappeared from his view in the dark on the highway. He turned into the room. For a moment he looked around. Then he asked one of the men: "You know where I can find a tow car?"

TWENTY minutes later, with the car on the lift in the garage, the mechanic told him it would take only ten or fifteen minutes to patch up the radiator.

Carmichael started to fill his pipe. Then he put it away and lit a cigarette instead and walked outside. It was damp and there was a smell of burnt oil and wet cement. He looked down the road. He could see the string of bare electric-light bulbs, murky, dim, in front of the half-dozen hencoop cabins. There was something sordid, lonely about them.

He had let that little punk take Star there. He had let him walk her right out the door to those camps. Why? Because he had no right to stop them? Because it was none of his business?

The hell it wasn't his business!

He swung around. He said to the mechanic, "Look—I'm going down the road. I'll be back." He already had an idea just how much he was going to make this his business.

The manager of the camp told him that a young couple had been there but the girl wouldn't stay. He said she was crying. He told Carmichael that they had gone to the lunch wagon across the highway.

They were at the end of the long counter. George was standing above Star, pointing a finger at her. As he opened the door Carmichael heard him say, "You can't even go home now—so what the hell?"

Carmichael closed the door behind

him. George swung around. His eyes widened when he saw Carmichael. He said to Star, "Here's your boy friend again. Say, what you want now?"

Star slid off the stool and took two steps toward Carmichael before she checked herself. She stood there, her hand to the collar of her sweater.

Carmichael said to her, "You don't have to go home and you don't have to go with him—if you don't want to."

George suddenly moved toward Carmichael. He was half laughing, half snarling. "Oh, I get it! That's swell. That's just dandy! You can trust yourself to uncle her—is that it? You'd be so good to her. Some fun. Is that the idea, huh?"

Carmichael said, "Take it easy, there."

"You think I'm dumb," George broke in. "Ha! I'm wise to all this big-hearted stuff. You've been trying to edge in on me from the start. Why? What's the answer?" He laughed again, angrily. "Because you want her for yourself. Laugh that off, will ya?"

For a moment no one said anything. The girl drew a long, trembling breath. Then Carmichael said slowly, almost heavily, "No. I can't laugh it off. I thought I could—but it didn't work. The more I tried to laugh it off the more I kept thinking about her here with you. I didn't know what I could do about it at first. I do now."

"So what?"

Carmichael turned to Star. He said, steadily, "You tell me to get out of here and I will."

A long look passed between them. George saw it. He saw the hopeless little shake of Star's head.

"Okay!" he said loudly. "Now it's my turn. Now I got something to say: I'm through, see? I can cover a lot more ground without a woman stringing along."

They watched him pick up his own suitcase and the horn box. He was still talking, quick, jerky phrases, almost as though he were telling himself something: "I'm not out in the cold. Oh, no—not me! I've got a place all lined up. Back at the place we had dinner. The horn back there could see right away that I had the stuff. And I was sap enough to turn it down because I had to show a dame the bright lights. Well, now I start writing my own ticket."

Star said huskily, "You mean it, George? You're not—just putting on a show?"

George reached into his pocket, fished out a fifty-cent piece and slapped it on the counter. "I mean it all right." He turned jauntily to Carmichael. "Have a cup of coffee and talk this over—this time the treat's on me." He turned and went out.

A moment later the door in the back part of the lunch wagon opened and the counterman came in. He picked up the coin and dropped it indifferently into the cash-register drawer. He glanced at Carmichael and Star. "You folks want anything?"

"No, we're leaving," Carmichael said. He took Star's suitcase, "Come on—let's get out of here."

They walked back to the garage along the dark highway. From across the road came the shrill piping of tree toads. He could feel Star walking close to him, her arm touching his sleeve, and he could hear the sound of her heels on the hard ground, the quickness of her breath. And now all that had been there before—and suppressed—came back to him and he felt her richness and her warmth.

The lights of a car behind them brightened the white fence posts along the highway. They could hear voices of young people yelling and singing. The car slowed down and someone shouted cheerfully, "Hey, you two! Want a lift?"

Carmichael waved a no. Then he began to laugh.

Star looked up at him, surprised. "What are you laughing at?"

"I don't know," Carmichael said. "Life's very satisfying—sometimes."

THEY had reached the garage. The car was ready. But he didn't start at once. They sat there and Star made herself small in the corner of the seat. She said, "If you will just take me to a train—I won't trouble you any more."

He laughed. He felt good. "Star," he said, "I'm thinking that you'll trouble me for a long time." Then, serious, he leaned nearer to her. "Do you honestly think that I could take you to a railroad station and put you on a train and out of my life and never know what happened to you?"

Star edged forward on the seat and half turned to him. "What do you mean?" Her voice was low.

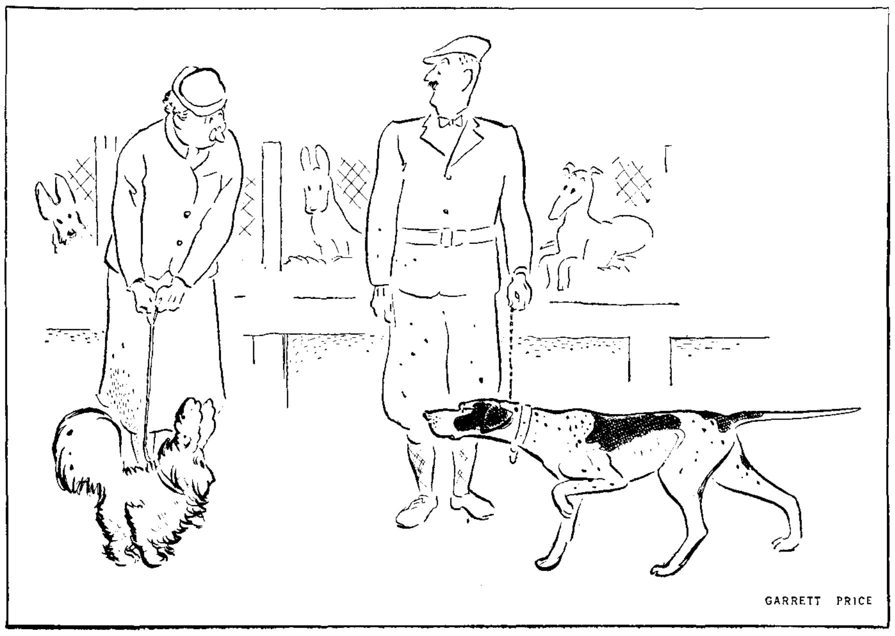
"This. You can't go home." He looked at the speedometer. "We've got about a hundred and forty miles to Beaver Falls. That's where you spend tonight. After that—we make plans."

"Tell me something," she said, not looking at him. "Are you taking me to your home because there's nothing else to do with me? Is that the only reason?"

He said, "Look—I've got a hundred and forty miles to tell you all about that."

He started the engine and swung the car onto U. S. 40 and headed into the east.

Star didn't say anything. But he could feel her there beside him, her eyes on the road ahead, as his were. It was a good feeling—it was a better feeling than being alone.



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PIPE TO

Unsophisticated Lady

Continued from page 12

She started to cry—then like a high wind going through a pine grove and Mr. Moore; an old actor who is keen about dramatics, heard this with undisguised elation.

Well, there is no use maintaining the mystery about this historical event. The young Leabo lady is the one now known as Brenda Joyce, who was thrown into The Rains Came two weeks after she applied for a job and has since been seen in Here I Am A Stranger and In Little Old New York.

The whole episode is one to make the fastidious shiver in fear. Either the screen is a medium that can be mastered by anybody in one simple lesson or Brenda Joyce is an actress in the great tradition of Duse and Sarah Bernhardt.

Consider the situation: In high school she had done a bit of public speaking, had been president of her class and had played in the usual graduation version of The Merchant of Venice, but her acting career consisted of little else. After a spell at the University of Southern California and a shorter stint at U. C. L. A., she had been forced to leave school and become a model.

Before taking her screen test she had exactly one hour of preparation under Tom Moore's guidance. He coached her in a composite sketch made up of bits from The Wine of Choice and a long scene from Tomorrow is Tomorrow, where the woman talks to her husband off stage about her great desire for a child. Before the camera she played the scene through in one take—no rehearsal, no repeats, no monkeying around.

On the strength of that she was given a stock contract, one of those cute little documents that are given out by the dozens and mean almost nothing. If the newcomer is good, the studio has her under lock and key for seven years; if she is bad, they have her taken out with the waste paper some afternoon and that is the end of it. But in the case of Brenda, a young cutter named Jerry Webb saw her test and called it to the attention of Director Clarence Brown, who had been looking for somebody to play Fern Simon in The Rains Came.

Mr. Brown ran the test in company with Darryl Zanuck and the Brenda Joyce kid was set. She was the fifty-eighth girl tested for the role, many of them well-known Hollywood players. They tell you out at Fox that they spent $45,000 on tests alone for that role but figures come easily to those people in the great West and the best thing is just to say that Brenda was the fifty-eighth dame and, P. S., got the job.

She Didn't Look Scared

She did very well from the start and Clarence Brown was pleased, calling her the "coolest newcomer I've seen in twenty years of motion-picture work." What he didn't know, of course, was that she was slowly declining during the course of the picture and went home and had a minor breakdown when it was finished.

"What I should have done was yell around a little," says Brenda now. "I was scared pie-eyed all the time. If anybody had said 'boo' along there some place, they'd have had to lug me off to a hospital."

This little saga began in Kansas City, Missouri, nineteen years ago. Brenda lived there only five years and then went out to San Bernardino, California, with her mother, Mrs. Rosalie Leabo. The family is not too anxious to talk about it, but somewhere through the years there was a breakup between Mamma and Papa. If any bright student wants a topic for a thesis, he might look into this matter of the influence upon actresses of the separation of their parents. It will be found that half the stars of Hollywood are members of families that have had this fate.

At any rate Brenda lived with her mother and was parted from her the first time last year when Mamma left for Fulton, Missouri, to be housemother for Beta Theta Pi at Westminster College. Just for the record, it may be admitted that Brenda is Delta Gamma herself and runs around with a young man named Owen Ward who goes to U. C. L. A., and is in a Reserve Officers' Training unit.

This seems to give them both great satisfaction and Owen is becoming almost as well known as Brenda, being linked in all the more romantic stories as her brave protector. When the publicity boys, a trifle desperate for yarns about Brenda, rigged up the usual tales about how Richard Greene was bats about her and how she was seen out with Vic Orsatti, etc., etc., Brenda halted it abruptly by saying that she was engaged to Owen.

"News to me," said Owen promptly, but kept coming around.

Brenda lives now in what is probably the most modest bungalow ever rented by a screen personality. It lies in the flats about a mile beyond the Fox studio and if you come at the right time you'll see her secondhand car parked outside. There are no present indications that the Zanuck millions have trickled down to Brenda but she may merely be preserving her assets for bad weather.

She plays tennis, badminton and ping-pong. She reads a lot but not too deeply and sticks around the house pretty much. This probably because she makes very little dough and Mr. Ward, going to college, has even less. If they get free tickets to a première, they park the secondhand job a couple of blocks from the theater and walk the rest of the way.

High-Voltage Hotcha

She loves everybody around the studio and thinks people have been perfectly fine. Her only wisecrack turned out so badly that she has tried no others. This one happened when Clarence Brown was making the second tests for The Rains Came and was trying to put her at her ease.

"Who would you like to make a love scene with?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Tyrone Power," said Brenda.

So after a slight pause Power turned up, took in the situation rapidly, and proceeded to turn on the high-voltage, guaranteed-to-scorch Tyrone Power hotcha. He made love to her in a fashion that led her to believe the police would show up on the lot at any moment. She has asked for no special attention since that time and blushes deeply at memory of the event.

The only fear on the lot is that Brenda will take her acting too seriously. Zanuck has given strict orders that he wants her just as she is, an unsophisticated, direct lady who represents young American womanhood at its sincerest. If there is ever a book-burning in that neighborhood it will consist of Brenda's small library of tomes about the theater. She insists on reading them and everybody is scared witless. She is still being coached by Tom Moore and that puts him in a mess.

"If he doesn't teach her anything, he'll get hell," they remark sadly in contemplating Mr. Moore's fate. "And if he teaches her too much, off goes his head."

Brenda herself is entirely bumfuzzled by the whole thing. From being nothing at all in the great movement of world history, she is now listened to with awe by strangers who would have galloped past her with disdain only a year ago. When her work at the studio was halted recently by a faint twinge in the region of the appendix, her photograph, almost life-size, appeared in various journals of the nation and concern was shown.

Mr. Zanuck, quite elated by his happy find, popped her into Here I Am A Stranger and In Little Old New York as fast as she could work, but when she was seen quietly twitching from such labor he shipped her east with the Hollywood group that appeared at the President's Birthday Ball in Washington last winter. Any chance that all eyes might be upon her were dissipated by the presence of Master M. Rooney, who sees that eyes are where they belong when he is in the vicinity. She suffered an even more grievous blow when she allowed herself to be maneuvered completely out of the principal group picture, the top of her hat appearing but the rest of her being blanketed by a lady who was not so backward.

"Let us sit right down here and moan," said the New York office sadly. "She is a model, she is used to having her picture taken, her face has been on a thousand billboards in tooth-paste advertisements and on five thousand others for us—and then she hides behind somebody when she gets in a close-up with Mrs. Roosevelt."

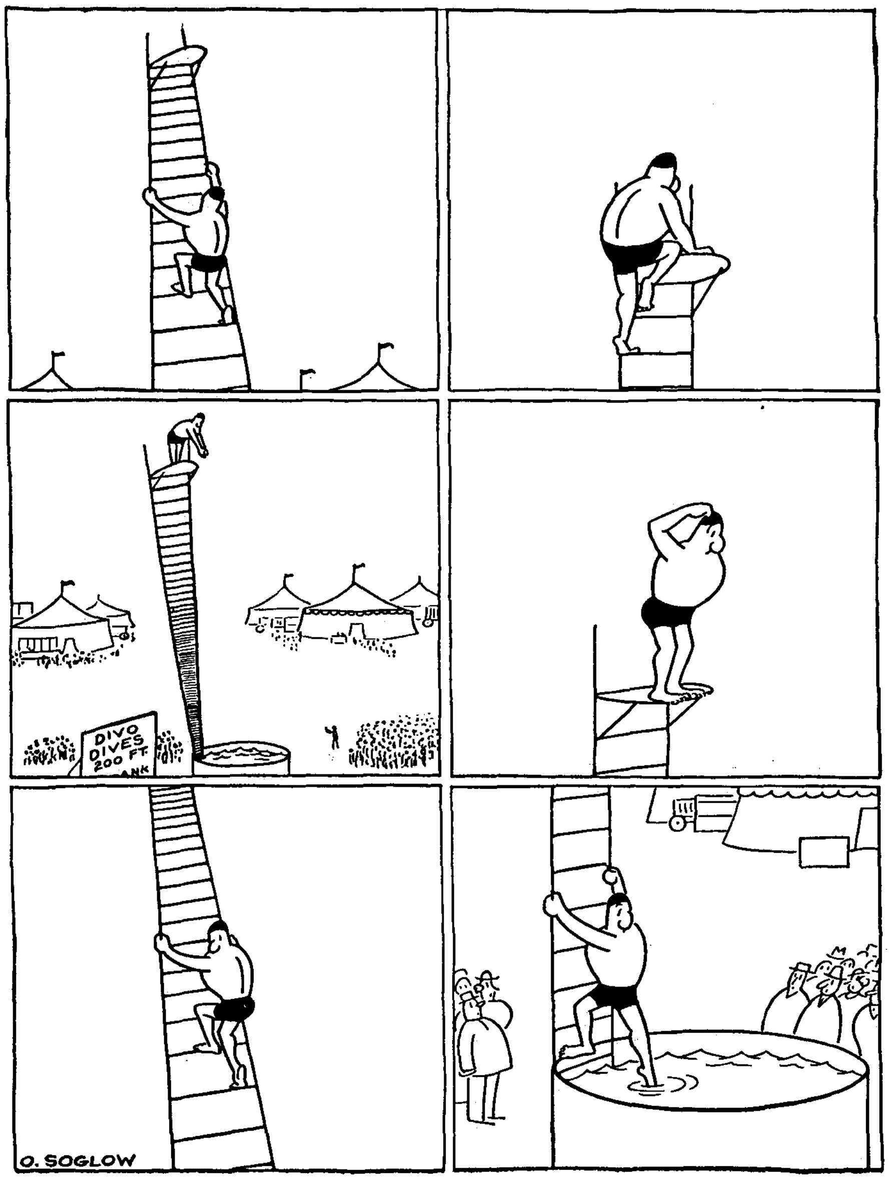
Goggle-Eyed and Appealing

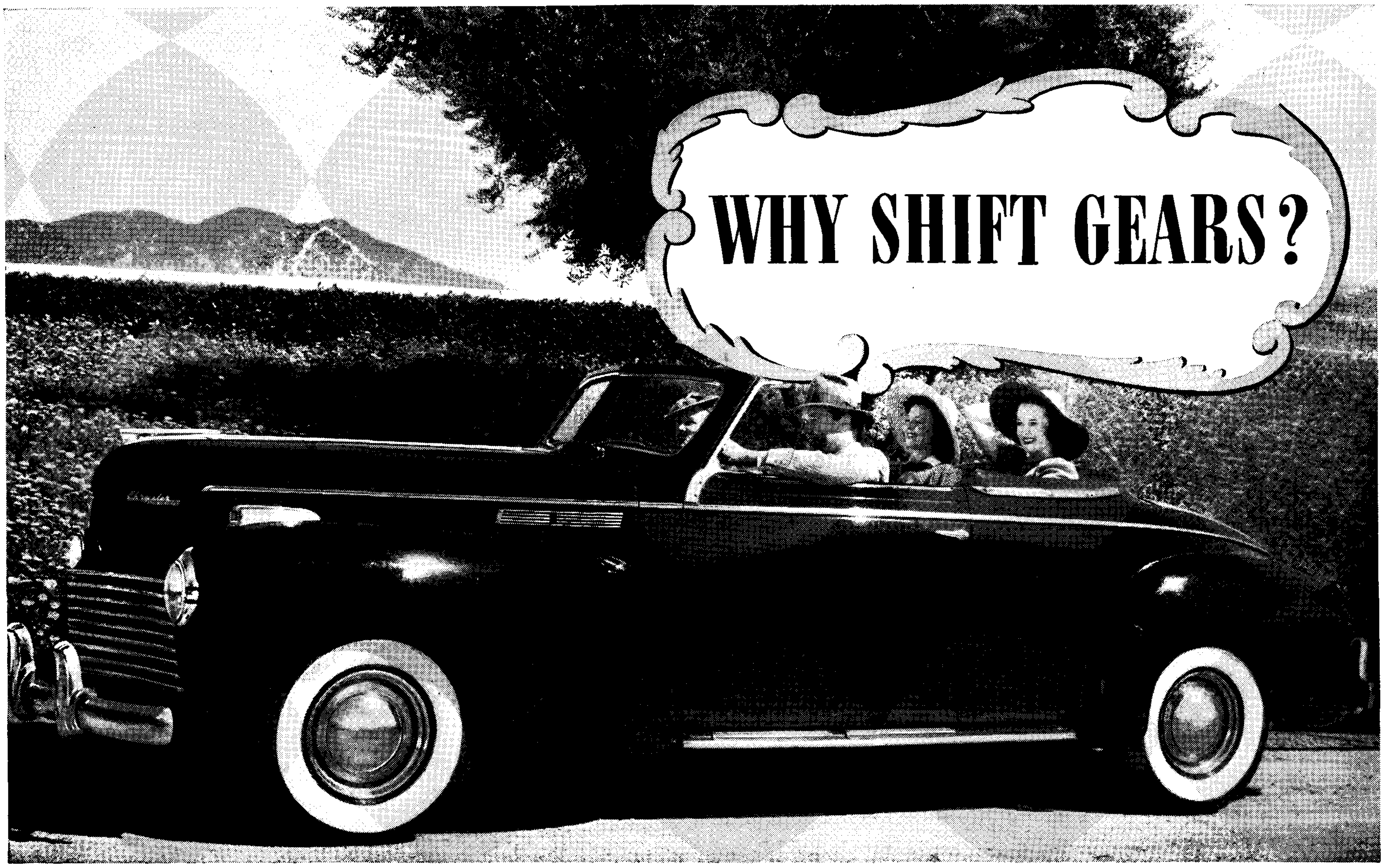
But it was just another sign of her gentleness and confusion. They liked her all the same and brought her over to New York, where she was daintily goggle-eyed at everything and very appealing. When the interviewers ragged her slightly for wearing black glasses, she took them off to show that in reality she wore two pairs, one because she was shortsighted. They persisted, however, in asking about the black ones.

"You think it's because I want you to believe people are following me around, don't you?" she asked. "It's because if I wear them somebody might take me for a movie star."

Rather got the boys and girls with that one, the kid did. The later reports seemed to bear out the first impression that she was going about in a trance. She was taken to the theater and to night clubs, meeting a group of very important morons in the latter joints. Her picture was taken, her name appeared in the gossip columns. When the usual tactful questions were asked about her love life, she answered simply that she wished Owen was there; he would like it. No official comment came from Mr. Ward.

She turned out to be a nice, modest, pretty girl, who was not too sure that all of this was going to last. History does not report what she did when the photographers asked her to give them a great big smile but it's hardly likely that she could respond without getting a very suggestive ache in the jaws.





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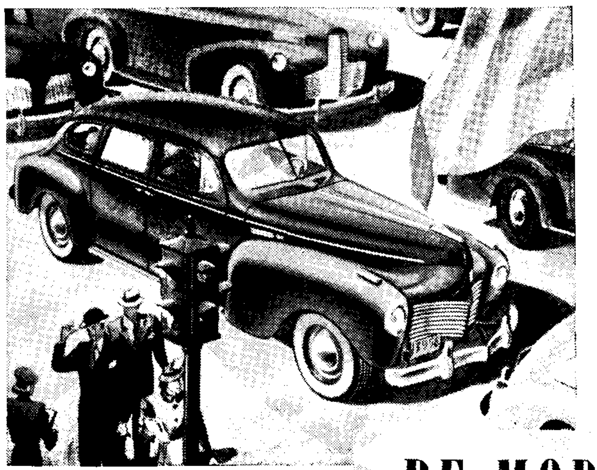

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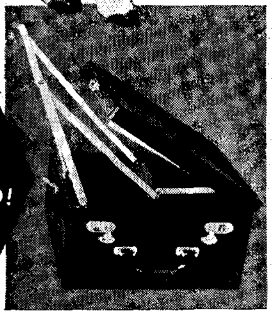

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Success

Continued from page 23

license and left. Through the slits in the rattans I saw him join his Celia in the hot and brilliant sunshine of the road. She just looked at him once, taking hold of his arm. And I heard her lush and throaty voice: "I tol' you you was fixin' for trouble, Dulce. Come along now, while I fix up some dinner to eat."

That's all I heard before they moved away. . . .

He took another leave of absence and shipped in the fo'c'sle of the first homebound vessel he could find. Maybe you can imagine him, walking serenely into that room in the customhouse off Battery Park where those gray-headed inquisitors wait like so many spiders in a web. They did their best to discourage him. But you couldn't discourage Dulcet Jones. They wondered solemnly if he had sea time enough to be sitting for master, if his experience had embraced enough of the oceans of earth to warrant their troubling to put the rack to him. So he dumped little white discharge slips on the desk in heaps. And whether they liked it or not, they had to let him sit.

They gave him a time of it, too. He was in there for hours on that last cruel afternoon. Dulce didn't mind. They asked him, and he told them. And what he told them you can't learn out of sailor books or by yachting on the Sound. They gave him charge of a fanciful ship and proceeded deliberately to tear her apart from under his feet. They gave him a whole gale to worry about, disabled his engines for him, and killed his chief engineer. Dulce just sighed and got a sea anchor together with chain and a couple of spare booms.

His command was riding easy when they stove in a hatch or two for luck. He got that attended to when they suddenly discovered he was driving fast on a lee shore with the gale still wild and freshening to hurricane force. Dulce instantly put the starboard anchor down. But you can't hope to stop marine inspectors in a warm and cozy office with such a little thing as a patent anchor and ninety fathoms of chain. Not even two anchors will do the trick. They set them both dragging with nothing more than a careless word.

IT LOOKED pretty hopeless for Dulce and his ship. Old John Folger himself, supervising inspector for the coast, was in there. He was looking at Dulce, his eyes glittering from under his craggy white brows. Dulce got his giant's frame out of his chair and slowly drew himself erect. They had him now! He didn't know what on earth to do. Well, neither would any other man—except perhaps to pray. But Dulce stood up, looking down at them with his big head moving a little from side to side.

"Gentlemen," he said in his slow, deep drawl, "seems like them anchors ain' got no more bite than a penny fishhook on the end of a penny line. So I'd rig me lots of fore-an'-aft canvas on my booms an' a jib or two on the forestays if I could. Then I'd slip the wind'ard cable, 'cause it ain' no good nohow. I'd heave the other to help her round with the cable's weight, an' that way I'd club haul an' claw that vessel off the land." He stopped, abruptly flinging his arm out full length in a gesture swift and arresting. "An' what's more," he boomed, "I'd damn' near do it!"

The deep timbre of his voice and its passion brought an instant of silence. Then John Folger nodded. "I believe you would, at that," he said.

" 'Course I would!"

"But what about the wireless? We forgot to disable that. You never thought to send a call for help."

"Help?" Dulce showed a quick glitter of white teeth. "Don' need no help. I know my trade."

Well, he did at that. They had to testify to it. And Dulce came away at last with his master's certificate clutched in his big black fist. It was the only sign of strain or doubt he showed, the way he held it all tight and crumpled up. It got crumpled from the start that way. But what else could possibly happen to it? He was pressing his luck too much. Imagine! A big, full-blooded, splendid Negro pushing a master's certificate under the startled nose of a port superintendent, telling him he wanted a ship, or even a third mate's berth in one of the merchant fleets. Because that's what he did.

He haunted the water fronts, from one Line office to another. Till every quartermaster along the foreshore got to know about Big Dulce. He thought, up there where there were so many ships, he would certainly find his own. He saw them by the hundreds, moving out toward the Narrows where the shining light kept beckoning, or sailing in past Battery Park while he sat on a bench watching them with hollow eyes. The devil only knows where he slept or how he kept alive.

He disappeared for a time from the water fronts of New York. But the stories still came drifting in. From Philadelphia, from Boston, as far north as the granite ports of Maine. About a black boy everyone called Big Dulce who had by some miracle or another got hold of a master's ticket and had the serene simplicity to think they'd let him sail on it. You would hear about Big Dulce from the pilot when he climbed aboard at Ambrose. From your agent. From your chandler wherever you happened to let your anchors go.

Even the men in the intercoastal lumber trades brought the tale back with them. They'd seen him in San Francisco, wandering the Embarcadero, still hunting for the ship he was sure was his if only he could find out where. He had that still patience in the face of adversity, that courage in the teeth of prejudice, that calm acceptance of the grim jesting of the gods who put the salt of blue water into the heart and brain of a man whose skin wasn't white enough. Till that evening of a bitter January day when he came back to me on board the Ballyfair just before we sailed from our North River berth.

HE KNOCKED on the door and came in. He looked haggard and worn. His clothing was threadbare. But he still could stand erect, and there was fire still burning in his eyes. He looked wanly at me, trying to make a smile out of what was only half a grin.

"Warm here," he said quietly, his voice still rich and deep.

"You're broke, Dulce," I said. "Want a stake?"

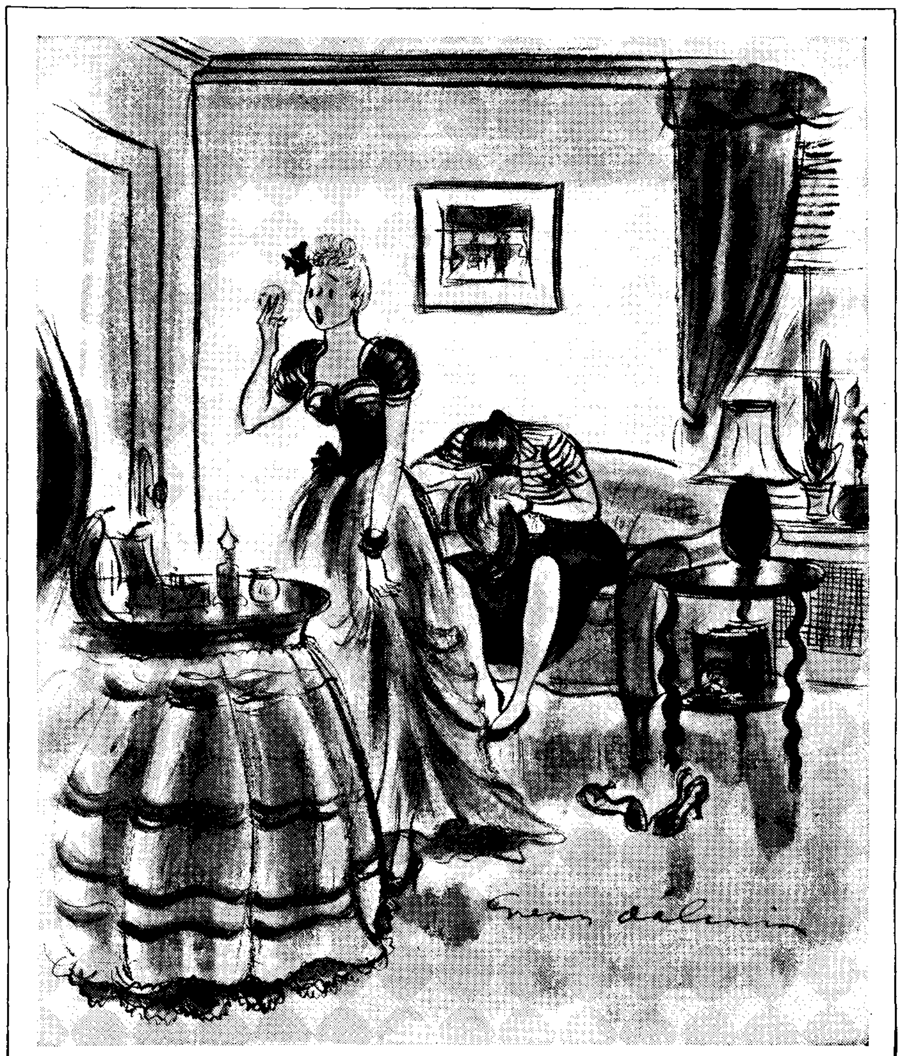
He shook his head. "Money don' do me no good nohow. I come 'cause you're friendly. Maybe you can tell me."

"Tell you what, Dulce?"

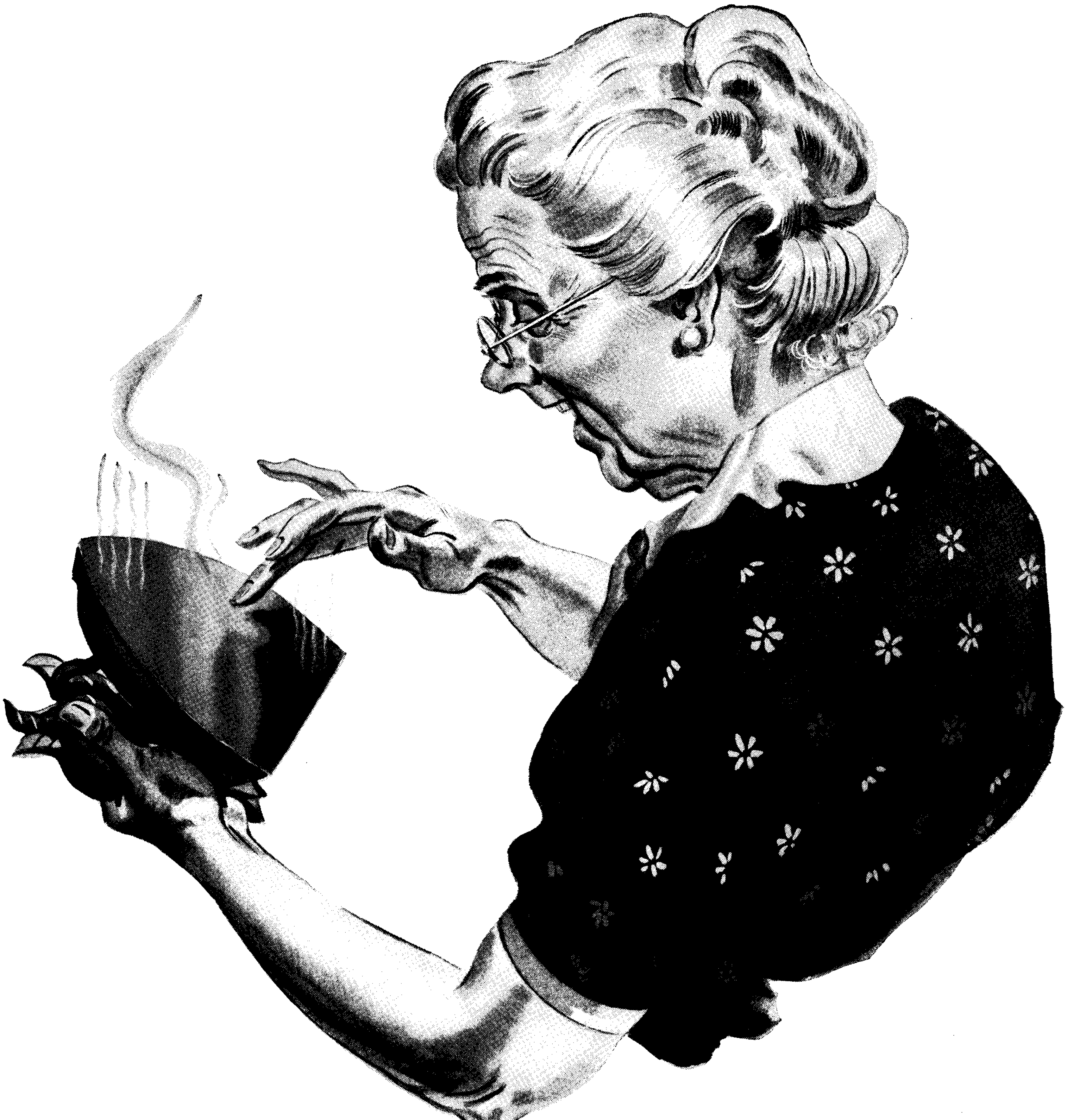
"Tell me what must I do."

He sat down wearily in my one spare chair. I knew him too well to feed him any belly-wash of lies. So I told him. I told him the very best I could:

"You got to go back to Semarang,



"I'd marry George if he were rich or taller or better-looking . . . or if he'd ask me" GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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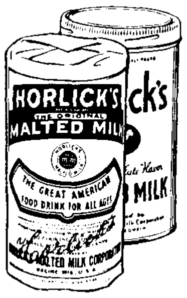

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How would you like to have a complete set of beautiful stamps portraying scenes from the stories you love best? Well, you can get them now . . . plus an attractive album with highlights from each book, biographies of authors, and spaces to collect and preserve the stamps. An album and four stamps will be sent free to Horlick users on receipt of wrapper or coupon from any Horlick package. Address Horlick's, Dept. C-5, Racine, Wisc.

Horlick's

The Fountain of Youth

Dulce. You got to go back where you belong."

"I was born up here," he reminded me.

"It doesn't matter, Dulce, where you were born. You got to go where you belong." I was trying to be gentle with him, the way a man tries to be gentle with a child in some desperately trifling trouble. "You'll starve here, Dulce. You're not a fool. Don't you know you'll never work on that ticket? You haven't got a chance up here. You—"

"You mean," he interrupted in a voice so soft it wasn't much more than a whisper, "you mean 'cause I ain't white?"

Well, now what could you do? I had to look him in the eye and tell him that. "Yes," I said.

HE WAS quiet for a little while. I tell you I never want to see the essence of pain, the dregs of grief, concentrated on human lips or reflected that way in human eyes again. And I never again want to see judgment passed with nothing more than the smile that Dulce could smile when he heard that thing from his fellow man.

"I thought . . ."

He said that, and stopped at once. Then he said, "Thank you, Captain," and stood up to go.

He was halfway over the weatherboard before I could call to him. "Dulce!" His head came back on his shoulder. "We're all signed up. But if you want to go back, I'll take you as a workaway. I'll manage it somehow for you, Dulce, if you want. We sail in half an hour."

"Thank you, Captain," he said again. "I'll get for'ard right away. . . ."

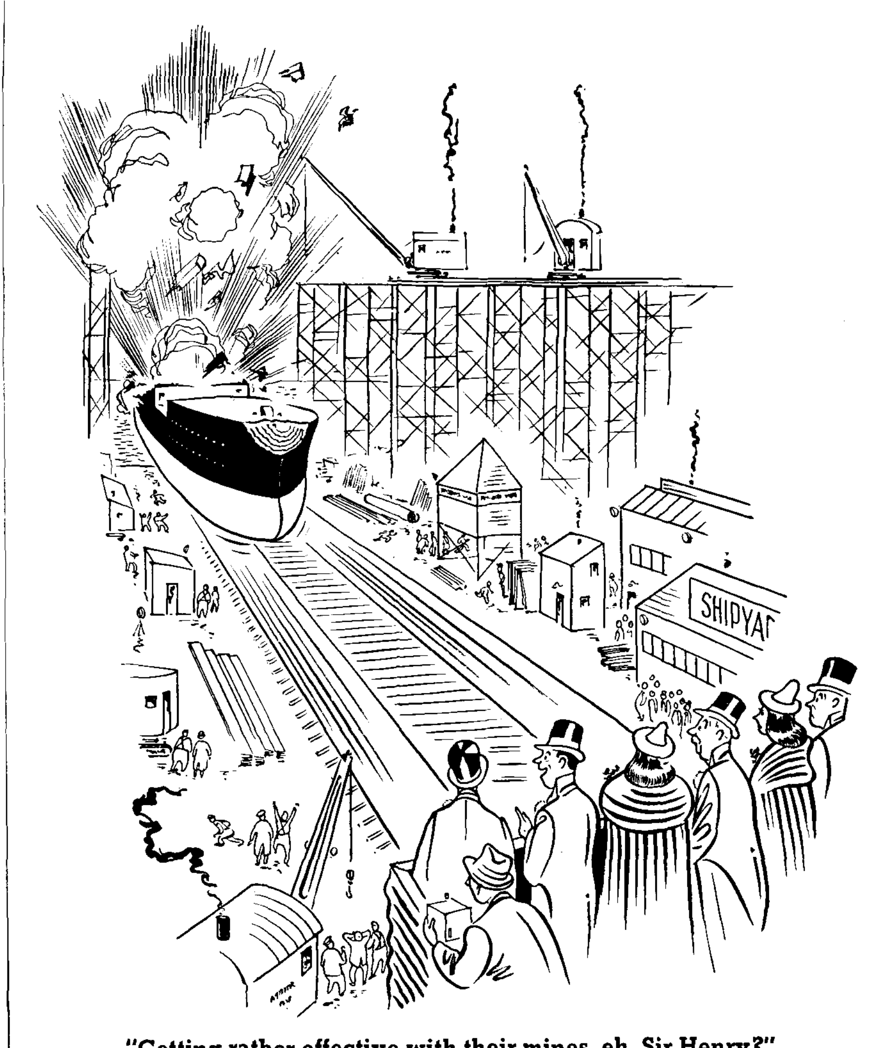
Yes; he was with us in the Ballyfair that famous trip, going back where he belonged. And he was with us far off Hatteras and the light on Diamond Shoals when we saw that tarpot signal of distress flaming weirdly against wild and desolate night. We shaped down to it in a gray and sunless dawn, wallowing like a beer keg in the troughs. Till the Ballyfair worked a little to windward and we hove up to have a look and see what could be done.

She was a three-mast schooner in the Jamaica trades, by what was left of her. Her mizzen was gone completely. There was the big stump of a main still standing, ragged with streaming gear. The fore they'd evidently cut away in last extremity, making some chain fast to it before it went overboard. She was riding badly to that sea anchor, deep below her marks with everything awash to her cabin house where her men grimly clung. She was done for.

When the seas reared up she foundered in the hollow cave beyond. Leaping jets of spray brought her back to sight, brought her tattered signals back to view, telling us they meant to abandon.

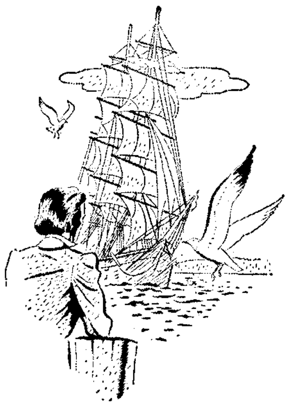
But our oil bags were dripping long before we read those flags. And Big Dulce read them, too. For he was the first man in the boat. He had the cover off, stripping the gear they didn't need, long before the chief mate asked for volunteers. It was Dulcet Jones who pulled the stroke.

He pulled the stroke and showed them how to bend a big ash sweep. The snow and sleet kept driving in between. But you couldn't miss Big Dulce. He was the first man you saw each time the small boat came scending into view out of the gray hollows of the sea. Big Dulce with his head back and his dripping face to the leaden sky where the rags of lower cloud swept dizzily. Slowly the chief mate worked that boat around while we gave what lee the Ballyfair could afford. Till he got her in under the counter of the foundering schooner Marianne, standing as close as he dared in the oil slick because of the wreckage pounding her sides. And we knew there wasn't a bit of use trying to float down a line. Big Dulce knew that, too. Because he went overside into freezing green water



"Getting rather effective with their mines, eh, Sir Henry?"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT



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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *proudly showing his friend, Horatio Bridge, a copy of "Twice Told Tales."*

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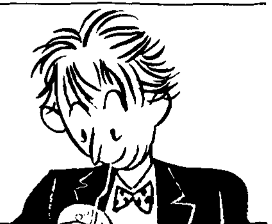
His hair-comb was a moulting mink,
A most untidy sight to see
And bad as RUN-DOWN HEELS can be!



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with a line about his waist. Then we lost him completely for a time.

How he ever got aboard alive, no one knew. He probably didn't know himself. But when we saw him again he was climbing over the taffrail, hanging to a rope's end. The minute he reached the poop the sea smashed him down. He got up, though. He loomed hugely far aft on that broken deck, looking around in what seemed to be the quietest sort of sailorlike appraisal. He even ducked below and came up waving his arms, up to his knees in water each time the ocean washed aboard. It looked almost as though he were arguing with the master of that foundering schooner. At a time like that! We saw him spin around to those drowning, half-dozen men in some wild and eager exhortation of his own: and they must have looked at him in dumb alarm, thinking him altogether mad. Maybe he was.

It seemed an age before they started sending those fellows over the side to be hauled one by one into the tossing small boat of the Ballyfair. Till only four Jamaica boys in the crew of the Marianne were left, her master, and Dulcet Jones. The skipper came back to where Dulce stood. I saw him flailing his arms, and through the binoculars I saw Dulce plainly shake his big black head. Then the schooner's master did a surprising thing. He made the line fast about himself and leaped into the boiling sea.

THAT'S when the truth came on me. He must have bewitched those four boys who wouldn't come away either! It came on the mate in charge of the small boat, too. Because we saw him bellowing angrily up to Dulce, beckoning wildly for the rest of them to abandon while there was still some time. Dulce shook his head again. He cupped his hands to his lips. And faintly, through the shrilling of the wind and the loud crash of breaking seas we heard his booming voice.

"This . . . mine!" he roared. "All mine! Abandoned . . . at sea. I ain' . . . Ballyfair's articles. This here ship mine!"

That's the way we saw Big Dulce for the last time. Facing his hopeless destiny alone. We saw him on the poop of a foundering ship in the traditional place of command. He'd managed to get there at last, and he had four Jamaica black boys for his crew.

When we had time to look we saw he had run down the Marianne's signal of distress. What use did Big Dulce have for signals such as that? He was standing on the quarter-deck, peering straight ahead. Under his feet that drowning ship had a crazy, sodden motion. The long graybeards of the North Atlantic came sweeping at her with unhurried speed from under the rim of the earth, lifting her heavily and setting her down in a hissing boil.

Overhead the leaden sky pressed close, sullen and black with squalls. But Big Dulce stood erect, a tower of a man with feet braced wide against the storm, illuminated by sudden quick flashes of gray light reflected from the running ocean's hills. It gave to his somber black face a grave, ecstatic look that isn't easy to forget. And he didn't seem to mind the drenching sprays at all. Why should he? He had found his ship at last.

WE PUT the crew and the skipper of the Marianne ashore at Colon. He made his report, and I suppose he went to his underwriters about his loss. But the Ballyfair went to Semarang, and someone had to tell Celia about her Dulce. I thought it ought to be me. So I did the best I could.

She listened with the gravest respect, never taking her eyes from mine. Till I came to the end. That's when she looked away. Because she wished no man to see her face.

"He always fixin' hisself for trouble, that big man of mine," she said with dignified sorrow. "He ain' like no other black boy ever I knew. That's 'cause he love the sea more'n he ever love me. . . . I don' mind."

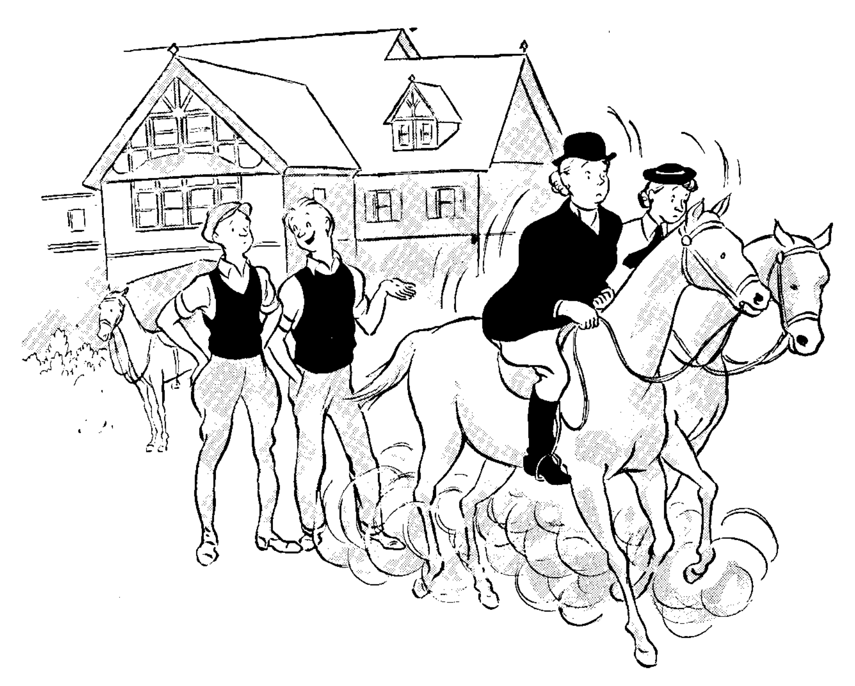
"You don't understand, Celia," I told her gently. "He's gone. He's gone for good. He deliberately—"

She turned her eyes on me, smiling sadly with all the savage beauty of her olive-skinned face. And she said firmly in her lush contralto voice: "You tryin' to tell me my Dulce dead? Who see him die? Who?" She shook her head. "My Dulce ain' dead."

"But Celia, you've got to understand. He—"

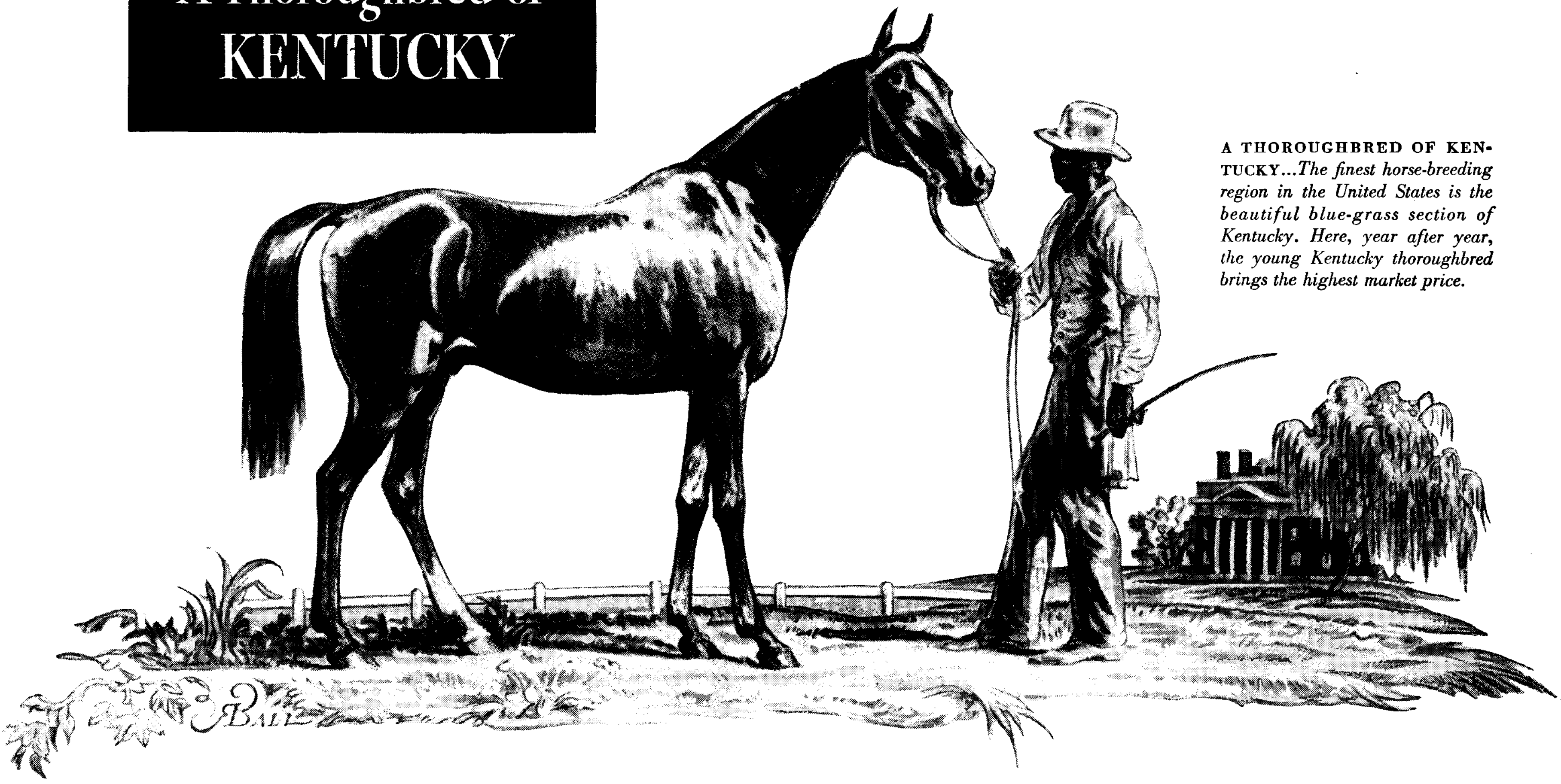
"My Dulce ain' dead!" she said again. "My Dulce ain' dead!"

That's all she told me. Quietly and with conviction. She hadn't seen the Marianne, dismasted and drowning in the sea off Hatteras. If she had she wouldn't be believing that. So I had to leave her standing there, staring out toward sea. She was there on the lading jetty when we sailed. And next voyage when we got back she was there again, slim and straight and very patient. Al-



"I'll give you two to one on 'Top Hat' beating 'Queenie' back here by a length, after tossin' the dames" BEN ROTH

A Thoroughbred of KENTUCKY



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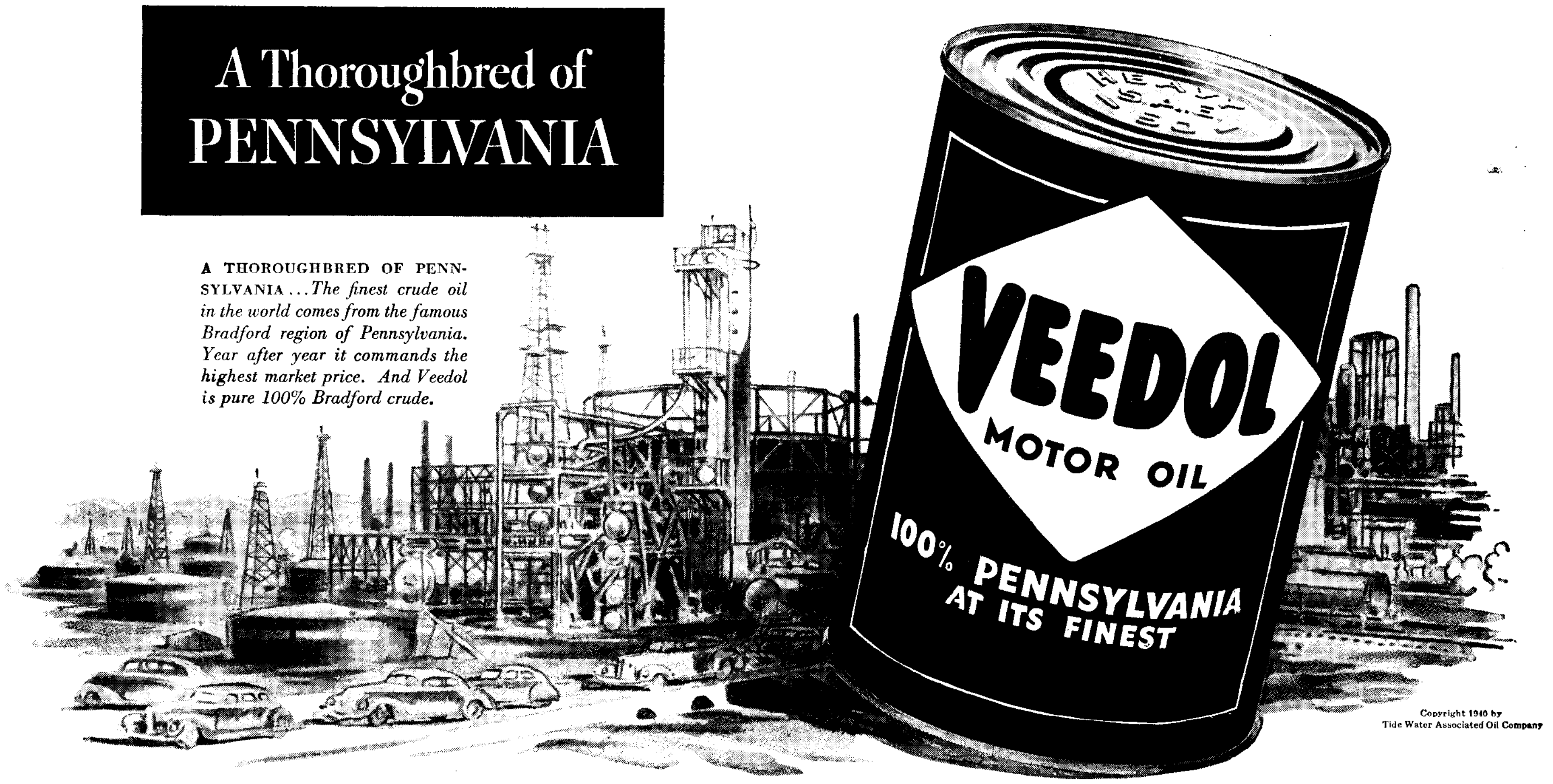
A Thoroughbred of PENNSYLVANIA



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most as though she'd never moved from that spot, all the time we'd been away. Still staring out toward the sea.

We circled the broad earth twice. I thought I had completely forgotten that startling music once I heard in that place of hot sunlight and brittle purple shadow. Till, anchored in Semarang Roads, at supper in the cabin, it came drifting in through the open ports again. I looked up, puzzled and frowning. So did my chief mate. It was faint and distant at first. Then it grew. It came nearer. It swelled in volume, till there wasn't any mistaking it. A deep and vibrant singing. Functional. Full of a plaintive wail. Of the nature of all genuine music—that celebration sailors one time gave to heavy labor at the lines of ships. It brought us instantly to our feet, and we went rushing out on deck.

The Malay stevedores lined the rails, pointing and shouting about a man who could sing about God. The Chinese painters dropped their pots, screaming excitement. And we stood there, staring in disbelief across a wine-dark stretch of water touched with sunset light. The Marianne! This wasn't right! It couldn't possibly be! No man could do a thing like this. But there she was!

SHE was battered and scarred and sea-drunk: and half her gear was lost. She looked like a crazy ship, stumpy jury masts and ragged patches of crazy sail. But there was a huge black man on her fo'c'sle head with a heavy maul in his fists, ready to let the anchor go, with all the twilight captured on his face.

And music came rolling in across the harbor reach, drenching us. It filled the tropical evening from the sailing monsoon clouds aloft to the tomb on the peak of Melaya Hill. Dulcet's own particular halyard song. That was the man! There he was! He was gaunt and haggard. But when he drew himself erect on the deck of his own ship to roar the last chorus out, he stood as tall and he stood as straight as any tree. He had sailed that wreck of a thing from off the Hatteras Light clear across the South Atlantic; clear around the Cape where the wild and booming westerlies are: up through Sunda Strait to get back where he belonged. And he came to Semarang Roads toward evening before a clean fair wind, singing triumph in the face of prejudice, singing glory in the face of bleak defeat.

That was the music that came to us with throat-catching clarity now, one voice deeper and stronger than all the rest. Dulcet's voice. It was rich and deep and sonorous, with the chorus thundering afterward.

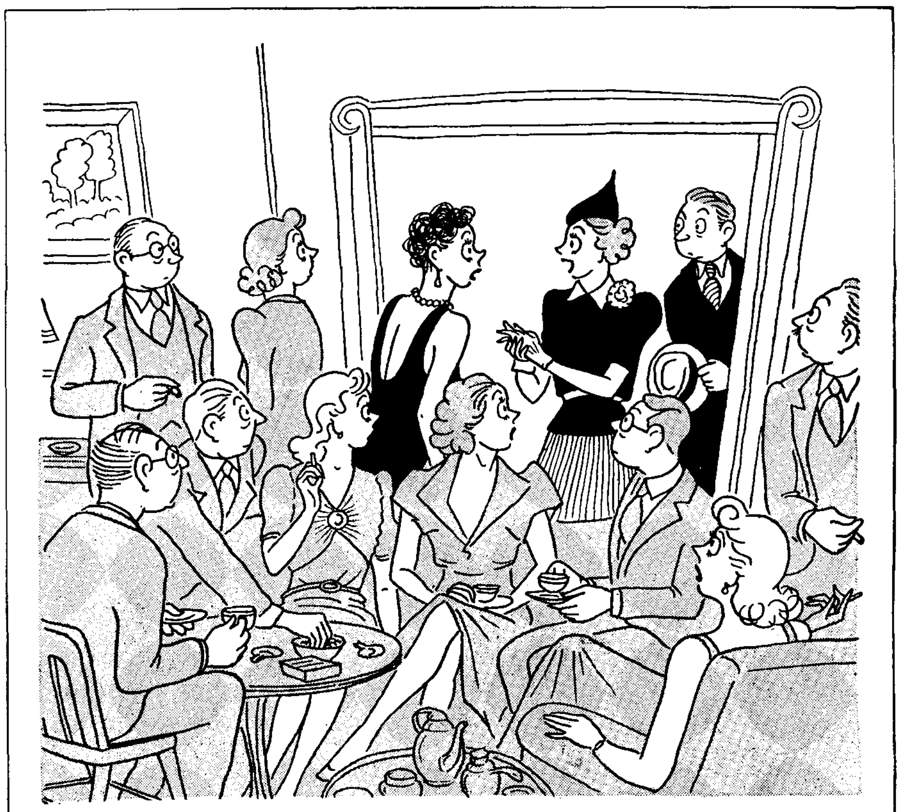
> "*I ain' nevah gonna die.*
> Nevah!
> *I ain' nevah gonna die.*
> Nevah!
> *'Cause I'm travelin'.*
> Travelin'!
> *I'm just travelin' to Jerusalem land!*"

I turned, looking shoreward. And sure enough, there she was. She was standing on the lading jetty with her eyes still fastened on the sea when Dulcet Jones came home. She made no movement at all. But she heard that singing, and she knew exactly what it meant. For I saw her draw one long deep breath till it seemed her breasts, swelling with it, must in another moment burst her dress. And I have no doubt her eyes were shining in a way no white woman's eyes could ever shine.

That's how Big Dulce passed for master in the schooner Marianne. He wanted his ship, and he got her. He scooped her up, singlehanded, out of the wreck and spume of hurricane. And he brought her home. Singing! That's why I think he's worth the gesture of a humble nod. Because wherever he is with his Celia I know now, too, that he isn't dead. Not Big Dulce. Not Big Dulce and Celia. They're just traveling to Jerusalem land. It's a misty landfall the rest of us very often miss. But I have no doubt Big Dulce will find that place. Because he's navigator enough for that.

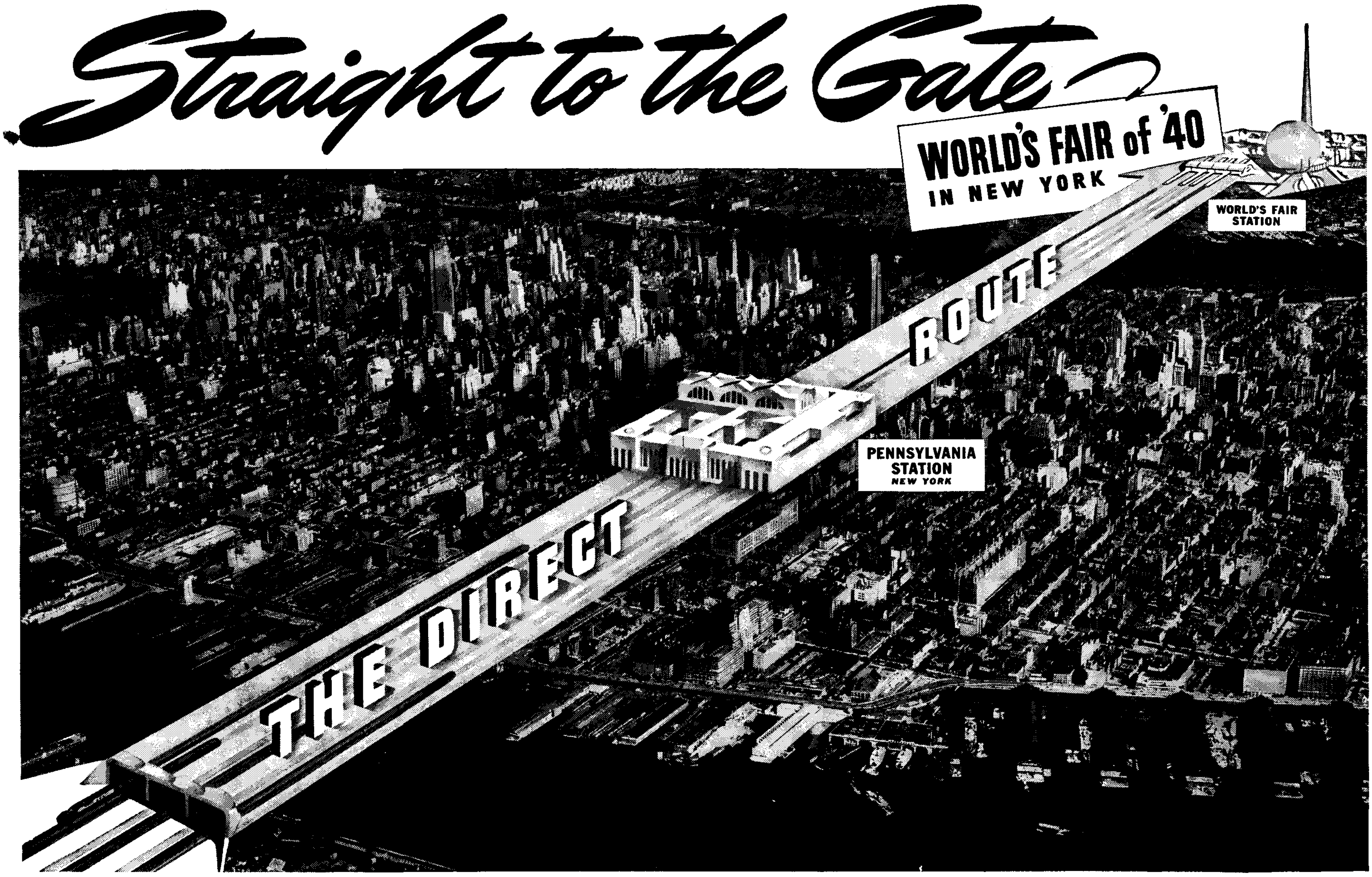
So it doesn't matter to me by whatever name he is known in all the exotic harbors, in all the pestilential river ports of those islands south of the Line. To those traders in gutta-percha, monkey hair and bird-of-paradise skins he is most likely still nothing more than just plain Dulce. That's probably all the name he'll ever have to them. Big Dulce. But not to me.

To me he is Captain Dulcet Abraham Lincoln Jones, commander of the schooner Marianne—an artist and a master in his craft.



"Sorry we must go, but we made an early appointment never expecting you'd have such a swell party" DAVE BREGER

Straight to the Gate



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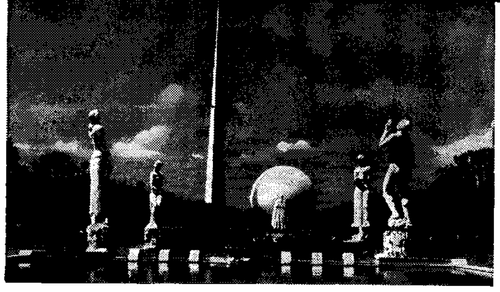

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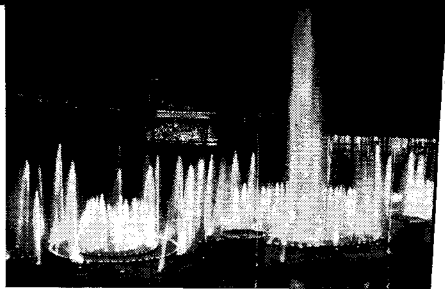

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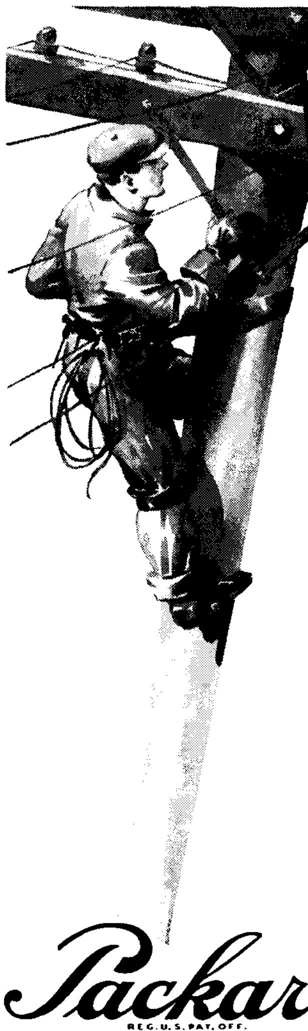

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THE STANDARD WIRING EQUIPMENT OF THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 19

still damp from brush and comb, sat back panting against her pillows and attacked the day's bills, menus, reports. Cherry brought up a lamp that illumined the ceiling and sent a soft light down for the invalid's eyes, brought up a glass bowl of crocus blossoms and set it on the table, put a Chinese plate of brown bulbs in the sunshiny south window where Emma could employ times of languor in watching their almost hourly change. And finally, shyly, she brought Emma a tiny kitten, a bundle of wet, wailing fur that she had found by the Presidio wall.

Emma laughed a short, scornful laugh at this last contribution. She never could stand cats, she said. But Cherry, noting the confidence with which the small stray, newly warmed and fed, was advancing toward Emma's languid hand, promised with great confidence that she would remove the little creature the minute he became troublesome.

FROM that moment the cat was visibly the absorbing consideration of Emma's life, valiantly as she strove to hide her complete capitulation from Cherry. Cappy slept wherever he pleased in the daytime, and curled warmly against Emma's shoulder at night. In the evenings when Cherry set up the card table and Emma watched her play solitaire, Cappy walked across the cards between intervals of biting thoughtfully at Emma's hand.

"Did you go first to the Marshbankses as a nurse, Emma?" Cherry asked idly one night. Emma looked at her quickly, hesitated before speaking.

"Yes," she answered then. "I'd taken the boys, Fred and Judson, through tonsil operations, and then through scarlet fever, at the hospital when I was in training. The old lady took a liking to me, and when they'd come back from abroad a few years later and I'd been widowed, the old madame—as we used to call Mrs. Marshbanks, though I don't suppose she was more than fifty then—sent for me to take care of the colonel. He'd been struck down with sleeping sickness; he was on a couch for years. Then Miss Louise—she was the only daughter and had married an engineer from Springfield—came home to have her baby. The old lady was so pleased about it—they both talked so much about the grandchild. And then to have both die—yes, just when everything seemed going right. That was a bad time. What with one thing and another the old lady all but collapsed herself, and we had her in a nervous breakdown for a couple of years.

"I stayed on as a nurse and housekeeper; I had my sister to support, and it was a comfortable place. I wasn't twenty when I graduated and came to them."

"Was my mother a friend of theirs? No, she wasn't," Cherry said, answering herself, "for I remember the judge saying that he had never seen her. How'd you know my mother, Emma? Did you meet her at the Marshbankses'?"

Emma looked thoughtfully at her companion, her face devoid of expression. There was a silence.

"No; I knew her before that," she finally said. And then, after another pause: "Your mother was my sister Charlotte."

Cherry stared at her. The words did not seem to make sense.

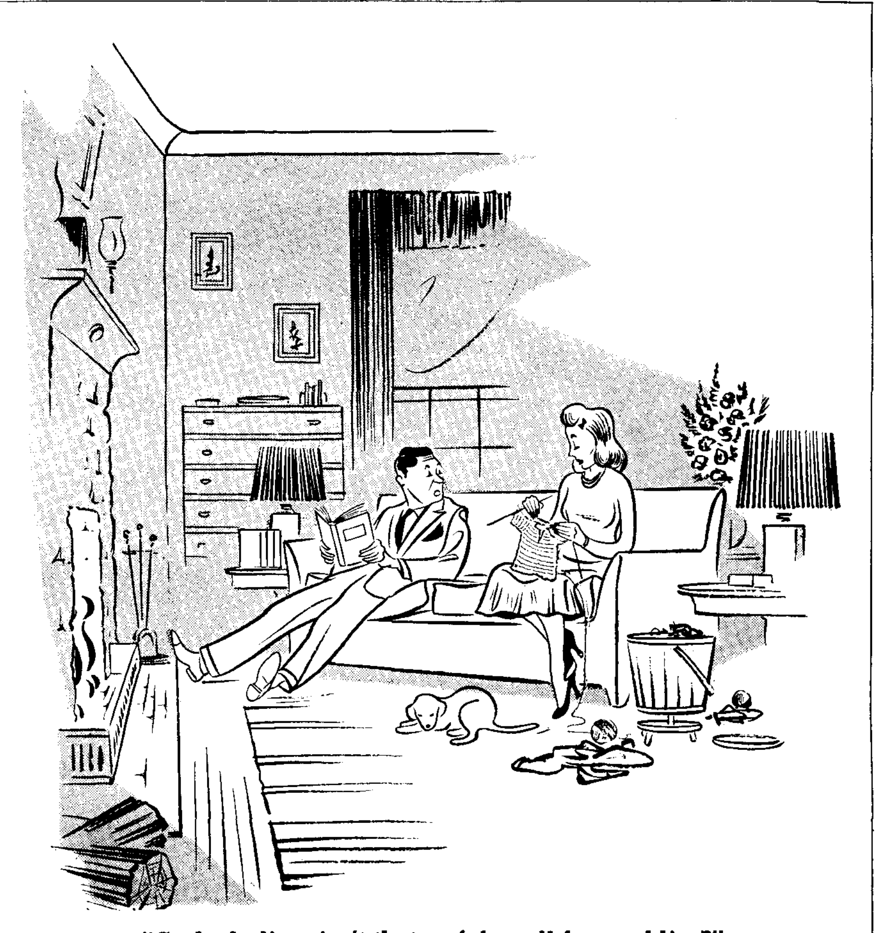
"My mother—" she began in a whisper, and stopped.

"Yes. Your mother was my sister. You were named for her."

"But Emma," Cherry said breathlessly, confusedly conscious of shock and reluctance, "you never told me!"

"Well, you don't always tell children everything," Emma said after a moment. "You weren't but a little thing when your mother died."

"I could have known *that!*" Cherry exclaimed. A thousand bright dreams



"Gosh, darling, isn't that awful small for a soldier?"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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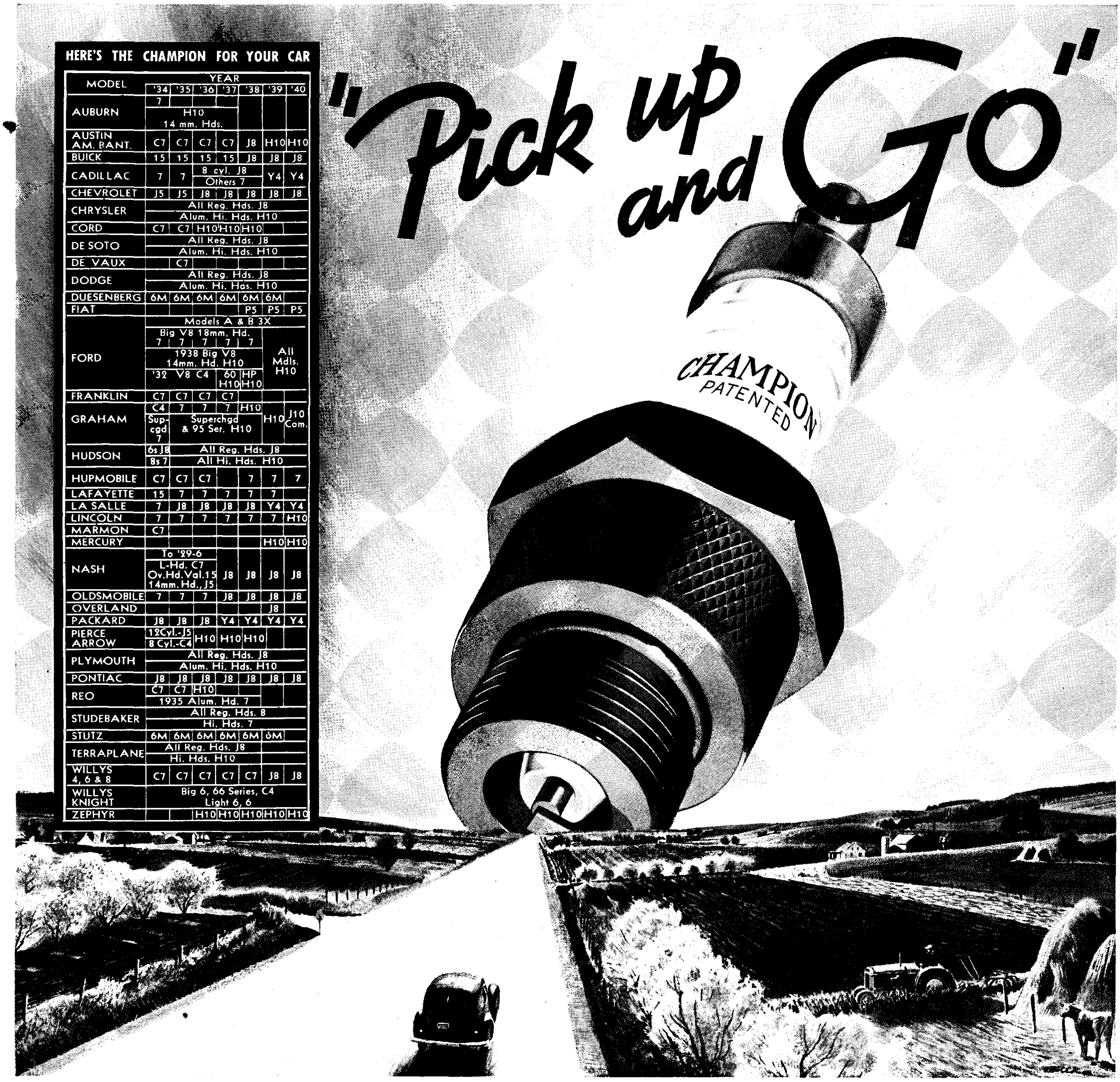

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	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40
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	H10 14 mm. Hds.						
AUSTIN AM. BANT.	C7	C7	C7	C7	J8	H10	H10
BUICK	15	15	15	15	J8	J8	J8
CADILLAC	7	7	8 cyl. J8 Others 7			Y4	Y4
CHEVROLET	J5	J5	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8
CHRYSLER	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
CORD	C7	C7	H10	H10	H10		
DE SOTO	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
DE VAUX		C7					
DODGE	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
DUESENBERG	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M	
FIAT					P5	P5	P5
FORD	Models A & B 3X						
	Big V8 18mm. Hd. 7	7	7	7	7	All Mdls. H10	
	1938 Big V8 14mm. Hd. H10						
	'32 V8 C4			60 H10	HP H10		
FRANKLIN	C7	C7	C7	C7			
GRAHAM	C4	7	7	7	H10	H10	J10 Com.
	Sup-cgd 7	Superchgd & 95 Ser. H10					
HUDSON	6s J8	All Reg. Hds. J8					
	8s 7	All Hi. Hds. H10					
HUPMOBILE	C7	C7	C7		7	7	7
LAFAYETTE	15	7	7	7	7	7	
LA SALLE	7	J8	J8	J8	J8	Y4	Y4
LINCOLN	7	7	7	7	7	7	H10
MARMON	C7						
MERCURY						H10	H10
NASH	To '29-6 L-Hd. C7 Ov.Hd.Val.15 14mm. Hd., J5			J8	J8	J8	J8
OLDSMOBILE	7	7	7	J8	J8	J8	J8
OVERLAND						J8	
PACKARD	J8	J8	J8	Y4	Y4	Y4	Y4
PIERCE ARROW	12Cyl.-J5 8 Cyl.-C4		H10	H10	H10		
PLYMOUTH	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
PONTIAC	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8
REO	C7	C7	H10				
	1935 Alum. Hd. 7						
STUDEBAKER	All Reg. Hds. 8						
	Hi. Hds. 7						
STUTZ	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M	
TERRAPLANE	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Hi. Hds. H10						
WILLYS 4, 6 & 8	C7	C7	C7	C7	C7	J8	J8
WILLYS KNIGHT	Big 6, 66 Series, C4 Light 6, 6						
ZEPHYR			H10	H10	H10	H10	H10

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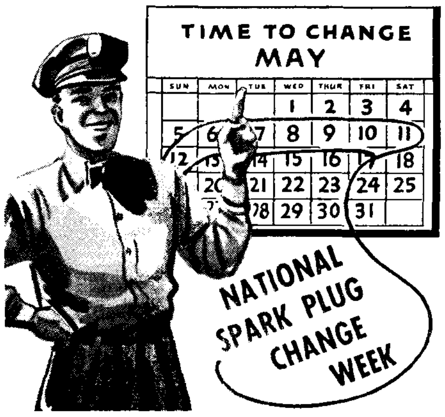

EVERYONE KNOWS that old, worn-out or inferior quality spark plugs, or those that have had 10,000 miles or more service, greatly impair engine performance and economy. But because deterioration is gradual, and hence not always noticed—millions of motorists depend on Change Week to remind them that a new set of Champion Spark Plugs definitely restores lost power, speed, economy and dependability.

Your Champion Spark Plug dealer renders special spark plug service this week. Checking and cleaning will reveal where new spark plugs are necessary to restore lost "pick up and go."

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vanished with the revelation, and she felt hurt and wronged. But amazement still had first place.

"Maybe I never told you because I didn't think you'd be especially pleased," Emma said dryly. The girl's color came up warmly.

"It's not that! Of course I'm—I'm glad," she stammered. "I've never had any family, and—and of course I'm glad!"

And, immediately, to her own amazement, she burst into tears. She had often imagined what her connections might be; she had never dreamed this. Emma—so contained and cold and distant—her own aunt! Cherry pushed the table away blindly and went to the window, and stood looking out at the dark night, and the far city lights that shot arrows and flashes through her tears.

"I'm sorry. I was thinking of Mother," she presently said. Emma made no comment, and Cherry came back to her seat. She had dried her eyes; but the hands that touched the cards trembled; her throat was thick, and she could not see clearly.

"Mother—mother never told me!" she stammered. "I wish she had!"

EMMA had not spoken for some three or four minutes; now she said, in a tone not quite as harsh as her tones sometimes were:

"I didn't know how much you remembered your mother, Cherry."

"But I do—lots! I remember getting up on the bed with her after I'd had my bath at night and her telling me a story."

"I guess you remember Flippy," Emma suggested, always with her own particular effect of grimness and brevity. But Cherry suspected she was trying to lighten the situation.

"My old doll that the dog tore to bits!"

Emma added nothing more, and Cherry looked down at her cards with blinded eyes, and made herself move them here and there as if she were playing. She finished her game, and said with a shaking voice that she was tired and thought she would go to bed. Emma still making no comment, Cherry put away the table and opened the window and asked Emma if there was anything more she could do.

"No," Emma said, "nothing."

The girl came to the bedside, looked down.

"Good night then," she added in a light, level tone, with a resolute smile. "Would you—I would if you liked—shall I call you Aunt Emma?" she added hesitatingly.

Emma eyed her steadily for a few long seconds.

"No; I don't know that I'd make any change," she said then, in the same emotionless voice that Cherry had used.

"Need more ice?"

"No; I'm going to listen to the radio and then I'm going to sleep."

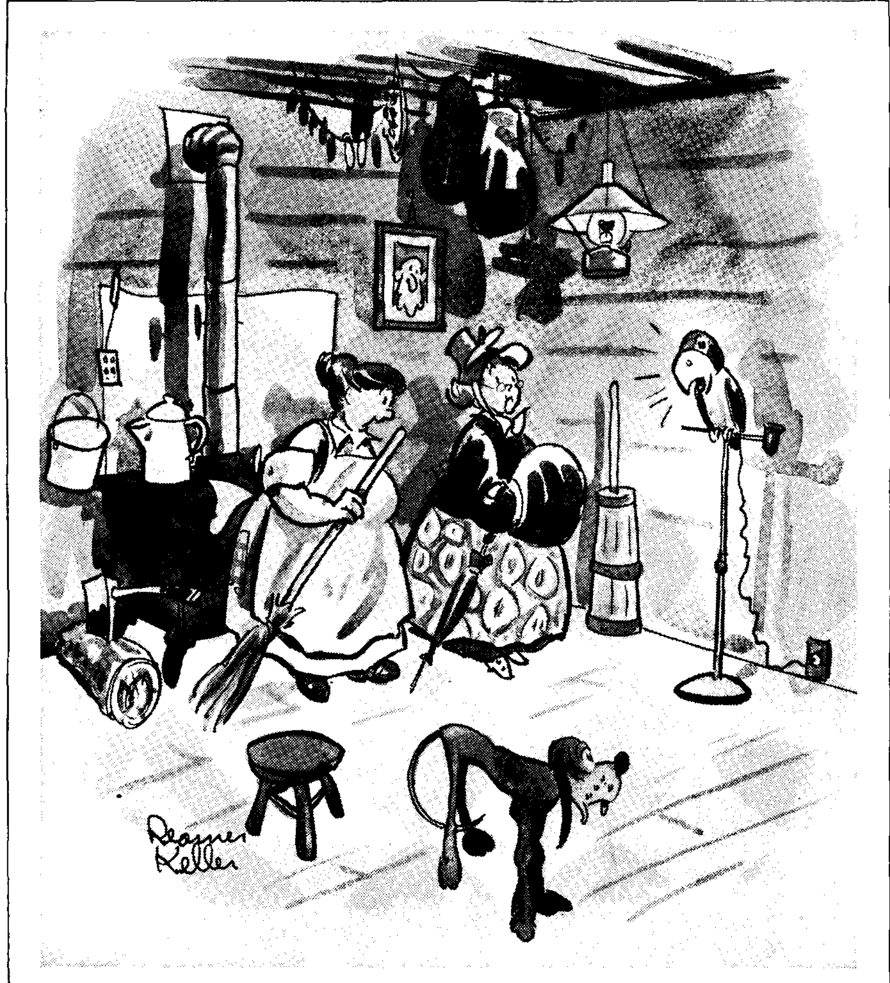
"Good night," Cherry said, and with a parting second attempt at a smile she was gone.

She walked to her own room, slipped into bed and lay with narrowed eyes and a bitten lower lip, pondering. Thought, long denied, came with a rush, and she was drowned in the bitterness of it. Other girls had mothers and fathers and homes. Other girls left school to step into young ladyhood with dances and frocks and allowances and a thousand other desirable and delightful things to introduce them to life. And she had—she had only the drab background of Saint Dorothea's and this humiliating revelation tonight!

Slow tears began to creep down Cherry's cheeks; presently she began to sob heavily. She cried herself to sleep.

But in the morning she was up early and out for a long, swift walk. When she returned, everything seemed more cheerful; the fresh sweet air had blown away her headache and made her feel more courageous.

ONE morning Cherry found herself free just as the whistles were announcing noon, and determined to take one of the long walks she loved, to have a sand-



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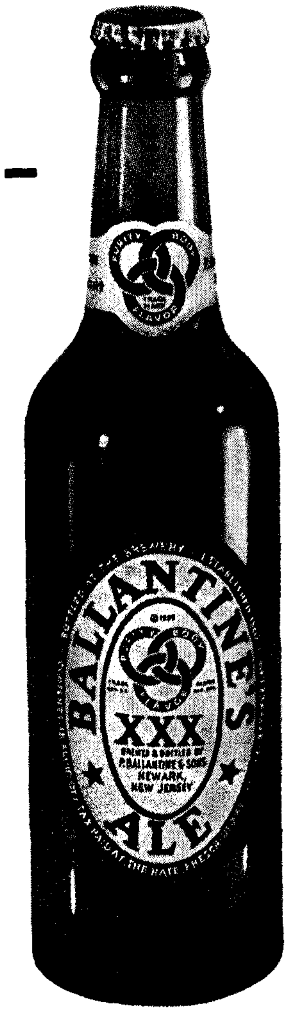

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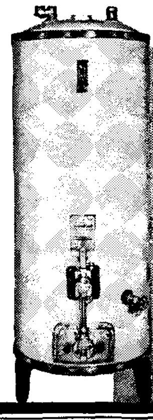

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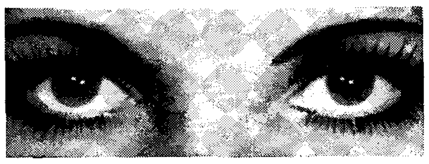

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wich and a cup of coffee at some corner stall out in the Cliff House direction and not to be back in the house until it was time to preside at the five-o'clock tea table. Two old friends were lunching with the now completely convalescent Mrs. Porter, and Emma was quite herself again and was giving the family linen a complete checking.

Cherry had taken a good brisk pace and was some blocks away from home when a low-slung, open, disreputable car drew up close to her on the curb and a voice said, "Jump in."

The world wheeled about her for a few dizzy seconds, for it was Kelly Coates who had spoken; he was driving the car and beside him sat Fran Marshbanks smothered in soft fox skins, with a daring red hat tipped on her dark hair. Cherry laughed from sheer excitement as she greeted them and stood hesitating, wondering if they really wanted her, and if they did why they possibly should.

"I want Mrs. Marshbanks to come over and have lunch with me," the man explained it honestly with his wide, flashing smile, "and she won't come unless you do."

"Are you free from those old ogres for a while?" Fran asked in her careless, fascinating, hoarse voice.

"I'm free until half past four." Cherry did not want to go and yet was wild with eagerness to go. The thought that he was in love with Fran made being in Kelly's company exquisitely painful to her, but she had hungered to see these persons again, to be one of them, to know what was going on, and this opportunity would not come twice.

"I'd love to," she said, smiling as she climbed in and wedged herself snugly beside Fran. The moment she did it she regretted it, wondering through what fatuity of complacence she had accepted the invitation to play a third in their affair. But why had they asked her? They had been under no pressure to ask her.

"Mrs. Marshbanks," Kelly said, "once went to a movie in which a girl visited an artist in his studio, and everything went wrong for fifty years afterward. Was that it, Fran?"

"Something like that," said Fran's exquisite voice lazily.

"So she didn't want to come home and lunch with me," Kelly went on.

"Perhaps I know my own weakness," Fran contributed idly. Cherry made herself as slim as she could and said nothing as they swept up the long ramp to the bridge and raced out over the wide, moving stretches of gray water.

ON THE eastern shore they moved along a wide, smooth highway for a few miles, turned left and mounted an earth road that wound up the hill. Scattered cottages, hidden among oaks and eucalyptus, and of a small and simple type, faced the road here and there. Kelly's place was at the head of a small tree-lined canyon, and consisted of a cottage of perhaps three rooms, a large white barn, various sheds and fences that suggested that the place had once been a small farm. There were an arbor covered with young grape vines, sheltering a long table and two benches, young berry bushes just in leaf, a languishing little garden whose neglected rose and geranium bushes were choked with last season's tall dried grass and some apple and apricot trees getting ready to bloom.

Cherry was under the spell of its peace, its simplicity, its beauty almost before she had gotten out of the car; she had never lived in a small place; she had never dreamed of anything so informal, so comfortable, so complete. There was a blackened little brick grill under a pepper tree; there was a bowl of apples mixed with tomatoes and squashes and a big brown onion in the center of the table; there were smaller bowls of blue glass and brown pottery, a copper frying pan or two, wooden spoons and some checked dish towels.

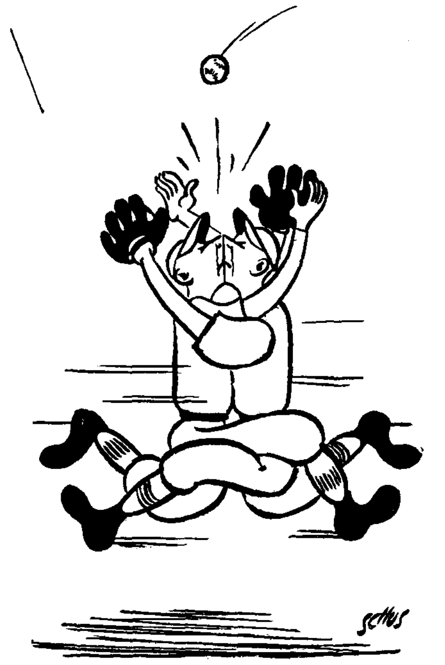
They were all hungry; they fell upon preparations for luncheon together. All this went on in the small kitchen, for a bleak wind had blown up from the south and it was too chilly and overcast out of doors for the arbor to be the dining room, much to Kelly's disappointment. He was nervously hospitable, nervously eager that everything should be right. The women puttered about finding table furnishings, drawing a card table to the fire, asking directions while he brought in great armfuls of wood and crashed them on the hearth. Cherry had not seen him in this mood before, but she understood it. This was Fran's first visit to Topcote, as it was hers, and he was all anxiety that Fran's impression should be a good one.

They were very much in love, Kelly and Fran; Cherry could see that. Or at least Kelly was. Perhaps Fran was only pretending; Cherry could not be sure, but this was evidently a game of which she knew every move.

AFTER lunch he begged them to leave the table disorder just as it was because he could not wait another moment to show them his paintings, and they went to the big barn studio and while Kelly dragged out and dusted canvas after canvas Cherry and Fran stood looking and commenting. Neither one assumed any knowledge of his art, but he accepted their criticisms gratefully and pointed out details of technique with no thought that he might be leaving his audience somewhat behind him.

Presently Fran drifted to the great north window that had been cut down to the floor, and stood looking dubiously between long homespun curtains at the now steadily falling rain. Kelly went over to stand beside her, and after a moment Cherry returned to the house thrilled by the mere nearness of their emotion and realizing what this moment alone might mean to them. For she had not been blind and deaf to the apparently casual phrases and glances that had been sprinkled through the luncheon talk; she was not unaware that Judge Marshbanks was Othello; she had even heard Fran at a moment when she might have supposed herself out of hearing in the kitchen answer some remark of Kelly's with a patient: "Because *he may find out about it and it'll be all* right if I say she was along!" and then, in another second: "No, but I *did* promise, Kelly, and I'm breaking my promise."

Cherry had heard no more, and what she did hear had not surprised her. She had surmised from a quick, open remark or two made in the car that Judge Marshbanks had asked his wife not to



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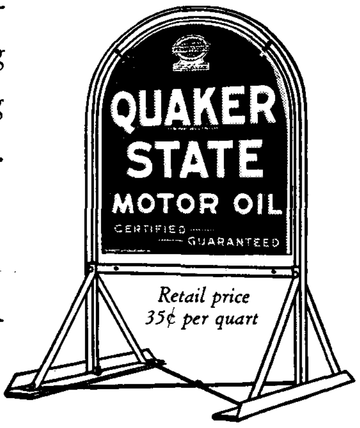

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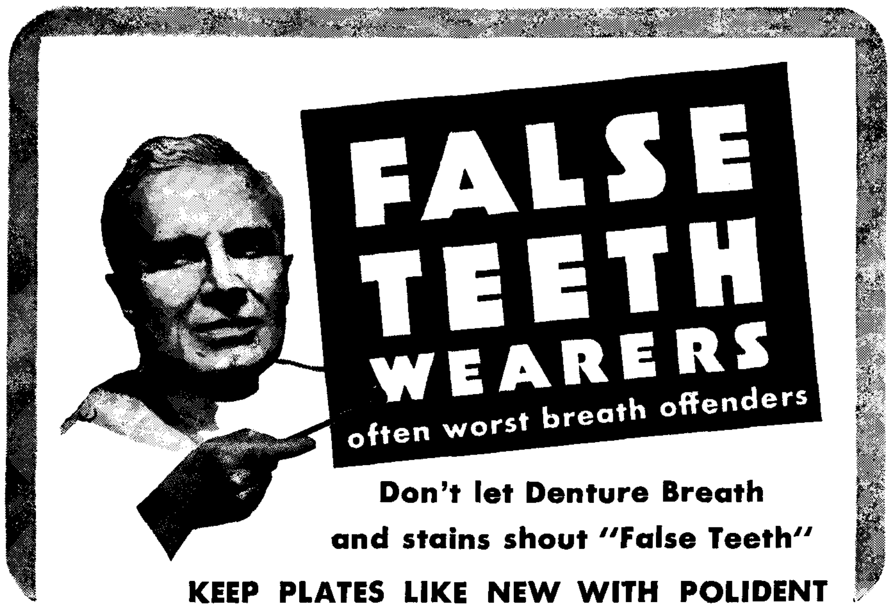

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see Kelly, and that the two had met by chance and were risking a discovery that might have been extremely uncomfortable for them both.

And when she found herself alone in the kitchen, where the fire had sunk to ashes and the windows were patterns of running gray water, she began to feel a certain shame and discomfort in the part she was playing in their secret. She felt ashamed for them and for herself. There was something belittling to them both in their attitude of willingness to deceive Fran's husband, their evident enjoyment of the flavor of this forbidden fruit.

After some twenty or twenty-five minutes, when the kitchen clock said quarter to four, she went back to the barn. Fran and Kelly were still standing at the window looking out at the rain that was mingling now with an early dusk. He did not have his arm about her; their positions had not changed in half an hour.

It was raining steadily again when they went out to the car; it was uncompromisingly an open car; Fran had refused Kelly's suggestion that they telephone for a taxi.

"If I can get one to come up my hill a day like this!" he had said doubtfully.

"Horrors, no!" Fran had said. "We're late now! We'll be home in twenty minutes; let's make a dash for it!"

The women by this time were bundled into snug raincoats with bandannas tied over their heads. They packed themselves laughing into the wide seat and raised an umbrella close above them. The car left the open gate of Topcote with a little slipping and sliding on the mud but a quarter of a mile down the hill there was a bad turn and there Cherry felt the horrible sensation of wheels skidding, and instantly they were wedged securely in a ditch with the engine's nose stuck into a dripping bank.

WHEN repeated efforts had proved that the car would not move with its load, Cherry and Fran got out and stood still, laughing philosophically under their umbrella in the rain.

"Don't hurry. I'm just as good as divorced now," Fran's voice with its poignant note of laughter and tears said calmly.

"This'll only take a minute." Kelly struggled gallantly for fully ten minutes, his arms wrenching at the steering wheel, his face red. "Damn it!" he muttered under his breath, as the wheels spun around uselessly in a deepening groove of soft, wet earth.

"How far are we from your place, Kelly?" Fran asked.

"Oh, fifteen minutes' walk in this mud. Ten minutes ordinarily."

"We'd better go back, I think, and telephone for a taxi."

"Lord, I'm sorry about this," the man said apologetically. "The old bus never let me down before!"

Their arms linked, slipping and laughing and pulling one another back to balance, they started up the road. Dusk lay over the world now, and through it the rain fell fast and chill and penetrating.

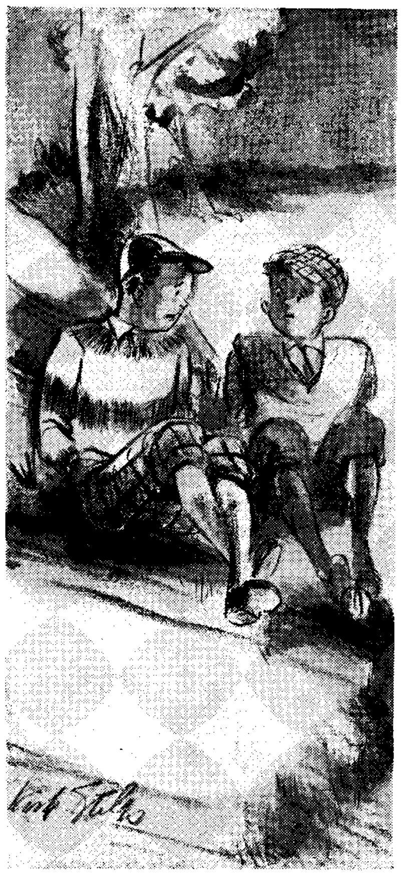
It was a hard pull, and when they reached the abandoned house and Kelly groped for the keyhole and admitted them into the dark room it was with a sort of hysteria of relief that the women shed their outer garments and crouched close to the revived fire. Delicious warmth began to creep through their shaking bones; Kelly lighted lamps, mixed them a hot drink that started the blood moving again. The clock tinged a brisk five, and the dark world outside seemed to enclose them in a little globe of warmth and light in the center of a sea of blackness and storm.

Sausalito could supply no taxi but San Francisco obligingly offered to send one.

While they waited Cherry telephoned Emma; she had come with friends to Sausalito; they were delayed by the storm; they would be home in an hour; please tell Mrs. Porter that she was sorry. Emma, herself displaying a little human sympathy, though it was not for Cherry, answered that the old lady had felt ill after luncheon and was in bed, so that Cherry need not hurry. This tremendously relieved Cherry's mind and she could enjoy the situation at Topcote, as youth inevitably enjoys an emergency.

She had any pleasure it possessed to herself, for Fran was restless and uneasy and Kelly miserably aware of it. His happy day was having the worst possible conclusion; he had long exhausted apology and encouragement, and could only settle down with his guests at the fire and make the best of a bad job.

It seemed a long, long time before the honk of a taxi was heard outside, and they could pick up their stiffened coats and go out into the rain again. The cab sent a tunnel of light into the night. Fran insisted that Kelly should not come with them; they said hurried good nights and were off.



"I'm on my way to the dentist"

KIRK STILES

"Cherry," Fran said then, calling her by her name for the first time, "will you do me a great favor?"

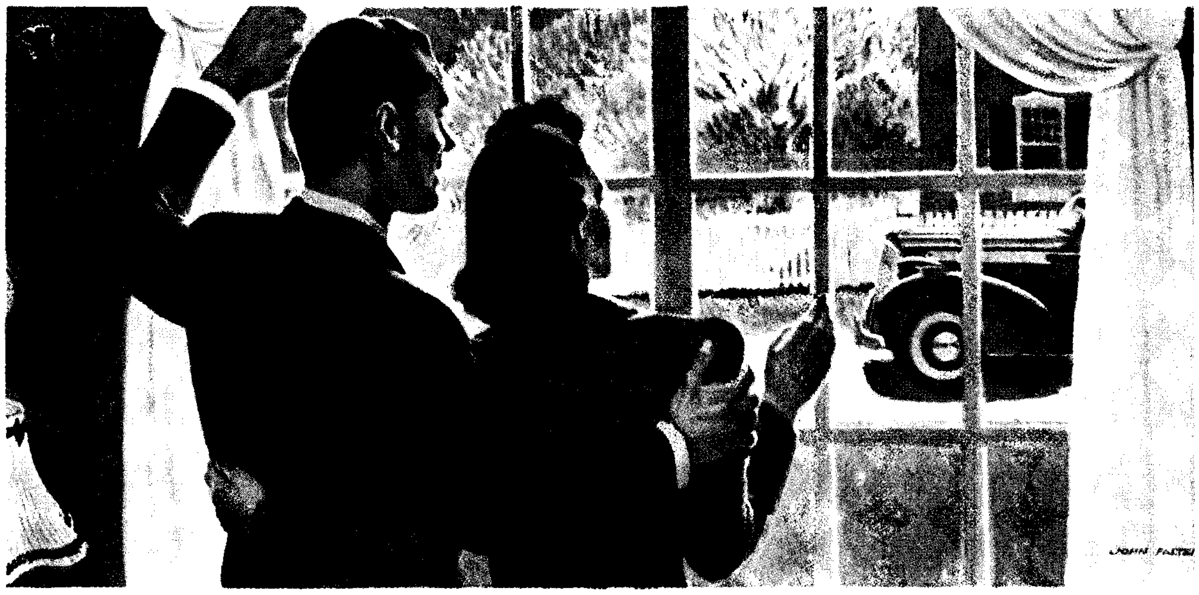
"Of course," Cherry said with a slightly quickened beat at her heart and a puzzled look.

"I want you to come home with me. It's perfectly obvious," Fran explained, "that we've been caught in the rain together. I want my husband to know that you were with me."

Cherry was strangely stirred. Fran, the remote and proud, had made her the recipient of her confidence, or at least of part of it. She said that she would gladly go home with Fran before going on to her own destination.

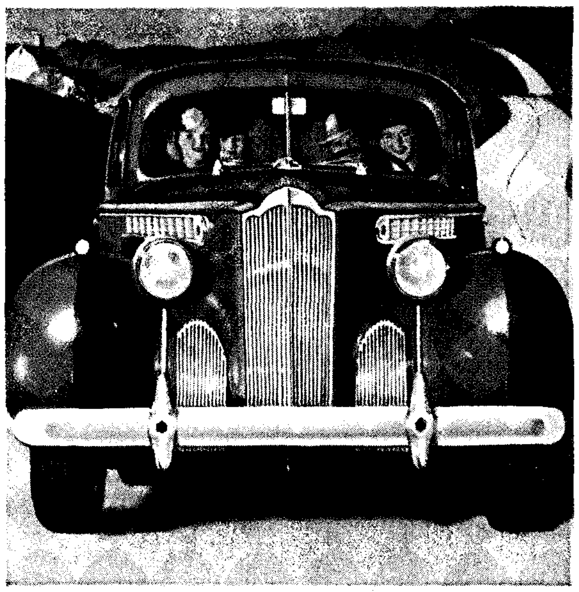
The other woman did not pursue the subject further, and at six o'clock they entered the front door of the Marshbanks house, and stood chilled and muddy and still wet in the hallway. Molly and Martin, maid and butler, came forward immediately to help, and Fran asked anxiously if Judge Marshbanks was at home. No, not yet? Cherry

It's happening on a thousand Main Streets!

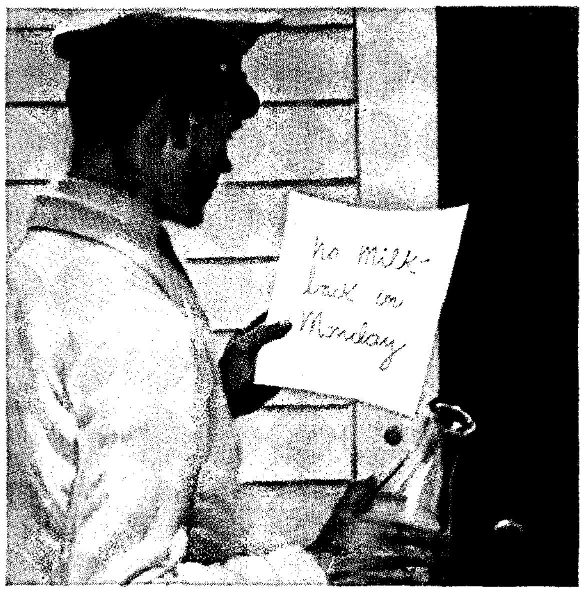


1. THIS YEAR, something has been happening on Main Streets all over America. For increasing thousands of average-income motorists have discovered that they don't have to keep on buying ordinary cars . . . they can own a truly *fine* car. Take the case of the Harry Browns . . . typical Americans. Our close-up shows their first eye-opener—the discovery that their neighbors in the modest house next door have bought a Packard!

2. A FEW DAYS LATER, the Stedmans took them riding. "Such a big, roomy car!" admired Mrs. Brown. "Watch her go," said Bill Stedman. Miles slipped by. Hills bowed down . . . rough spots vanished magically.



3. GHOSTING HOMEWARD, Harry fired questions at his neighbor . . . found that Bill hadn't had to pay a penny down! His old car *more* than covered the down payment, so that his monthly payments were unbelievably low. (This happens 4 times out of 5.)



4. NOW—weekends find this note in the Brown's milk bottle. They have a beautiful, smart new Packard of their own. Its flashing performance and its astonishingly low operating costs delight them. And this same experience can be *yours*.

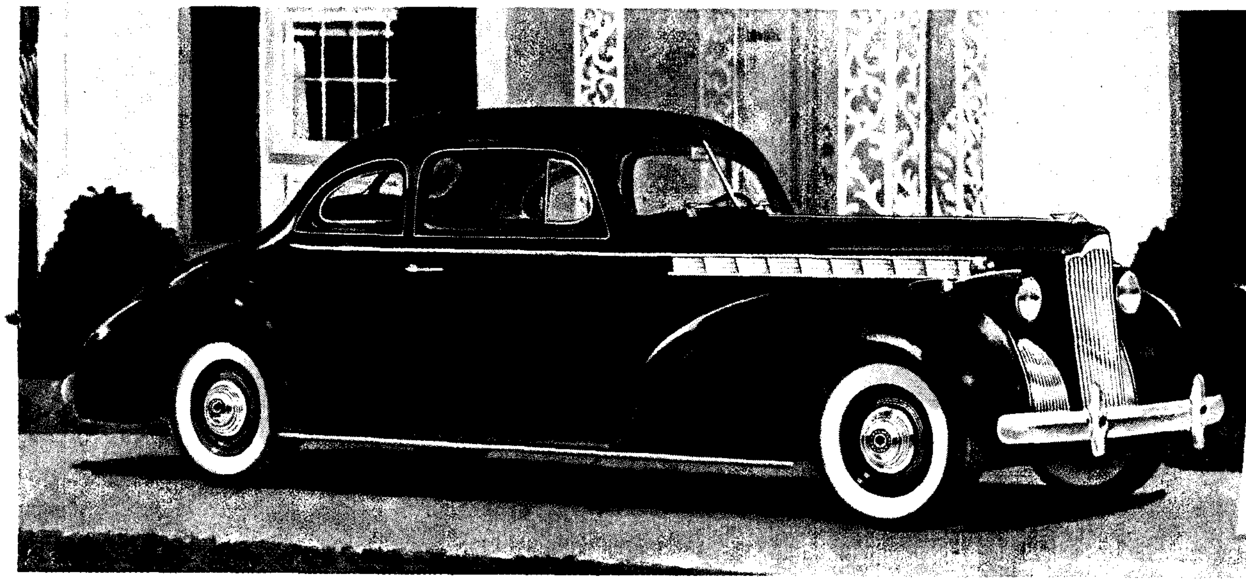
THE SWING'S TO PACKARD!

This year, thousands of new owners have joined the Packard family.

Ask *any* of them what he thinks of his 1940 Packard. Then *try* to break away from his enthusiasm for the newly-styled Packard lines, for the car's verve and spirit, its all-around fineness. And operating costs? He'll declare his Packard a veritable miser on gasoline—and that he can hardly remember when he last had to "add a quart" of oil!

Add these owner facts to what your Packard dealer will *show* you: that service charges on a big, roomy Packard actually compare favorably with even those of the so-called "economy cars"! But drive a new 1940 Packard *yourself*—and you'll know—*immediately*, why this promises to be Packard's biggest year!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



PACKARD

$867

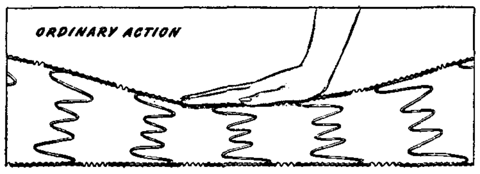
AND UP. *Packard 110, $867 and up. Packard 120, $1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160 prices begin at $1524. Packard Custom Super-8 180, $2243 to $6300. All prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes and white sidewall tires (as shown) extra.*

Only a penny a night for the "luxury comfort" of the

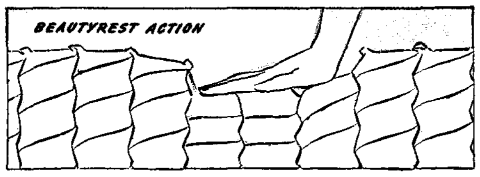
GREAT, NEW BEAUTYREST!

A GLORIOUSLY new kind of comfort awaits you the first time you settle down on your New Deeper Beautyrest. As you relax on this *deep* mattress, a feeling of utter surrender steals over your body. Never before have you felt so dreamily, lazily ready for sleep.

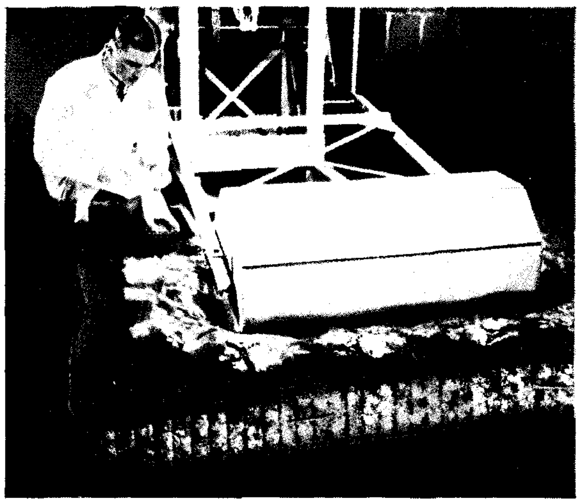
MAKE THIS COMPARISON



Ordinary action. Ordinary springs are *tied together* by wire. When you press one spring down, others go down, too, forming a hollow. This type *cannot* give you *supreme* comfort. We *know*. We make both kinds: the luxurious Beautyrest and the "ordinary action" mattress.



Beautyrest action. Inside the New Beautyrest are 837 resilient springs. Each spring is separate from the others—*not tied together*. So each "gives" *independently* to the slightest pressure of your shoulders, elbows, hips. You get *buoyant* support for *every* part of your body.



Guaranteed for 10 years! The New Beautyrest is guaranteed for 10 years, but under normal use it should last even longer. At the United States Testing Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J., a Beautyrest was rolled, crushed, pounded 489,000 times—yet was still in sound-sleeping condition—it lasted 3 times longer than any other mattress tested. It is the only mattress regularly tested and endorsed by this famous laboratory.

The edges of the New Beautyrest never sag, because they are of patented construction. You get "mid-mattress" comfort to the very edges.

NEW DEEPER BEAUTYREST
MADE ONLY BY
SIMMONS COMPANY
CHICAGO

Beautyrest stays *sanitary inside, too* . . . thanks to 8 ventilators that "breathe in" fresh air, expel stale air.

Only a penny a night! Your New Beautyrest costs $39.5 (time payments easily arranged). Based on our 10-year guarantee, this price comes down to about a penny a night. Where else can you get such "luxury comfort" for so little? See the New, Deeper Beautyrest at your furniture or department store today.

IMPORTANT: If you are shown mattresses supposed to be "just as good" as Beautyrest, remember that no other mattress in the world has ALL Beautyrest's advantages. Insist upon seeing this label.

THE NEW
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BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
SIMMONS COMPANY
PATENTS 1,673,232-1,915,659

• • •

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

felt the relief in her voice. Where was Rousseau?

Right here, Madame. The chauffeur appeared and Fran drew him aside for a moment's earnest talk.

"Rousseau says Jud had to go to San Jose to court this afternoon," she then said as she and Cherry went upstairs, "and he's coming back late with Mr. Trotter. So that's all right! You poor child, you're shivering. I have to go out to dinner, but why don't you stay and have some with Amy? The poor mouse is in bed with a cold!"

"Yes, do; yes, do!" called Amy from her room, and her first gesture of friendliness so warmed Cherry's heart that she could go to the room door and look in upon its pinkness and warmth and coziness as she explained: "I'm all wet and horrid!"

"Take a bath in my room, here; I'm dying of loneliness; all my friends are afraid," Amy said eagerly. "You've just been taking care of flu, so you're in no danger. Stay and have supper and talk. I'll lend you a hostess dress."

"I'd love it," Cherry said gladly. She was about to enter when an unexpected and unfamiliar voice behind her made her turn and find herself facing Fran and also facing a magnificently impressive older woman, a woman of perhaps seventy, who was staring at her with a surprised and unfriendly eye.

FRAN had been welcoming this stranger, commenting upon her arrival a few days earlier than she had been expected from Florida, explaining her own plight. Now she introduced Cherry:

"Miss Rawlings, Gran. Cherry, this is Mrs. Marshbanks, the judge's mother."

"Miss who?" demanded the old lady sharply, following Fran after a perfunctory nod to Cherry.

Cherry heard Fran murmuring in answer; the words were indistinct but her tone was conciliatory and apologetic. Suddenly clearly the other woman's voice sounded clearly just before Fran's bedroom door closed:

"Of course I know who she is; I knew the minute I saw her! And I won't have Amy know her; I won't have her in this house!"

Cherry stood still for a moment, idly reflecting upon the bad temper of this proud, handsome old lady. At the moment it did not occur to her to attempt to give these words significance, still less to connect them in any way with her insignificant self. But they remained indelibly imprinted upon her memory, and the day came when they found their rightful place in her story.

CHERRY had a reviving bath in Amy's amazing bathroom and came out to join Amy wearing an enchanting trailing creation of pale brown lace and pale blue crepe. The fat, kindly housemaid, May, who had met Cherry upon her first arrival from school, and who had later helped her buy her new outfit of coat and hats and dresses, had come into the room to find her something comfortable to wear.

Amy, during this process, was all affectionate enthusiasm and so contradicted Cherry's earlier impression of her that Cherry was bewildered by the contrast. Amy was lonely tonight; she had been ill; she was eager for companionship. So she made Cherry warmly welcome and the two girls chattered and laughed together like old and intimate friends as they discussed their supper trays.

Judge Marshbanks came into the room while they were talking and seemed pleased to find them so cozy and friendly; he admitted that he was tired after a long day in the San Jose court, and regretted frankly that he could not have supper with his niece and her companion.

"But Fran and I are going out to dinner and I must go and dress," he said. "So you got caught in the rain, did you, Cherry?"

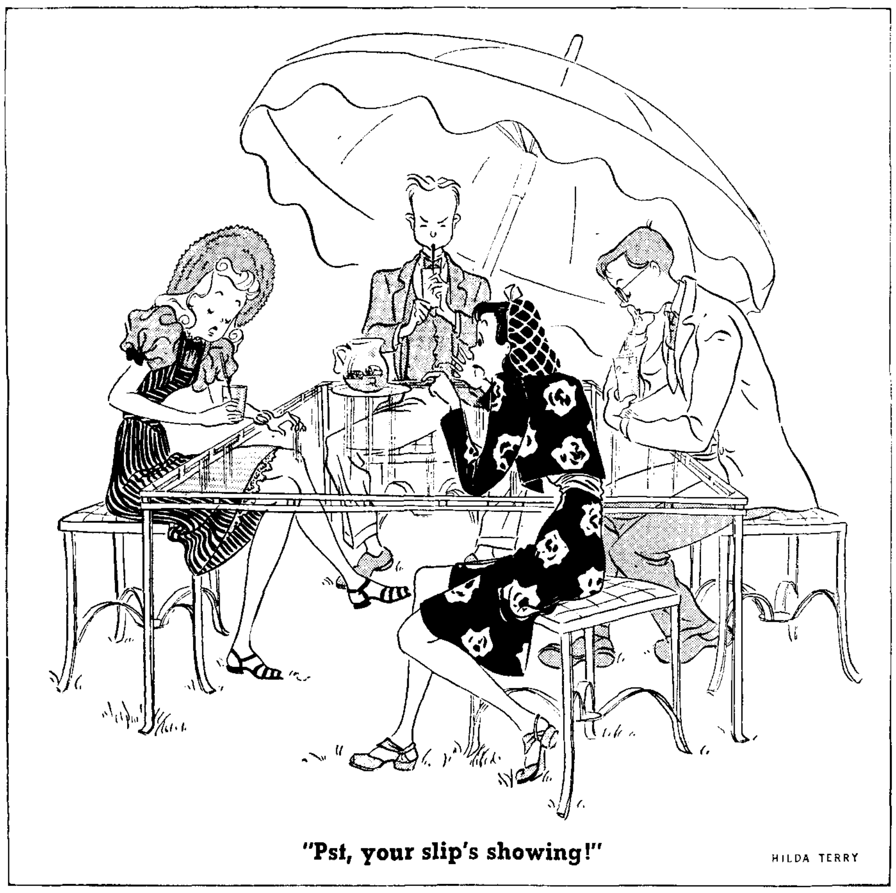
"Oh, we were drowned!" Cherry said, achieving a cheerful and unalarmed tone. He was not so very angry, she thought; Fran had evidently told him what had occurred without arousing his jealousy.

"Over at Coates' place, eh?"

"Yes; he has a darling studio looking out over the water!" To her great satisfaction the judge seemed more interested in her than in what she was saying; he was smiling at her thoughtfully, abstractedly as she spoke.

"Things going pretty well over at the Porter house?"

"They've both been sick, you know, Mrs. Porter and—and Emma." She flushed brightly on the last word; it



"Pst, your slip's showing!"

HILDA TERRY

"Young man...take that clean shirt off!"

Ma's foot was really tapping. "Didn't you promise your father—" she began. I stopped her. Yes, I was fully aware of the car-polishing situation, I said, but when a guy's gotta go to a hop, he's gotta *go*.

"I don't care a rap about your date," Ma replied. "All *I* can say is that car gets polished *now!*" I just grinned. I went over and chucked her under the chin. I invited her out to the garage to get a load of what Du Pont No. **7** Polish will do to a car.

Oh, boy! When I rolled up the door, Ma gave a faint squeak. For there was our bus with the most high-powered dazzle you ever clapped an eye on. "Goodness, Bill," she gasped, "don't tell me you still feel like dancing after all *that* work!" "What work?" I said. "Why, this No. **7** Polish makes car-polishing so easy I invented a new step while I was doing it. Look!"

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seemed disloyal still to call her no more than that.

But evidently he saw nothing amiss. He told her that she looked very nice in that thing of Amy's, and that Rousseau was taking Fran and himself to the dinner and would then come back and wait for Cherry.

"Oh, I can walk! Only two blocks and it's stopped raining," she protested. But he would not hear of it. Rousseau was to call for them after their dinner party at half past ten; he would be on service anyway.

"And if you play bridge, Uncle Jud," Amy said, "he'll wait until half past three! I wouldn't be a chauffeur these wet nights, I know that!"

"That was *once*," said the judge guiltily, "and I thought your Aunt Fran had sent him home, of course. Well, be good. Come see us again, Cherry."

HE WAS gone and the girls fell to eager talk again.

"What did you think of my grandmother?" Amy presently asked, laughing. "What was she scolding about?"

"I don't know. I just heard her say that she wouldn't put up with something or somebody. She seemed cross!"

"She's always like that. She just got home from Palm Beach this morning, and you'd think she'd be tired. Luckily, Fran likes her. But she certainly rides Uncle Jud. Say, tell me," Amy said, lying back against her pillows when the trays had been taken away, and narrowing her eyes as she looked at Cherry, "how do you like Kelly Coates?"

"I like him, don't you?" Cherry returned guardedly.

"I don't know him very well. He's about thirty-one really," Amy said indifferently. "But he's cracked about Fran!"

"I should think a lot of men would be."

"Well, I guess a lot are. But I'll bet she likes Kelly, too. How was it over there at his place?"

"Lovely. It was nice and sunny at first—"

"No; I mean has he a studio and pictures and all that, and did he and Fran hold hands and keep roaming off together?"

Cherry had to laugh at the tone and at Amy's mischievous expression. But she was quite serious as she said:

"I don't think she'd deliberately do anything that would make your uncle jealous."

"Oh, he's not jealous!" Amy stated comfortably. "He'd never suspect anything if she was carrying on with someone right under his nose. He's madly in love with her. They've only been married about three or four years. She had a beau last year, a German baron, and he used to be hanging around here—"

"Maybe there's safety in numbers," Cherry put in, uncomfortable under these confidences.

"She's had millions of beaux," Amy said. ". . . Cherry, were you ever in love?"

"Well, I sort of think—I sort of thought I was." There was a heady delight in this sort of talk in the warm, softly lighted, sweet-scented room.

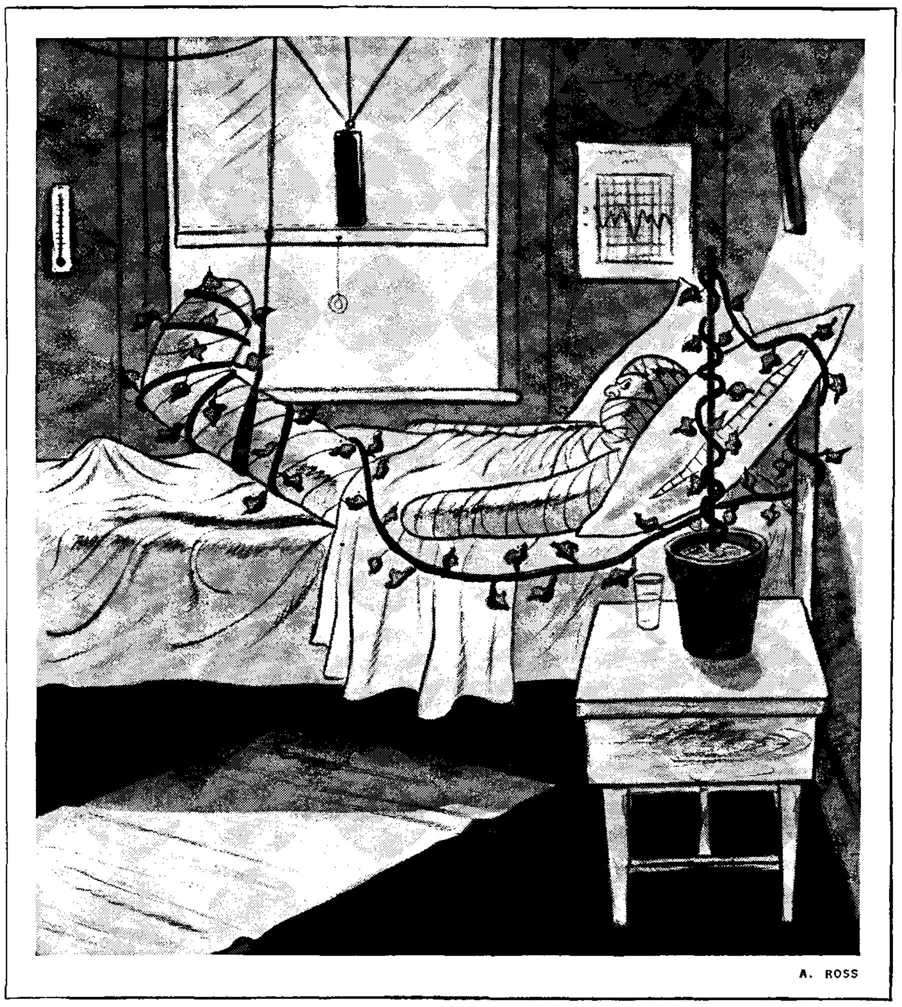
"I am." Cherry was relieved to have Amy launch into a detailed history of her hopeless passion for a young Italian who had given her lessons on the violin at school. It was very serious, Amy protested, when Cherry could not help laughing. She had smuggled letters to him and he had promised on his word of honor to get a divorce and come and ask her grandmother and Uncle Jud if he could marry her.

"Get a divorce! You mean he was married?" Cherry was so honestly shocked that Amy was more pleased than ever.

"Certainly he was, but he didn't love his wife. All the nice men are married."

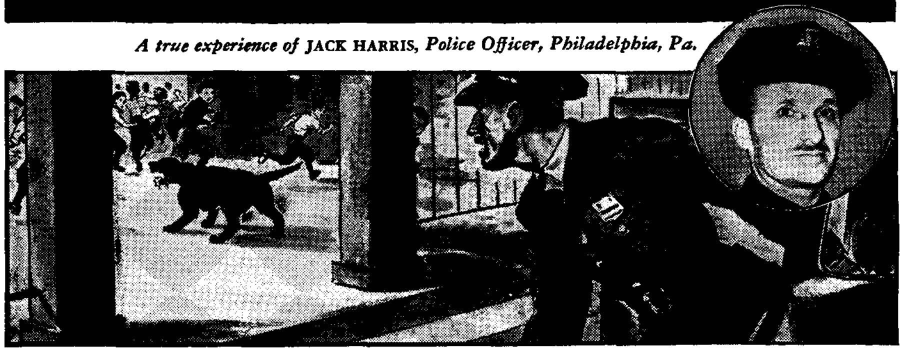
"You oughtn't to talk that way!" Cherry protested, and Amy was happier still and went on into ramifications and embroideries innumerable. "You, with your position and your wealth and your family and everything, to fall for a married violin teacher!" Cherry said severely more than once.

"As if those things mattered!" Amy

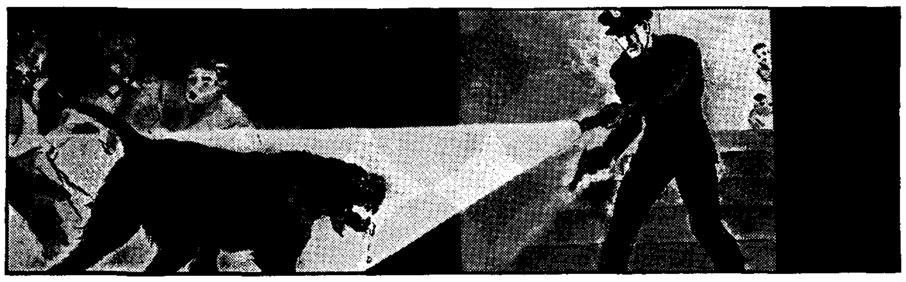


"FANGS BARED, THE CRAZED BRUTE CROUCHED TO LEAP"

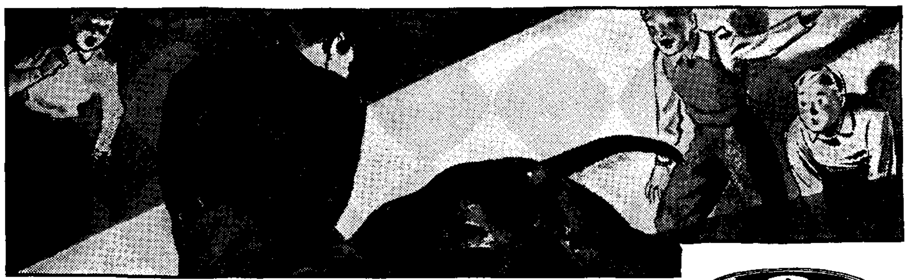
A true experience of JACK HARRIS, *Police Officer, Philadelphia, Pa.*



"'MAD DOG ON RAMPAGE... Red Car No. 77,' our police radio blared," writes Officer Harris. "In a matter of seconds, we screeched to a stop at the scene of the trouble—a school yard in which 1200 boys milled about in panic. Seven of them had already been bitten.



"I CHASED the frothing brute* into the eerie gloom of a basement corridor in the school. Then suddenly he turned, crazed and snarling, crouched to spring at my throat. I couldn't shoot because of the youngsters—so I aimed the blinding beam of my flashlight straight into his eyes...



"THEN I SPRANG at *his* throat! After a terrifying five minutes I choked the 95-pound horror into unconsciousness. You can take it from me that 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries are a cop's best friend. They're always dependable—always ready to get you out of a jam!"

(Signed) Jack Harris

***DOG LOVERS: Not running fits, an authenticated case of rabies.**

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"MY WIFE ETHEL" by DAMON RUNYON

Forty-four hilarious chapters in the serene married life of America's goofiest and most typical man-and-wife, Joe and Ethel Turp. Runyon fans will read this book aloud until their friends buy it in self-defense. Drawings by JOSEF. At all bookstores, or from publishers, only $1.75. **David McKay Company, Philadelphia.**

answered airily. "They don't matter at all when you have them!"

"That's the only time they *do* matter at all," Cherry thought. "You're the ones that value them!" But she said nothing aloud, and the evening proved to be the most pleasant she had spent since that evening in the train when she had had dinner with old Doctor O'Connor.

Being driven home in state by Rousseau, she reflected with some satisfaction upon the sudden surprises and changes of the long day—upon the accident of her meeting Kelly and Fran, upon the slim chance that they would want her to go to Sausalito with them, upon the rain and the sliding car, and the reasons for her going to the Marshbanks house, and Amy's delightful metamorphosis—

"But perhaps she's always been nice underneath that snobbishness they all seem to get!" Cherry thought.

THERE was a light in Emma's room when she quietly climbed the stairs, and Cherry went in and sat gossiping with the older woman for a few minutes. Emma, while stoutly maintaining that she was entirely well again, was still not sorry to get to bed early at night. Cherry had persuaded her to try a bedside lamp; she had been reading, her little cat beside her. But she put the book aside with a look that Cherry knew was as near as Emma's face could come to welcome, and the girl sat down near the bed and poured out the story of the day.

Emma listened in the convalescent's mood of weary content until Cherry came to the request from Fran that Cherry on the return trip come first to the Marshbanks house.

"Why on earth didn't she drop you here if you were dripping wet?"

"Well, we weren't quite dripping. We'd sort of dried out over at Mr. Coates' place. But she was worried for fear Judge Marshbanks would be mad at her."

"For going to have lunch with Mr. Coates?"

"They've got an awful crush on each other, Aunt Emma."

The title slipped out, Cherry's face turning red as she heard her voice saying it, and Emma's slow flush burning in her thin cheeks in answer.

"I can't help it. I think of you as 'Aunt Emma' now," Cherry said, laughing, but a little frightened.

"You can call me anything you like," Emma conceded briefly. "So Mrs. Marshbanks thinks she's in love with this painter?" she asked, as if the conversation had not been interrupted.

"He's certainly in love with *her*," Cherry answered.

"I've never met Judge Marshbanks' second wife," Emma said, reflectively, "but I've seen her—she was here that night of the dinner party—and she looks like one of the women who live for that sort of thing. They're always the ones with good husbands too."

"He didn't seem very angry. He came into Amy's room, and he was awfully nice. Sister Clotilde," Cherry interrupted herself, "said once that if ever she heard me saying 'awfully' again instead of 'extremely' she would give me a sweet-press penance, so I'll say that he was extremely nice."

"A 'sweet-press penance'?" repeated Emma, at a loss.

"Nothing out of the sweet-press at four o'clock for a few days," Cherry translated swiftly. "Yes, Amy'd had flu," she went on, resuming her narrative, "and since we'd had it here, there didn't seem to be much danger of my bringing it back, and so I had supper with her. We had it on trays, and it was lots of fun!"

"I thought you didn't like Amy," Emma said, quietly watchful.

"I didn't." Cherry had a swift moment of surprise that Emma knew it. "She was extremely snobbish when we had the dance here for Dorothy," she said; "but she was lovely tonight. Oh, and Aunt Emma! Her grandmother is back; she got back today. She wouldn't come into Amy's room because of the flu, but she brought her all sorts of things—you're sick again!"

"No; just a little faint. I don't believe I'll ever get my strength back again," Emma whispered. "The doctor—" she battled on, "said it would be like this, but it's the worst part of flu, I think."

"I'll go. I'm so sorry. Would you let me get you some hot milk, Aunt Emma? Fairfowl's downstairs; he'll help me."

"No; stay just a minute, Cherry. I'm all right now. Well—" Emma said with something like a wintry smile as Cherry approached with the tonic bottle and spoon, "I may as well take it; I forgot it at noon today. So—so the old lady is home again, is she?" she asked. "I thought she was going to divide her time between New York and her Palm Beach place. How long is she going to stay?"

"Amy wants to stay here and her grandmother wants to be with Amy. They had an apartment in New York when Amy was at school, and went abroad every summer. But Amy says she likes San Francisco, that it's home. She didn't say how long her grandmother will stay; I think maybe always. She's a cross sort of person, isn't she, Aunt Emma?"

"What makes you think so?" asked Emma with an air of casualness.

"Nothing much. But when Mrs. Marshbanks and I were upstairs and I was standing at Amy's door talking to Amy, she was scolding away about something. One of the servants, I guess. She wouldn't have her in the house, she said, and she knew all about her and Amy wasn't to be bothered!"

"She's usually like that," Emma said, with completely colorless lips. Emma never used make-up of any description, and so always had a rather battered and gray look in a world of carefully groomed women, but now she looked so suddenly pallid and exhausted that Cherry blamed herself for tiring her with her irrelevant chatter, and decided to leave all further confidences until some other time. Before leaving the room she went close to the bed to say good night to her aunt, and following a sudden impulse stooped to put a light, swift kiss upon the lifeless, tight braids of iron-gray hair.

EMMA not acknowledging this in any way but lying motionless with closed eyes, Cherry went about the room to open the window, to turn out all the lamps except the bedside lamp, to make sure that the radiator was open. Then she slipped quietly away to her own room with a great sigh of youthful enjoyment in the thought of the day's adventures.

She was all ready for bed when a sudden suspicion smote her, and she stood quite still for a moment, with her hands on the window she had opened, and the wet, soft night air streaming in upon her thinly clad body.

"Of course I know who she is!" old Mrs. Marshbanks had said angrily. "I won't have her in this house! I won't have Amy know her!"

Could she have been—could she possibly have been speaking of *Cherry?* It seemed fantastic, and yet wasn't it equally improbable that she would connect the name of Amy and one of the maids in that fashion?

"But no," Cherry said half aloud, getting into bed and reaching for a book. "It was some one of the girls Amy knows, some debutante Fran happened to mention. That was it!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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The GENERAL TIRE
—goes a long way to make friends

How Stalin Steals Our Money

By D. H. Dubrowsky as told to Denver Lindley

Millions of American dollars pour into Russia in the form of benefits for the families of Russian-Americans who died in our Army in 1918. The beneficiaries see little — if any — of it. Forgery and confiscation divert it into the government's pockets. Mr. Dubrowsky, in the second of his series of articles, explains this heartless racket and suggests a way to put a stop to it

Russian railroads were ruined in the civil disorders of 1920, and a bankrupt nation found it necessary to conscript unpaid peasant labor for the work of rebuilding

Below, the author, D. H. Dubrowsky, former head of the Soviet Red Cross in America

THOMAS

THE United States Treasury paid out each year about $2,000,000 to the Russian beneficiaries of American soldiers while I was head of the Soviet Red Cross. And it continues to pay. Only a trivial fraction of this money ever reaches its destination. The one real beneficiary is the Stalin government.

Many thousand veterans' cases passed through my hands, and at first I thought the reason the beneficiaries were cheated lay in Soviet red tape and official stupidity. Gradually it dawned on me that this was a settled government policy—a deliberate fraud perpetrated upon helpless citizens of Russia and upon the government of the United States.

The principal ways in which the money is diverted are these: conversion into rubles at an artificial rate of exchange (with varying rates, this has amounted to confiscation of from 70 per cent to 95 per cent; at present it is about 90 per cent); outright confiscation; enforced signing over of checks to the State Bank and the forgery of signatures.

Soviet apologists like to say, "Perhaps there once were abuses; but all that has been changed." The situation *has* changed from time to time, but the purpose of the Soviet government has remained the same. And the result has been the same: the government gets the money, and the beneficiaries are left no better off than before—sometimes much worse off, as I shall show.

There are three distinct phases in the affairs of the Russian beneficiaries of American soldiers: the period before 1931 when there was nothing for them to do with their checks except cash them into rubles; the period from 1931 to 1935 when, in theory at least, they could use part of their money at the Torgsin stores (these were stores established, as the Russian name suggests, for "trade with foreigners;" they accepted nothing but foreign exchange); and the present period in which, with the end of the Torgsins, there is once more nothing to do but cash the checks into rubles. Even hoarding the checks is impossible; unless the recipients cash them promptly, agents of the OGPU drop in to inquire why they haven't. And no one wins an argument with the OGPU.

To show you what this enforced conversion into rubles at the official rate of exchange amounts to, I shall give you the present prices of a few common commodities. Bread, when there's enough of it, can be bought for as little as two and a half rubles a pound—that is, 50 cents—often it is higher. Eggs cost from 20 to 25 cents apiece. The lowest figure for butter is $2 a pound. Milk is 50 cents a quart. Cottage cheese is $2.50 a pound; coffee $7 a pound; tea $5 a pound. Light woolen cloth for dresses costs $25 a yard. Shoes range from $50 to $200 a pair.

The ruble is given the fictitious value of twenty cents. In purchasing power, as measured by world prices, it is worth slightly less than two cents. And so, out of a $30 dependency compensation check cashed by the beneficiary at the State Bank, $3 in purchasing power goes to the beneficiary, and $27 in sound American currency goes to the Soviet government. Often the government is not content with this cut and takes it all.

Money That Meant Disaster

The official view of the Soviet authorities is that its ruble exchange is a perfectly legitimate monetary operation and not a violation of its pledge not to confiscate or tax any part of the veterans' benefits. The Veterans Bureau had required this pledge before any benefits were paid. In the first article of this series I explained how I helped to obtain it.

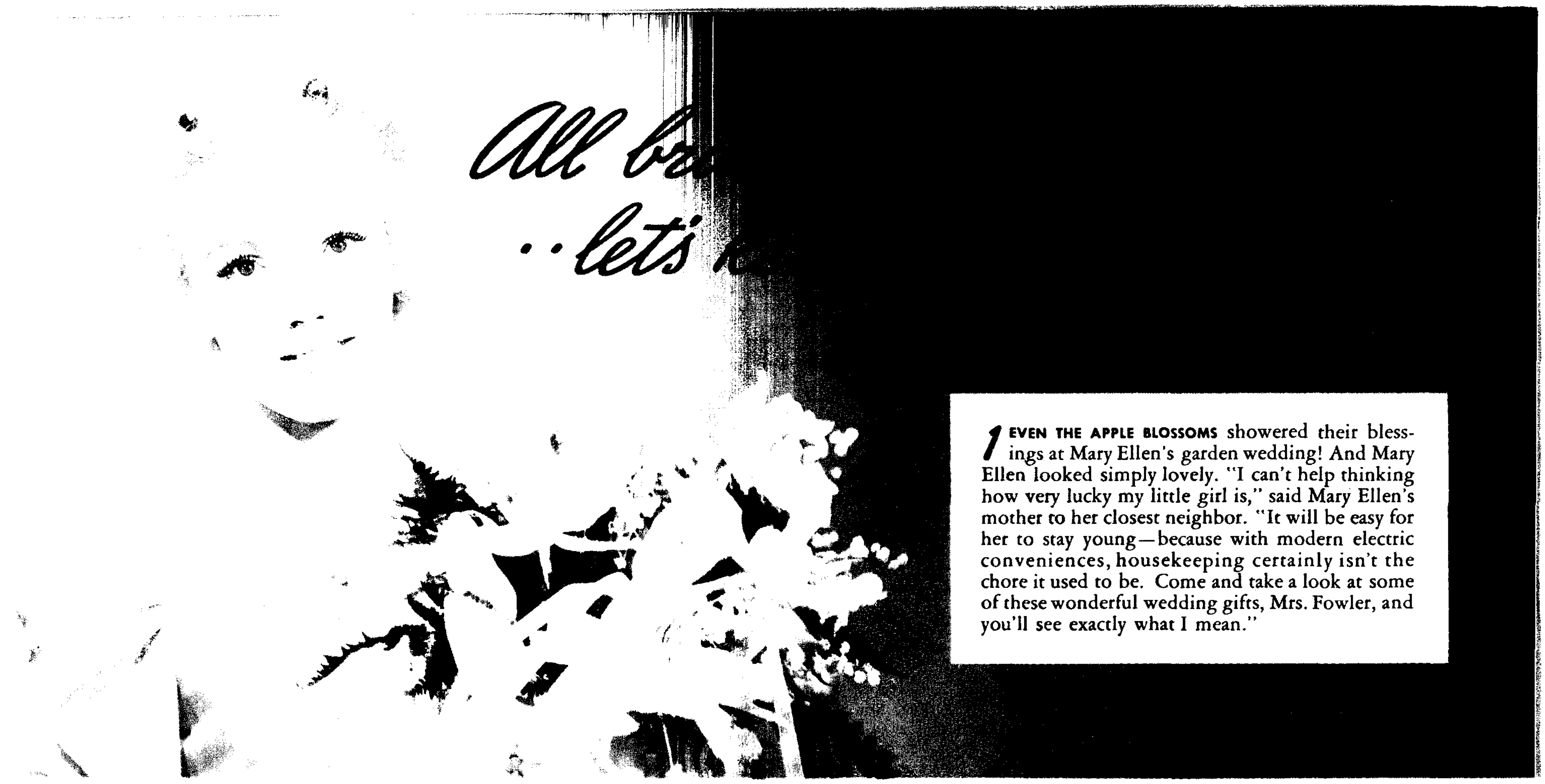
One of the things that neither I nor the Veterans Bureau could possibly foresee was that the receipt of these benefits would be regarded by the Soviet government as transforming the beneficiaries into *kulaks*—rich peasants—thus automatically making them enemies of the state and subjecting *all* their property to confiscation.

How often this happened I have no way of telling for I was able to investigate only a few cases at firsthand, and the Soviet law making it treason to cast aspersions on the government did not encourage full reports either from the sufferers or their friends. But in the case of Andrian Pavlov Matveyuk I received, almost by accident, the account of an eyewitness.

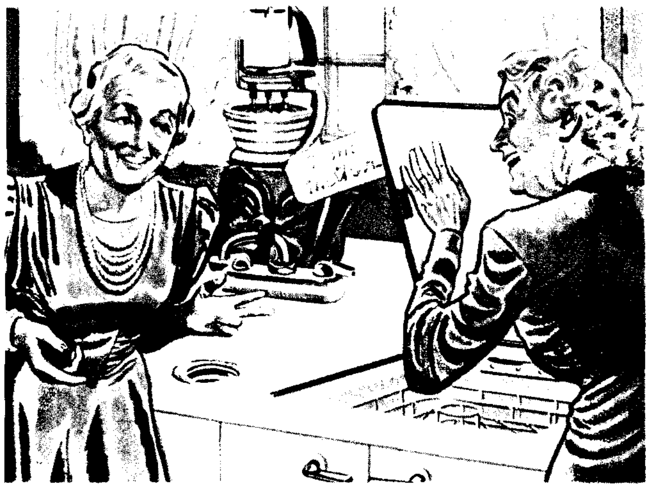
The American veteran in this case, Matveyuk's son, whose name, thanks to a whim of the United States immigration officers, was Jacob Maturk (XC-102,-907) died in action in France. His beneficiaries were his father and mother, living in the village of Mikhirinetz. The first complaint, dated October 26, 1931, came through the mails and was called to my attention by the Veterans Bureau and the Washington office of the Jewish Welfare Board, although neither the veteran nor his beneficiaries were Jews.

In this letter Matveyuk, who was then seventy years old, said that the OGPU had taken away from him two Veterans Bureau checks—one for $1,667.50, made out in his name, and the other for $883, made out in his wife's name—as well as 770 rubles, which he had obtained by cashing previous remittances from the United States Veterans Bureau at the rate of 1 ruble 94 kopecks per dollar, and which he had saved up to buy himself a pair of boots. (Incidentally, these boots were to have cost him about $400, the normal price for boots in those days, when they could be obtained at all.)

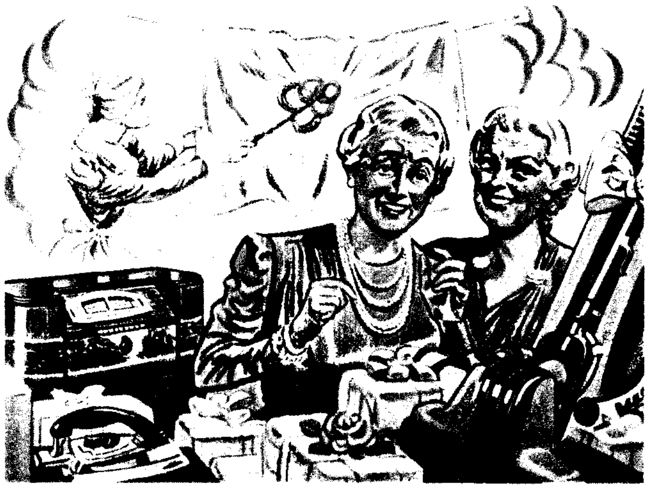
The possession of so much money made *kulaks* of these harmless old people in the eyes of the Soviet law. And so their shack and strip of property were confiscated, as well as their money. They became pariahs in their native village. They managed to hide two small checks—one for fifteen and the other for eleven dollars—but they did not dare present them anywhere even for exchange into practically worthless rubles. Subsequent checks which they received were also hoarded, and the OGPU, discovering from time to time that the Matveyuks had not cashed any checks at the local branch of the State Bank, would raid whatever barn the homeless old people happened to be living in at



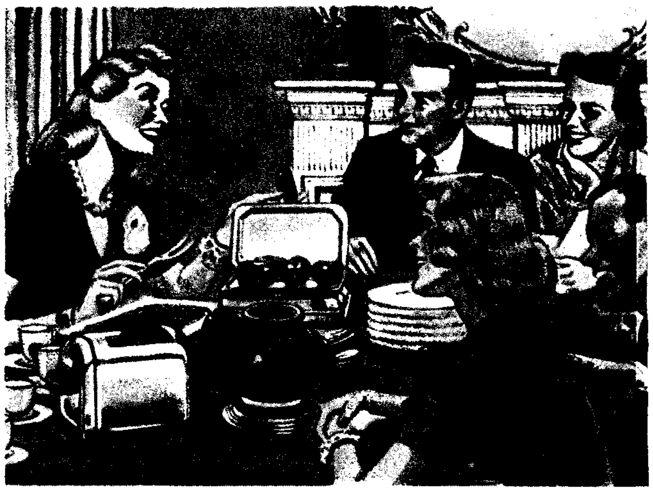
1 **EVEN THE APPLE BLOSSOMS** showered their blessings at Mary Ellen's garden wedding! And Mary Ellen looked simply lovely. "I can't help thinking how very lucky my little girl is," said Mary Ellen's mother to her closest neighbor. "It will be easy for her to stay young—because with modern electric conveniences, housekeeping certainly isn't the chore it used to be. Come and take a look at some of these wonderful wedding gifts, Mrs. Fowler, and you'll see exactly what I mean."



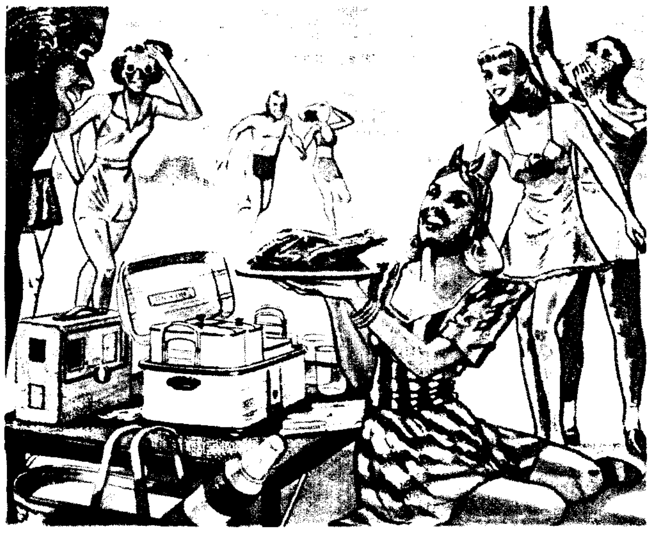
"**JOHN AND I GAVE** Mary Ellen this G-E Electric Sink. It washes dishes and disposes of garbage, too. And of course, Mary Ellen will have a G-E Range and Refrigerator—a complete electric kitchen! She wants them all to be G-E appliances, because they're so absolutely reliable!"



"**I REMEMBER** how tired my mother used to be when *she* cleaned house. There'll be no drudgery like that for my daughter! She has electric servants to do her cleaning quickly—inexpensively. Just imagine—this G-E Vacuum Cleaner cleans all her rugs for a penny's worth of current!"



4 "**CAN'T YOU PICTURE** her entertaining with all these good-looking appliances? There's a G-E Sandwich Grill ...Waffle Iron...Coffee Maker...Toaster...Why, when the crowd comes over Sunday nights she can cook her supper right at the table—and everything will look just perfect!"



"**AND THIS SUMMER** she'll certainly enjoy that G-E Roaster she bought for picnics and cooking at the cottage. Yes, she'll live the complete electric way. You see, rates are low—and G-E makes it easy to own appliances. Believe me, housework will be no problem at all for Mary Ellen!"

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the moment and take the checks away from them.

Since Matveyuk was illiterate—all his letters were written by friends at his dictation—and could endorse a check only with a cross, the OGPU made the endorsement itself, certified to its correctness as provided by the Soviet statutes and cashed his checks. Meanwhile, the two old peasants subsisted through the surreptitious charity of neighbors, for any aid given to an OGPU suspect is looked upon as treason to the state.

In June, 1932, another letter reached me, which concluded with the words: "We have nothing to live on, since we are without a crust of bread and without a kopeck of money." The following spring Andrew Yarmoluk, a resident of New York who had been born in the same village as the Matveyuks and had returned there to see his aged mother, brought me a final letter. From it and from Yarmoluk I learned in detail what had been happening to the old peasants. After that there was no word.

We're Still Paying

Considering the advanced age of the beneficiary and the fact that his house and land were confiscated even before the famine that was deliberately brought on by the Soviet government in this part of the Ukraine in 1932-33, I have every reason to assume that he and his wife are no longer living. As *kulaks* they were subject to liquidation, and everything points to the conclusion that that is what happened to them. I have no doubt that these two old people were among the millions of Ukrainian peasants who either starved to death in the richest grain-producing region of Russia or were driven north to hew lumber and perish in one of the subarctic concentration camps. The Soviet authorities maintained a stubborn silence about their fate and continued to collect their benefits, month by month, from the Veterans Bureau. So far as my records show, they are still doing it.

In the case of Andrew Romanchuk (XC-2,109), the beneficiary's wife and daughter were exiled to Siberia as *kulaks* and entirely deprived of their benefits. This matter was called to my attention by the deceased veteran's son-in-law in Chicago. Another case of a beneficiary being converted into a *kulak* was brought to my attention by a cousin of veteran Xenofon Ivanov (XC-40,471). The veteran's widowed mother had exchanged a check for $5,341.45, which represented accumulated insurance benefits, at the Soviet State Bank for 10,300 rubles. She thus yielded about nine tenths of the actual value to the Soviet government and kept approximately $600 in purchasing power for her share. But when these thousands of rubles were found in her home, their possession automatically converted her into a *kulak*. The rubles were taken away from her, her monthly insurance checks for $40 were kept from her and she was classified as a social and political outcast.

The veteran Maurice August Stein (XC-304,620) was born in the Ukrainian market town of Mogilev-Podolsk. His father and mother, Wolf and Beyla Sterenstein, made a meager living there as small traders. Some years before the war, Maurice came to the United States and settled in Oklahoma. He changed his name to Stein and became an American. Plans were made to bring his family to this country. Meanwhile he sent them regular remittances.

In 1917 Maurice became a soldier in the United States Army. That same year the Bolsheviks captured the government of Russia.

Maurice contracted tuberculosis while fighting in France. His brother Boris was killed while fighting in a Red partisan detachment in the Russian civil war.

Marauding bands were sweeping over the Ukraine, burning, pillaging and raping. In 1919 Maurice's sister Rosa, a girl of seventeen, escaped the soldiers of Hetman Simon Petlura by fleeing across the Dniester River into Bessarabia. With her, as guard and protector, went her twelve-year-old brother Joshua.

These two children made their way to Bucharest, Rumania, and there located the consul of the defunct Czarist government of Russia. He provided them with identification cards which made it possible for them to remain in Rumania until they could locate their American brother. They dreamed of being able to join him in this country. Finally they got in touch with him at the United States Veterans Hospital No. 55 in Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Three years later they had saved up enough between them, principally from Maurice's pension, for their trip to America. They arrived in New York in February, 1923, and at once took a train for El Paso, Texas, where they were met by Maurice.

Rosa and Joshua changed their names to Rose and Jack Stein and made a home for their brother in El Paso, where he stayed receiving home treatment from the Veterans Bureau. Meanwhile, there remained in Mogilev-Podolsk the Steins' aged parents, together with three other children. Once more plans were made to bring the whole family together in this country, but they were never carried out.

Jack Stein became a house painter and moved to Oklahoma City. Rose married, and Maurice returned to the Veterans Hospital where, in August, 1923, he died. His entire estate, consisting of insurance compensation and pension allowances, was willed to his father in Mogilev-Podolsk. The checks, after arrangements had been made with the Veterans Bureau, went regularly to Wolf Sterenstein, and the major portion of them was as regularly confiscated by the Soviet authorities through payment in rubles.

Ten years after Maurice's death, Rose died in El Paso, and Jack moved to Brooklyn, where he still carries on his profession as a painter.

In July, 1934, the father, Wolf Sterenstein, died of food poisoning, and the mother and children moved to Kharkov. I was handling this case, but no notice was sent me of Sterenstein's death. As in so many other instances, the Soviet authorities deliberately withheld information, in order that the checks should continue. In September I remitted $1,397.51 of Maurice Stein's estate to be divided equally between his father and mother. If I had known of the father's death I should have divided the money, according to law, between the mother and children.

The mother longed to see her son Jack before she died, and he wanted to return to Russia to see her. His portion of the money I had sent would have made the trip possible, but the Soviet authorities refused to return a cent of it on the grounds that no funds are allowed to leave the country. The fact that the Soviet government, including the State Bank and the Red Cross, had obtained the money fraudulently made no difference.

Jack then volunteered to spend every kopeck of his share of the estate in the Soviet Union. Word came back that this would not be possible inasmuch as Jack was an enemy of the state and could not be granted an entrance visa. Why was he an enemy of the state? Because in 1919, as a boy of twelve, he had fled from the bandit-ridden Ukraine. This automatically made him a White Guard and an enemy for life of the Soviet Union. His share of the estate was forfeit.

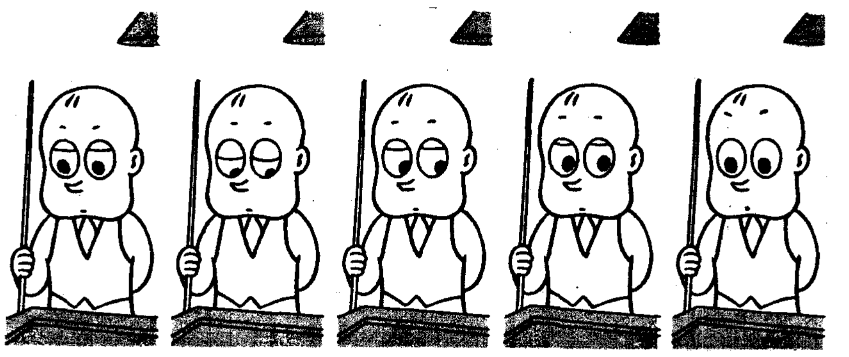
I protested so vigorously at this barefaced thievery that the Soviet authorities finally agreed to acknowledge Jack's right to his share of the estate. But he never got it. First the Soviet authorities arbitrarily scaled down his portion from twenty-five to ten per cent. Jack was willing, under protest, to accept even that—a total of $139.70—since, as he explained to me, "my trade is fast asleep for the last few months." But he was then informed that he would not be paid in cash; they would give him Soviet bonds. These he refused as worthless. And so he got nothing.

The final touch of irony came when his mother requested that the personal property of her dead son Maurice be sent to her. Upon application to the Soviet authorities in Moscow, Jack was told that the government had no objection provided he paid Soviet customs duty on his brother's personal belongings in dollars at the official rate of 1.11 rubles to the dollar, the valuation to be made, of course, by Soviet officials.

Although the Soviet Union denied an entrance visa to Jack Stein, two of whose brothers had died fighting in the Red Army, it was eager to welcome home even dangerous lunatics, provided it could get control of their money. I was twice practically ordered to secure the release of homicidal maniacs from the asylums to which they had been committed in order that their accumulated benefits—both were American veterans, and the money in one case amounted to $12,000—might be sent back to Russia with them. In both instances I found reasons for refusing.

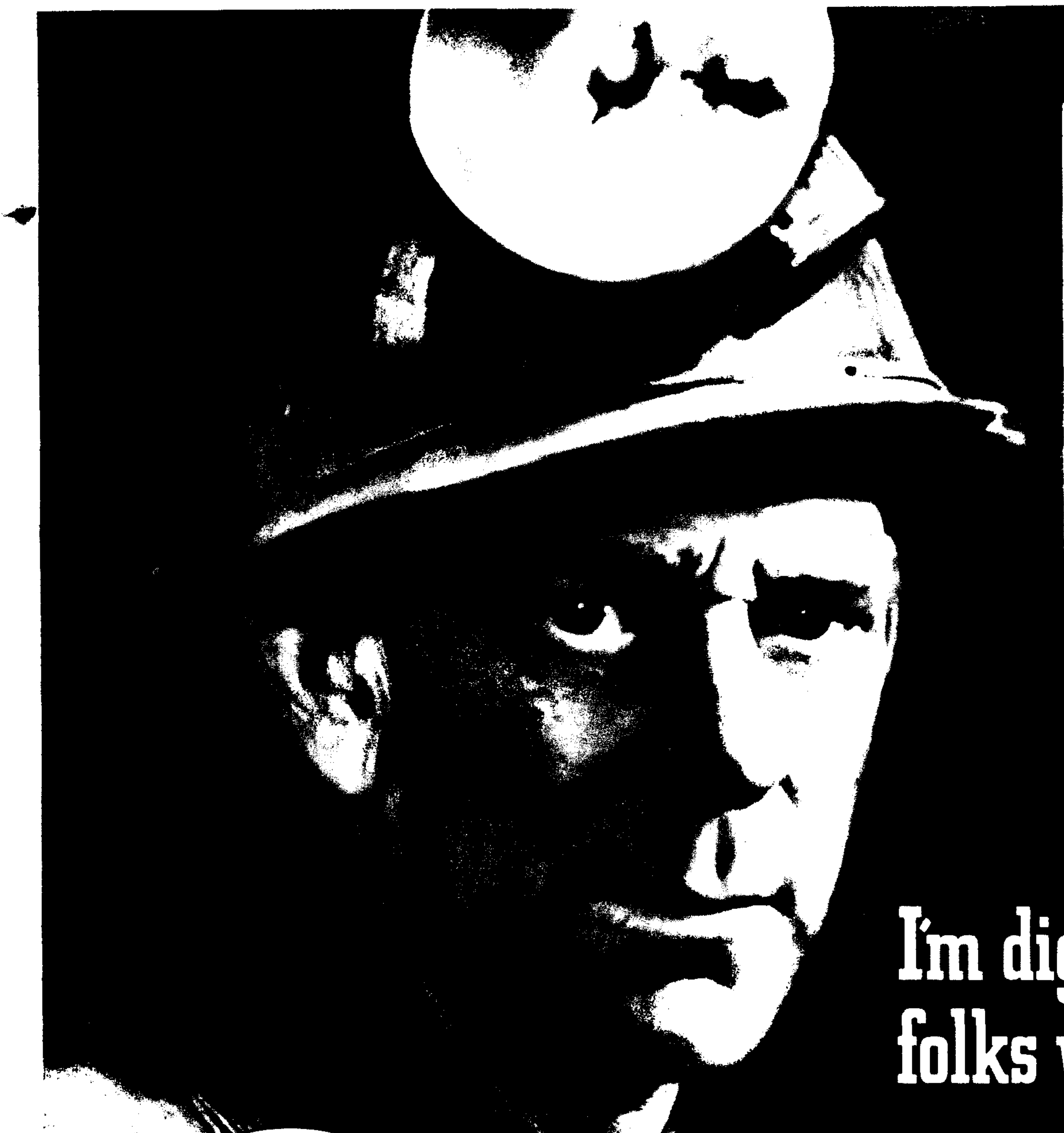
Proof of Forgery

I should like to cite briefly one case of forgery in which I caught my Soviet colleagues red-handed. The incident arose in connection with the case of Veteran Albert Gus (XC-183,878). The beneficiary, being illiterate, signed his receipts and endorsed his checks with a cross. That signature was certified by local Soviet officials as correct and legal, and was accompanied, as required by the Veterans Bureau, by a legal certification of the beneficiary's illiteracy. Several months later, it became necessary for this man to sign certain additional documents I had forwarded to him. They were duly returned—with the beneficiary's name signed in full. Even



Three-cushion shot

CROCKETT JOHNSON



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more surprising, the signature was clearly the work of an accomplished penman.

I returned the documents to the Red Cross in Moscow, politely pointing out there seemed to be a mistake. In reply, I received from Moscow a new document, stating that in the interim the beneficiary had become literate, and authenticating the new signature. I wrote back that such educational progress would be viewed with skepticism in America. Once again the documents were returned to me, this time signed with a cross and duly certified as heretofore. That was the end of the incident.

Considering the enterprise of the Soviet secret police, one can never be sure whether any signature on a Soviet-authenticated document is genuine, or whether any given beneficiary is actually among the living. I strongly suspect that a considerable percentage of benefits are paid in the names of beneficiaries actually long since dead. The Veterans Bureau, having no official notice of their death, naturally continues to send monthly remittances, and the Soviet government collects them in toto.

One of the guarantees I had secured from the Soviet authorities expressly exempted veterans' checks from collection charges.

"Collection charges," however, became common practice. Thus, the mother of Veteran Sergei Pavliuk complained to the United States State Department that when she presented a check for $419.03 for exchange into rubles, the Soviet State Bank deducted $104 as charges for collection.

Mrs. Pavliuk Reconsiders

I wrote to Moscow requesting that this flagrant violation of official Soviet guarantees be rectified. After six months of correspondence, the Veterans Bureau received the following statement from the original complainant:

"In the end of 1930, I sent you a complaint to the effect that the State Bank deducted in its favor 134 rubles 40 kopecks when paying me out sums of money. Regarding the facts of my application to you, I request you to consider it as cancelled, as it was sent by me by mistake, rather by my not knowing that the bank deducted this amount not in its own favor, but in payment of expenses of legalization of documents by the Red Cross, which amount I actually did have to pay to the Red Cross. This was not known to me, and later upon receipt of explanations from the Shepetovka Committee of the Red Cross, I was convinced of the correctness of the deduction of these sums, and therefore do not have any claims. Which I sign. (signed) A. Pavliuk. July 16, 1931."

To anyone with experience in these matters, it is perfectly clear that this letter was dictated, if not actually written, by the OGPU to whitewash a violation of their own laws and regulations by the State Bank.

When I set out to help the Veterans Bureau find the rightful heirs and beneficiaries of American veterans in Soviet Russia, I was motivated primarily by humanitarian considerations. It's true I had the secondary motive of desiring to supply the Soviet State with foreign exchange—but only on a legitimate basis. Moreover, I believed the Soviet government intended to live up to its promise. This belief was founded on two considerations: (1) however amoral the Bolshevik attitude toward a bourgeois state might be, the Bolsheviks were first of all champions of the oppressed and disinherited—and the beneficiaries were almost without exception members of this class; (2) the Soviet State was eager to gain American recognition and was therefore on its best behavior, endeavoring to impress American officials with its trustworthiness.

But during the time I was in office a quiet revolution took place within the Soviet Union. It profoundly altered the nature of the Soviet State. From the foremost champion of the exploited, the Soviet State has been transformed into the most egregious exploiter of its own workers. What began as a step toward Socialism turned into the most ruthless system of state peonage. By comparison, feudalism in its darkest aspects was an ideal social state.

This change was brought home to me by the thousands of veterans' cases that passed through my hands. My indignation was mixed with fear for my own safety. I had resigned from the party in 1925, the year after Lenin's death, but I had been allowed to retain my post as head of the Soviet Red Cross in America because of the services I could render the Soviet Union. There were increasing indications, however, that I was not trusted. As early as 1928 I had assigned to me, ostensibly as my assistant, a Dr. Mark Sheftel, who turned out to be an agent of the OGPU.

In addition to keeping an eye on my doings, Dr. Sheftel engaged in lively espionage activities, and finally found this country too hot to stay in. I obtained a promise from Moscow that his successor would be a trained Red Cross man who would be of some use to me.

This successor was named Jacob Sterngluss. He had earned his appointment, as I later discovered, by being chief OGPU agent in Afghanistan. Among his disabilities for his present job was a total ignorance of English. As a matter of routine, he opened and read my mail. This didn't especially surprise me, but when I discovered that he was also tampering with the United States mail, I became alarmed. As responsible head of the organization, I could be held accountable for his acts. A prolonged visit to Leavenworth loomed before me as an unpleasant possibility. I decided to have a showdown.

I cabled Moscow urgently for permission to report there in person. A crisp reply informed me that my request was "categorically" denied. Two weeks later another cablegram arrived, granting me permission to come. Sterngluss who, of course, had read both cables, was dumfounded. "I can tell you this," he said finally, "you will never see Yenukidze." Yenukidze was president of all the Soviet Red Cross societies and thus my chief in office.

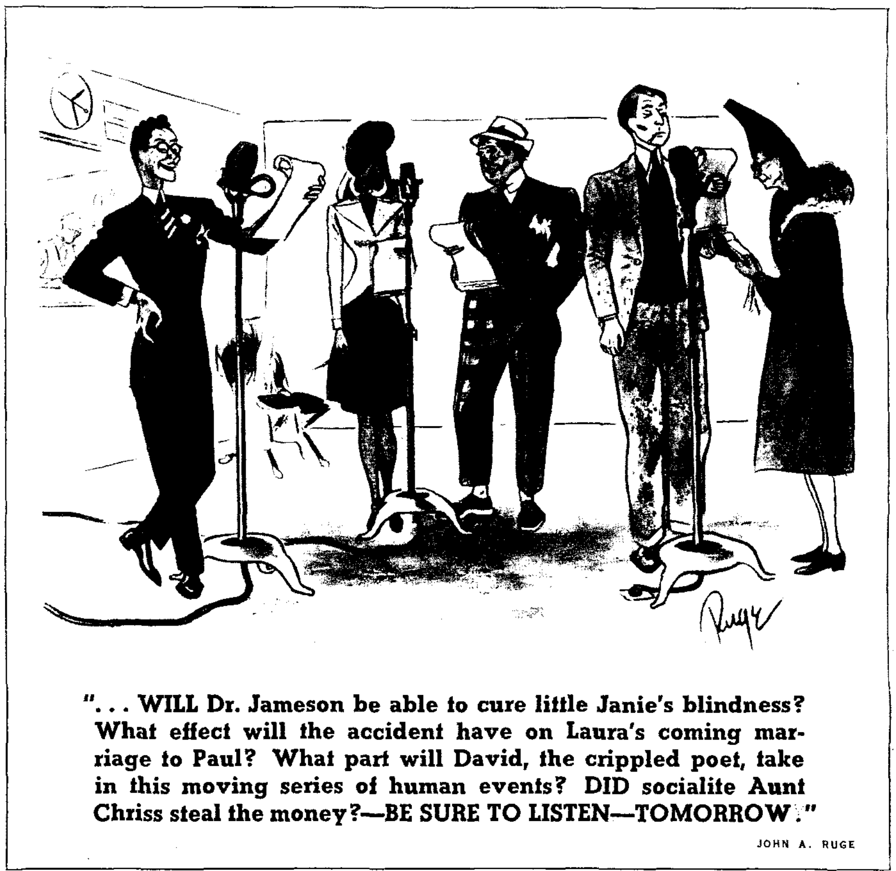
I wasted no time in argument, but caught the first boat for England and from there sailed to Leningrad. My wife was already in Moscow, staying with close friends of ours who had visited us frequently when they were in this country on official business.

Embarrassing Guest

On my arrival, I discovered that there were other friends in Moscow eager to repay the hospitality we had extended to them in America and so, to the inconvenience of all concerned, we moved from time to time, visiting different friends in turn. It was thus that we found ourselves guests at the home of General Khalepsky. His apartment was in a modern building put up for high-ranking army officers and their wives and it was the last word in efficiency—except that quite often the gadgets didn't work. Usually there was no hot water and sometimes there was no water at all.

On one of these occasions, when we were all suffering from drought (you couldn't borrow water from your neighbors, for they had none; when the water goes off in Moscow, it goes off everywhere) the cook suggested that we might get Marshal Tukhachevsky, who occupied the apartment above us, to do something about it. We sent up our maid, but she returned with the report that the marshal was still in bed. A half-hour later I went up, wondering whether he would remember me from our meeting almost fifteen years before. He did, treating me very cordially and chatting about the "dark days" of 1920. (They had been glorious days for him; he was the hero of the nation, a second Napoleon at twenty-eight.) He called up the Kremlin, and in short order we had water. That was the last time I saw the marshal. In 1937 he was shot as a spy and saboteur—and with him died the best brains of the Russian army.

But I get ahead of my story. I had been warned by my friends that it would be dangerous for me to return to Russia, and I wished to take reasonable precautions against a prearranged "accident." My first move was to call at the foreign office. While I was there I took the op-



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JOHN A. RUGE

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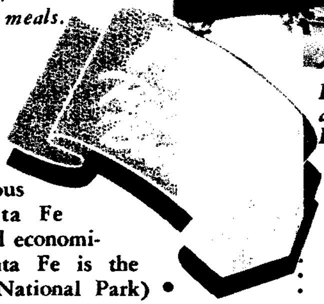

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portunity of telephoning to Ambassador Bullitt's office. I had provided myself with a pretext in advance. Lincoln Colcord had given me a book to be delivered to Mr. Bullitt. It turned out that the ambassador was not in Moscow, but I had made my point. The American embassy knew where I was, and the Soviet Foreign Office, and of course the OGPU, knew that the embassy knew.

My appearance at the Red Cross office produced consternation. What was I doing in Moscow? Didn't I know that my request to leave New York had been denied? I patiently explained that I had received permission—and produced a photograph of the cable to prove it. Further excitement ensued, during which I discovered that I had only got there through a blunder on the part of the Moscow cable office—a government service, of course. The message authorizing me to come had been filed first, but had not been sent; later it had been decided to replace me in New York, and the message forbidding me to leave had been filed. The second message got off with only a day or two of delay, but the first was held up for over two weeks. I, of course, got them in that order.

When I taxed the executive secretary with putting an OGPU man in my office, he readily admitted the fact, but said it was out of his hands. What business was it of mine, anyway? he asked. I replied that unless he were removed I would resign. He told me not to bother; I had already been replaced. "You complained too much," he said.

My connection with the Soviet Red Cross might have ended then and there, if it hadn't been that Zhdanov (who is now boss of Leningrad and is regarded as Stalin's probable successor) persuaded me to retain my post for six months in order to break in the new man. I agreed to do this only on condition that Sterngluss be recalled. Zhdanov promised that he would be. (This promise, by the way, was carried out. When I got back to New York I found Sterngluss in the hospital suffering from a wholly imaginary appendicitis in order to avoid returning to Moscow to face the music.)

Rakovsky's Reward

While I was in Moscow, a conference of the League of Red Cross Societies was in session at Tokyo. Russia had been a member of the International Red Cross for years but had never before been admitted to the league. She gained the much-coveted invitation this time because her delegation to the International Red Cross convention was headed by Dr. Christian Rakovsky. I had had a hand in that.

The way it had come about was this. While I was still in New York, the Red Cross authorities in Moscow had written me, urging me to do what I could to get Russia admitted to the league. I replied that Judge John Barton Payne, who was president of the league, had a high regard for Rakovsky, and if he were made head of the delegation I thought it likely that Russia would be invited to the league conference. I knew that Rakovsky, who in Lenin's time had been Premier of the Ukrainian Republic and had served as Soviet ambassador to France and Great Britain, was in political exile in Siberia.

Rakovsky was recalled from exile, dusted off and sent to Tokyo. I solemnly hoped that once out of the country he would stay out. But his wife had not been allowed to accompany him. He returned to Russia in time to be caught in the purges which followed the assassination of Kirov in December, 1934. In 1938 he was sentenced to life imprisonment for being an agent of the Japanese government.

This gives you some insight into the validity of the charges brought by the Soviet government. If Rakovsky was a Japanese agent, then Judge Payne and I, who got the idea of sending him to Japan, are also in the pay of Japan.

After I returned to New York and wound up my work for the Soviet Red Cross, I wrote to General Hines, director of the Veterans Bureau, explaining the situation. Part of the letter said:

"As I am no longer connected with the Russian Red Cross, a fact which I wish to call to your attention, I am no longer in a position to bear any responsibility for the conduct of veterans' cases by the Russian Red Cross. These cases are now entrusted to a Soviet official whose loyalty is necessarily pledged to the Russian Communist party of which he is a member and to the Soviet government of which he is a citizen. In these circumstances, the beneficiaries of American funds are left without adequate protection and guardianship."

A Job for the Veterans Bureau

That is a problem that still disturbs me. Nearly twenty-five per cent of the United States budget goes to the veterans. A considerable portion of that helps to support the Soviet government instead of going to the Soviet beneficiaries of American veterans. Something should be done to safeguard these people. It is high time that they received protection from the trickery of their own government and that the money of American taxpayers stopped being used for the support of another government.

I suggest that the Veterans Administration, or the American Red Cross, or the United States State Department establish its own agency in the Soviet Union to supervise payments to Soviet beneficiaries. These American representatives will be obliged to make certain in each case that the veterans' beneficiaries do not merely receive the checks mailed to them but procure actual benefits in terms of commodities. Otherwise the very purpose of such representation would be defeated.

The American representative will have no easy time. He will find that the veterans' beneficiaries are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union, over one-sixth the surface of the earth. He will have to have a large enough staff so that he can send agents to visit beneficiaries in subarctic concentration camps, in Siberia and perhaps in Kamchatka. But if the purpose of the Veterans Administration is not merely to get rid of money in any old way, it must either make sure the money it sends out reaches its destination, or it must stop making payments altogether, thus at least saving the taxpayers' money.

The third of this series of articles will appear next week.

Morning on South Street

Continued from page 24

Holland; Dover sole from England; frogs' legs from Japan; stone crabs from Seattle and from St. Petersburg, Florida; terrapin from Maryland; lobster tails from South Africa; small octopuses from Spain; green turtles from the Caribbean and swordfish from Japan.

The market doesn't feel too friendly toward Japan. Today native swordfish is fifteen cents a pound but here are huge Japanese frozen swordfish and even with the three-and-a-half-cents-a-pound duty the price is only seven cents. The fishing industry in Japan is, of course, subsidized but the market shakes its head and can't figure out how the Japanese can make any profit at all. Fortunately, however, there is no comparison between the flavor of the two fish, and domestic fish eaters are loyal to the native swordfish no matter what it costs. Native swordfish, incidentally, are not caught in nets. Even today they are harpooned as they were two hundred years ago.

It's seven o'clock but the market is alive and a hundred voices are cajoling, coaxing, threatening in the time-honored method of bargaining. To the uninitiated the jargon the salesmen speak is as unintelligible as Sanskrit. Each company has a booth far in the back, and a cashier sits there marking down orders hurled verbally at him by his salesmen who may be a hundred feet away. Each company has a code so that other companies won't immediately know its price list.

A salesman, after arguing briefly with a retailer, will cry loudly, "No. 5, fifty blues. Have you got me?" That means that the customer who is registered on the books as No. 5 has bought fifty pounds of bluefish at twelve and a half cents a pound. "Have you got me?" means twelve and a half cents in this particular code.

Now another salesman will cry "On 60, forty weak, best in the house." That means that the customer listed as No. 60 on the books has bought forty pounds of weakfish at five cents a pound. The derivation of "Best in the house" is interesting. Years ago the Lemmerman Hotel on South Street was the headquarters for the trade. Dealers would take reluctant customers to its bar in the hope of making a sale. If the customer wasn't very important the dealer would call to the bartender, "Give my friend a drink—the best in the house." And then he would surreptitiously hold up five fingers, indicating that the bartender should dole out one of his five-cent drinks, the cheapest possible. So today, fish at five cents a pound is "Best in the house."

Visitors Not Welcome

Business, except for modern refrigeration, is done much as it was eighty years ago in the market. Knowing this, it comes as a shock when you are sitting in one of the small offices on the second floor to find a dealer talking to a fishing boat two hundred miles away. Today most of the larger fishing boats have ship-to-shore telephones. The phones save an enormous amount of lost effort and time.

No one can explain the ways of a fish or of a school of fish. The boats will scatter. One perhaps a hundred miles away will come on the flounders. The captain will load his boat and start for the market. He knows that he has his competitors beaten, so he'll phone the others and tell them where the flounders are. When he gets to port he can ask a nice price, for the price is regulated entirely by supply and demand, and it is seldom the same for more than four or five consecutive days.

Fishermen since time immemorial have been superstitious. After all, the waters did subside when they tossed Jonah overboard. Now and then a fishing boat will take a visitor along to the Banks. He has to sign on as a crew member. This gives the captain absolute authority over him. When the boat gets to the fishing grounds things are apt to go bad with the visitor if the fish don't run well. If there is a fish famine the captain has no choice but to head for the nearest port and gently but firmly disembark his unhappy guest. If he didn't do that he'd never be able to sign on another crew. Every fisherman firmly believes that there is some reason for bad fishing. A visitor on board is usually the cause and he must be got rid of quickly.

Broiled Fish is Best

The fishermen have another custom. On Friday the long piers jutting out from the market will be studded with boats. No fishing boat leaves the pier on a Friday. To do that would be to court certain disaster. Why? No one knows. The boats wait until one minute after midnight on Friday—then they leave, happy in the thought that they have avoided a jinx.

The main complaint of fish dealers is the fact that people don't know how to cook fish. The ordinary frying pan is the greatest enemy the fish dealers have. People fry fish, which should be boiled or broiled. They toss the fish into a frying pan, take it out ten minutes later and expect something tasty. It is almost impossible, fish dealers say, to fry a fish evenly in a frying pan. Only the most expert cook can do that.

Cold-water fish are usually fatty fish. To withstand the frigid water, Nature gives them oils and fat. These fish are best baked. Fish like whitefish, shad, lake herring, eels, trout and, strangely enough, pompano, which is a fat fish even though it comes from the warm waters off Florida. It may be playing hooky from the north. The lean fish like halibut, carp or kingfish are best broiled or boiled. The fishermen like broiled fish best. They can't advance any logical reason. "Seems to keep the flavor better," they say.

A year ago the dealers at the market, a bit alarmed because people weren't eating enough fish, decided to organize a Fishery Council headed by dealers. The idea of the council was to publicize the good points of fish and to teach America how to cook fish. Housewives of another generation knew how to prepare fish. Housewives of today don't, the dealers said. That's why they cook fish, if at all, only one day a week. The council prepared a cookbook listing hundreds of recipes obtained from chefs and from fishermen who know how to cook fish. The demand for these cookbooks was enormous, and this has raised the hopes of the dealers and has indicated to them that ignorance about cooking rather than indifference to fish was the cause of the lack of buying enthusiasm on the part of the American housewife.

Strange things about fish, often the cheapest are the best. Bluefish, mackerel, halibut, codfish—if they are running well their price will be way down and no better-tasting fish than these roam the sea. It is all, the fishermen say, in the cooking. Once America learns to cook fish well America will learn to eat a lot of fish.

COME ON, JOE—GET A HIT!

A THRILLING GAME! BUT THE EXCITEMENT GAVE DOT NERVOUS PERSPIRATION...FOLLOWED BY

NERVOUS B.O. (NERVOUS BODY ODOR)

LATER

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GORDON THINKS YOU'RE A SWELL SPORT, DOT. BUT, WELL—YOU LOVE EXCITEMENT. MAYBE YOU DON'T CONSIDER WHAT FOLLOWS. NERVOUS PERSPIRATION, YOU KNOW... AND, FRANKLY, MEN HATE "NERVOUS B.O." EVER TRY LIFEBUOY?
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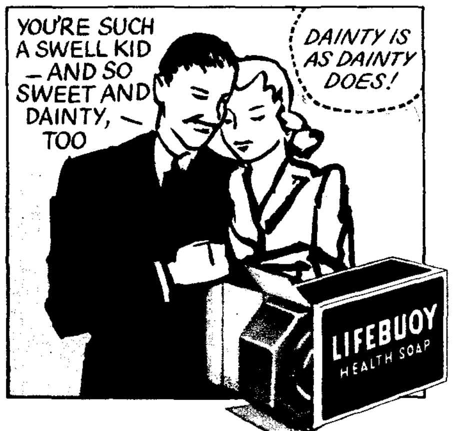
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Hull of the Hills

Continued from page 14

Uncle Billy wrote on a page out of a school pupil's yellow notebook with pencil on the porch of Carrie Chapman's hotel. It's all as American as a barbershop quartet.

Uncle Billy came out of Virginia just after the Civil War, married to a pretty young girl named Elizabeth Riley and looking for a place to settle down and fight. There was Indian blood in Elizabeth and the physical sign thereof is stamped upon Cordell. If you ask them in the Cumberlands what tribe's blood was in Elizabeth they'll tell you that nobody's going to law you if you say Cherokee. Anyway, Billy and Elizabeth Hull arrived at the headwaters of the Cumberland River away up near the Kentucky line owning only the clothes that covered them.

Billy Hull built a whisky still and made what the old-timers remember as Number Nine Moonshine. It was calculated to hang bells on a man's ears. With a few Number Nines inside you you could get on a mule's back, lean forward, blow your breath in the mule's face and the mule'd mind you like a hound dog, knowing that it wasn't no use. Anyway, Billy made about a thousand dollars selling Number Nine and quit the moonshine business, making it thereafter only for personal consumption and in case anyone should get sick in the night. Hell, mister, every man worth calling by name made moonshine those days.

Uncle Billy Got Along

With the money he bought a stand of poplars, logged them down the Obey and the Cumberland rivers, consigned them to the Nashville mills. With the profits he bought acres of walnut trees and more poplars. And thus he founded his considerable fortune, the bulk of which eventually went to Cordell. Some say that Uncle Billy Hull died worth three hundred thousand. Some say half a million. Anyway, he was perhaps the richest man in the Cumberland plateau.

The slabside house that Billy built still stands at Olympus, a barely breathing back-road hamlet in Pickett County. And in it Cordell was born, a nativity item that will became a major issue if he is nominated to succeed Mr. Roosevelt. But Cordell wasn't born to be a logger. Uncle Billy, seeing the signs, sent Cordell off to Professor Joe McMillin, who held forth in Celina teaching reading, writing, Latin, Greek, astronomy, surveying and geometry to whosoever came seeking enlightening at ten dollars a week and found. Cordell was not Professor McMillin's star pupil but he was one of his least frivolous.

They'll tell how Cord, who was but fifteen when he hitchhiked over to Celina for schooling, wrote to his congressman—Benton McMillin, brother of Professor Joe—and received for his pains many fat volumes of trade and treasury statistics, surveys and arithmetic writing. Cord would read them from here to the yonder side of hell, poring over them like they were these here red hell dime novels. Got so that he wouldn't laugh at a joke unless it had figures in it. Prepped by Professor McMillin, Cord went to the National Normal University, once the pride of Lebanon, Ohio, and after a spell of law reading at Bowling Green he returned to Tennessee, where he took a six-months course at the Cumberland University Law School. He was admitted to practice when twenty years old, but got himself elected to the legislature a year later.

He was in the legislature until 1906. Then the governor appointed him to the state's circuit court. In one year of that he gave Tennessee something to remember. As a judge he was so tough on the sinful that crime lost much of its allure and nearly all of its profits.

But after a year on the bench Cordell ran for Congress and after a campaign in which he wore out three horses, busted three wheels and two sets of springs on his buggy and stunned the mountaineers with tax talk, he was elected by seventeen votes. After that, until the Harding landside in 1921, he was re-elected either without opposition or over a foe who didn't get votes enough to elect a bee to a beehive. Defeated in 1921, he became chairman of the Democratic National Committee, serving until he was returned to Congress in 1923. And there he remained until 1931, when he was elected to the United States Senate. In 1933 Mr. Roosevelt appointed him Secretary of State. That, shorn of dull detail, is the career to date of Cordell Hull. Actually there seems to be no detail. Uncle Billy always said that Cord ought to make a first-class politician because he never left a trail where he didn't want to. And others said that Cord always showed up at the right place at the right time although Cord was so respectable that any place would be the right place if he was there. Like church.

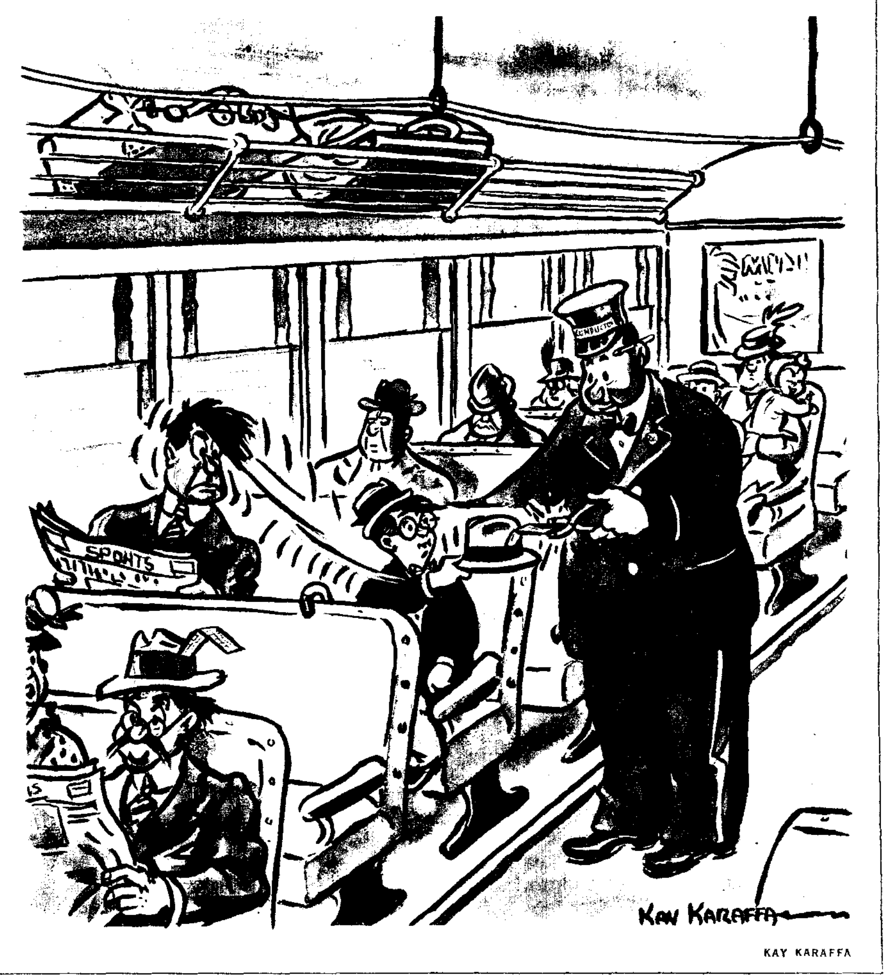
Like his pa—Uncle Billy—Cord was never a hand at churchgoing. If he felt like going to church he went to the nearest of the three Cumberland denominations—Methodist, Baptist and Christian. If there was a big revival at the Christian church, Cord would drop in and shake hands softly with the brethren. If there was special preaching at the Baptist, Cord was among those present. If a big missionary was in the Methodist pulpit, Cord would be listening.

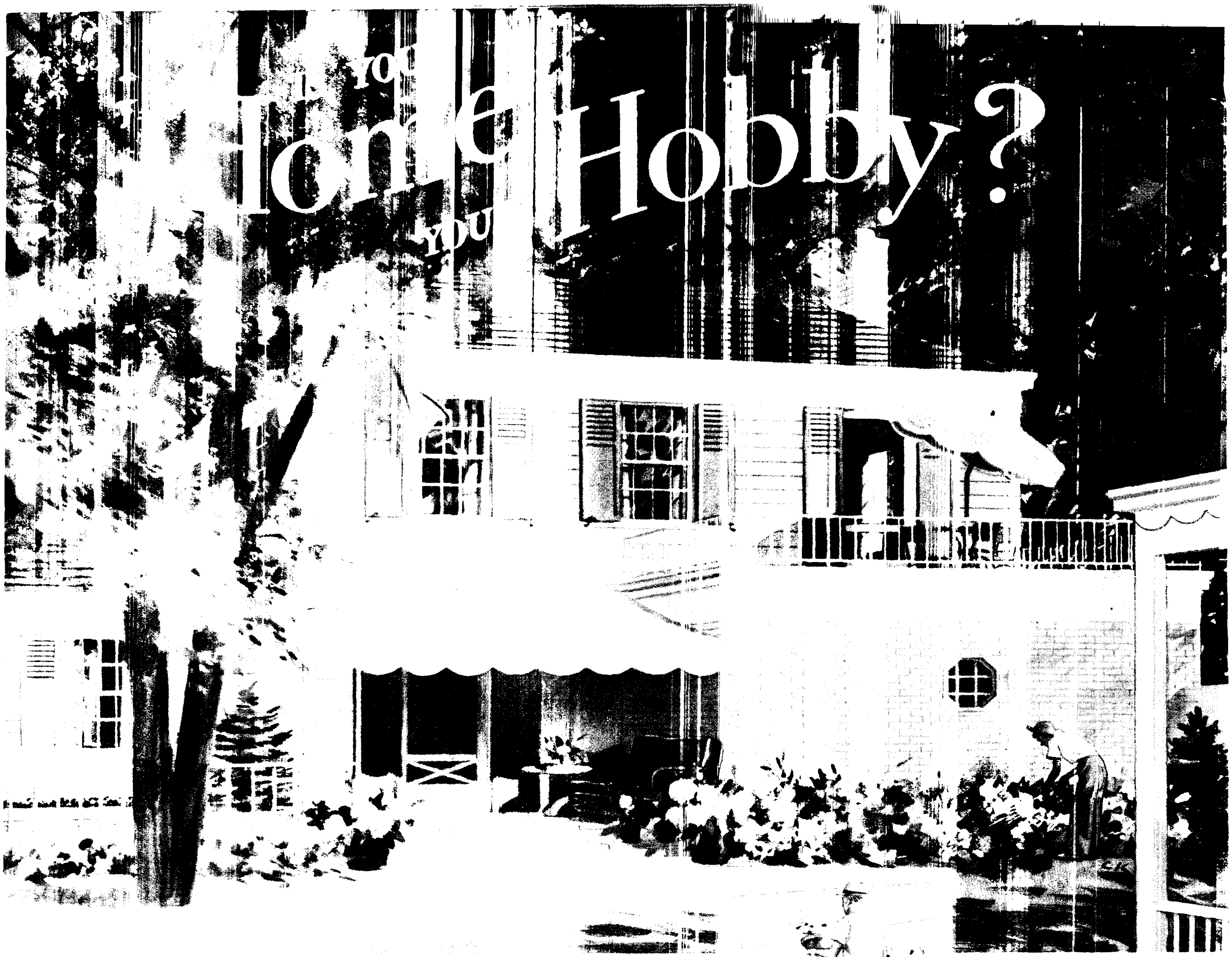
Like Uncle Billy, too, Cord got himself a Virginia wife. She was Rose Frances Witz of Staunton, Virginia, daughter of a long-established Jewish family. Her father, shrewd like Uncle Billy, amassed an even larger fortune than Cordell Hull's pappy and she brought a healthy fortune to her husband. In the Cumberlands they say that Mrs. Hull inherited a million dollars, maybe two million. But we didn't go into that. Mrs. Hull is the only wife of any of the potential candidates for the presidential nomination—on either side—who declines firmly to frisk into the political limelight.

Lucky Spaniards

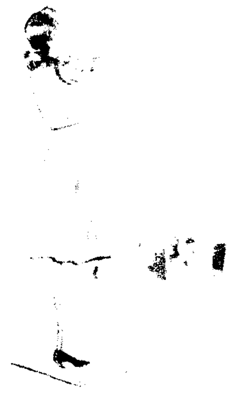
The Spanish-American War interrupted Cordell Hull's political progress for a spell. When it started, Cord left the Tennessee legislature without the formality of resigning, recruited a company of mountaineers on the basis of their sharpshooting, and marched off to Cuba with a hundred men as long, lean and wide-striding as he at his heels. By the time they got to Cuba the war was over, which was just as well for the other fellows. To while away their time the Tennessee sharpshooters did a spell of policing, keeping their eyes and figures in trim by shooting small objects off distant perches for the edification of the natives and to the amazement of the erstwhile enemy. But Cap'n Hull, rather magnificent in a longhorn mustache and a vast campaign hat, spent much of his time sitting in at various poker games. He won about seven thousand dollars and more than half of all the money his own regiment had. Boss poker players from all parts of America were sent for to take on the Tennessee terror—and they all walked home with their hands in their pockets and nothing else. Veterans of Cap'n Hull's command tell you that it was as hot as a red-plush undershirt in

USEFUL EUSTACE





An interesting example of styling with paint: By using the same silvery gray on both clapboards and bricks, the house and wing have been made one unit. The smart, modern effect has been heightened by painting shutters a rust color.



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Want to make yourself a *smart* paint buyer? Then send for and *read* "So You're Going to Paint"—our free booklet with 52 illustrations in color. The coupon brings it to you.

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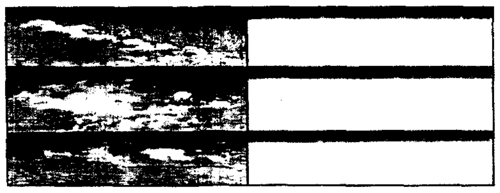

LOW-GRADE PAINT	DUTCH BOY
"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.	*Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as low-grade paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

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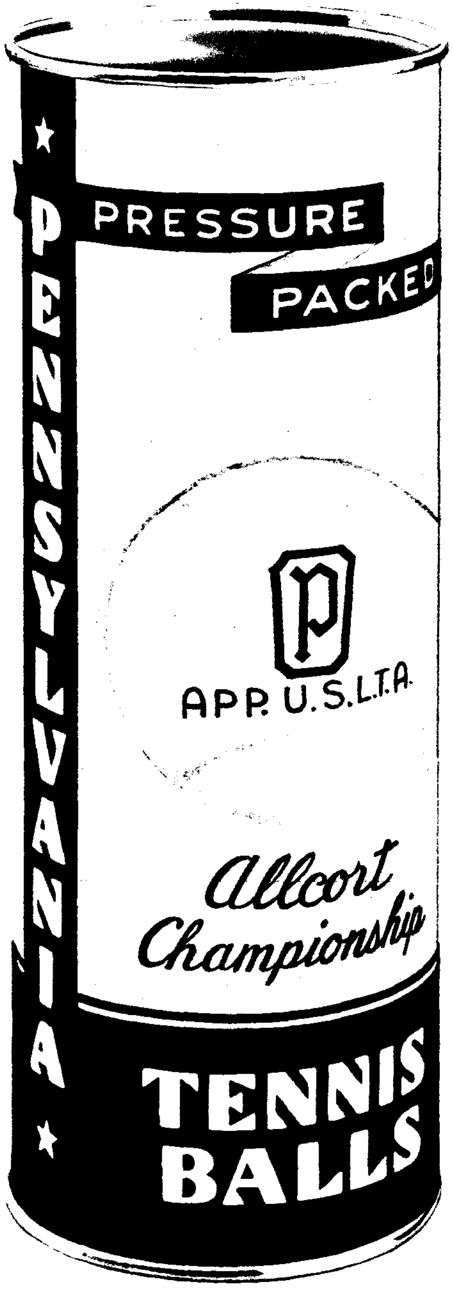

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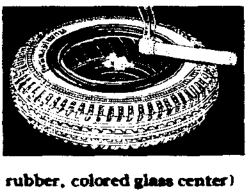

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Enclosed 20¢ in stamps—send me an ash tray—prepaid.
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Cuba but that Cord would sit in all day and all night looking froze. Didn't sweat enough to wash the dust off a new-born tick. Every time he raked in a pot he got a little holier and sadder-looking. Tears welled in his gentle eyes as he pondered the ignorance of his fellow men.

Although he is generally conceded to be the ablest member of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet—better equipped for his job, better balanced, even craftier—he is by all means the most independent. His influence on the New Deal has been greater than the New Deal's influence on him. By most of Mr. Roosevelt's eager satellites he has been regarded scornfully from time to time as a home-spun hack with a one-way mind into which nothing new had entered since the turn of the century. How wrong they were they learned when several of them tried to brush him off. They complained that he didn't seem to understand what they were talking about. So did he. Among the first things the Ickeses, Moleys and Corcorans learned when they turned to New Dealing was to let Uncle Billy's boy alone. Once Mr. Ickes tangled with Mr. Hull (helium) and once Mr. Moley essayed to teach the old man the true principles of internationalism. Mr. Moley never did get properly on his political feet again.

Two former Secretaries of State—Henry L. Stimson and Charles E. Hughes—think he's a great man. And they ought to know, having been themselves masters of the job. An economist of the old conservative school, he has frequently applied his favorite epithet to the gadfly variety with which Washington has buzzed during the past seven years—a vulgar variant of pismire. Always at heart a free trader, high-tariff legislation enrages him. In the mountains they tell you that, properly aroused, Cord Hull can cuss a mule bow-legged. He keeps his tongue in practice on the Smoot-Hawley Act, which, he says, was responsible for the depression.

For years he had been advocating multilateral trade agreements. Mr. Roosevelt, inviting him into the Cabinet, told him he would have the whole-hearted backing of the White House in negotiating them. When Congress recently threatened to curb his powers in such treaty-making he overcame the menace without raising his flat, high-keyed voice. He talks with a lisp ("This is cowect pwoceedure fo' all Cwistian countwies") and his formal speeches are not warranted to make his audiences reach for their shotguns. If he and Mr. Taft are the candidates, your emotions will not be fired nor will your sleep be disturbed by them.

He's no utilities-baiter, soaker of the rich nor labor-coddler. He believes that it will be a long time before we have a President as great as Woodrow Wilson. For seven years he has been about the only important man in Mr. Roosevelt's administration who has not weeded the word No from his vocabulary and survived. As a congressman he wrote our current income-tax legislation. He regards the National Labor Relations Board as unfair to all sides—the employer, the worker and the public. And it's his opinion that the Securities Exchange Commission requires simplification and conservative administration. At the moment he appears to be the only possible Democratic nominee to succeed Mr. Roosevelt who could expect the sincere support of both wings of the party.

At Montevideo, leading the United States delegation at his first Pan-American conference, he scandalized his own retinue and charmed the Latin-Americans by his simplicity, disdain for formality and his general lack of side. He walked humbly, talked discreetly and thought shrewdly. Later, at Buenos Aires, his sincerity, courtesy and gentle wisdom disarmed the suspicious South Americans. Deaf to the entreaties of the austere and convention-worshiping Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, he launched the conference at night on the eve of the conversations, in his carpet slippers. For a long while he sat on his bed reading some, chewing some and thinking some. Then, his suspenders dangling on his hips, his pajama coat flapping free, he scuffed off down the hall to the rooms of Dr. Francisco Castillo Najero, Mexico's ambassador to the United States, and sold that gentleman the idea of presenting, next day, the Hull Plan of Pan-American solidarity. Thus he allayed suspicion.

But whatever Cord Hull does doesn't surprise the Tennessee Cumberlands. He had a right smart pappy. Cord ain't more'n a patch on his pappy—Uncle Billy Hull. Cord, said Uncle Billy, wasn't set enough to be a schoolteacher, wasn't rough enough to be a lumberman, wasn't sociable enough to be a doctor and couldn't holler loud enough to be a preacher. But Cord, said Uncle Billy, was a right thorough thinker.

So the Cumberlands think that he'd make a right smart President. Not maybe as good as Uncle Billy. But who would?

Tilden's My Man

Continued from page 18

seldom have I played against the man that Tilden was that night. He was smashing as hard as ever. He was catching me out of position with tantalizing drop shots and annoying lobs. He was the master. I was the pupil.

There was another time in England when Bill showed us all something of that fighting heart of his. He was playing a singles match with Les Stoefen and Les won the first set. He kept up this fast pace to lead five to two on his own service and it looked like curtains for Tilden. Then, going after a drop-shot, Bill turned his ankle badly.

Now this was just an exhibition game. The winning or losing of it didn't really matter a terrible lot. Except to Bill. He limped back to the base line and you could see that he was mad clean through. He was mad at himself for having twisted that ankle. He somehow or other communicated this cold rage to his racket. He ignored his ankle, which must have been causing him blazing stabs of pain. He went to work, pulled up even, won the set and then went on to win the third set and the match. And Stoefen said afterward that he had never played better. That's Tilden. He's most dangerous when he's hurt and behind.

I remember another night during that same tour. Usually Vines and I teamed in the doubles against Stoefen and Tilden. This night we switched and I teamed with Bill to play against Vines and Stoefen. Now that's as good a doubles team as there is in the world. Just the tremendous height of them gives them a great advantage over any team they face. This night we were playing at Birmingham and there was an overflow crowd. Just before we started Tilden slapped me on the back and he said, "Don, I really feel like going tonight, don't you?"

I felt good too, and I told Bill. Then

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Bill said grimly, "Let's go after them."

Playing doubles with Bill is like having a mind reader in your corner who tells you just what your opponent is going to do next. That night Bill anticipated every shot that Elly or Les was about to make. I'll never forget the thrill of that match. Everything that Bill did was right. He couldn't miss the chalk lines and his serves were something out of a book. He was playing the kind of tennis we all dream of playing sometime. If I was caught out of position, Bill somehow or other was there to back me up. Elly and Stoefen caught the spirit of the match too and they put it out. And we beat one of the greatest doubles teams of all time, 6-2, 6-2.

I hit a streak of bad playing on that English tour. Something was wrong about my game and I couldn't figure it out. Tilden noticed it, of course, but he didn't say anything until one morning. He phoned me and said casually, "Don, want to play a few sets this morning?"

Of course I did. So we went out on the court and went to it. I'd say, "Bill, my forehand is lousy today. What's the matter with it?" and Bill would say, "Don, maybe you're not bending down far enough." So I'd correct that fault and still there was something wrong. Then Bill would say casually, "Don, maybe you're not getting your left foot around far enough."

We practiced four mornings in succession before I snapped out of it. Every now and then Bill would make some offhand suggestion. Every time he did I followed it and suddenly I snapped out of my slump. I tried to thank Bill for helping me and he looked surprised.

He said, "Why, Don, I just wanted a few workouts."

I said, "Sure, Bill," but to myself I said, "You faker. You know darn' well I was off my game and you knew just how to get me back on it."

That Tilden Temperament

I read a lot of stories about Tilden that make me sick. I hear that he's a prima donna, a petulant, overbearing show-off. Well, I've traveled about fifty thousand miles with Bill and I figure that I know him. I know that tennis is his life and I know that he's done more for tennis than any ten men.

Sure, Bill is a prima donna. He's the same kind of prima donna that Jack Dempsey was. Once that bell rang Dempsey knew only one way to fight. That was to keep punching until either he or the other fellow dropped. That's the way Bill has always played tennis. Once he gets on that court he concentrates only on one thing—how he can beat that man in front of him.

He gives no quarter and he asks for none. Naturally bad decisions on balls hit near the lines, loud talking by spectators or other things that interfere with the actual playing of the game annoy Bill just as they annoy any other tennis player.

When Bill wins he wins gracefully. Look back over the years. Do you ever remember Tilden furnishing an alibi when he was licked? Tilden hates to lose. But when he did lose he knew how to take his licking gracefully.

They called the 1920's the Golden Age of Sports. Remember the giants of those days? There was Dempsey and Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones and Johnny Weismuller and Red Grange and there was Tilden. He's the only one left in active competition and today he can probably beat any other man in the world in a one-set match. He outlived his own age and added luster to a new one.

What makes Tilden so great? First of all, Tilden has a heart that must be twice the ordinary size. He never knew fear on the court. Now by fear I mean that quality that makes a man get the jitters and lose his fine touch at a crucial point. Tilden was always at his best when the stakes were high, when the winning really meant something. Don't forget he won seven national championships. Don't forget that he was ranked second in 1918 and 1919 and that he was Number One in the National ranking during the next ten years. That means that he won his important matches. Don't forget that Tilden represented America on eleven Davis Cup teams. Say, I don't even have to go to the record books to know that Bill won four Wimbledon titles.

The Game's Only Genius

A great deal has been written about the technical aspects of Bill's game. All I can say is that he can do everything as well as anyone else can. One man may have a great serve but his forehand will be weak; another may have a terrific backhand but his volleying will be bad. Tilden never had a weakness in his game. Tilden is the only player I know who combines the speed of a Vines with the knack Perry has of hitting the ball early. Bill hits the ball back at you so quickly that as often as not you aren't set for it.

Tilden still has the ability to make "impossible" returns. That is, he can often hit back a ball that by all the rules is unhittable and unreachable.

Tilden is probably the only genius the game of tennis has ever produced. You never know what to expect from Bill. He'll bombard you for a time with zooming drives that tear the racket from your hand. Then just as you think you have figured out a way to handle his speed he'll switch and drive you crazy with soft stuff. He's a master of every known shot and as I said before he has a gift of anticipation. You feel that he and not you is directing your play.

I play a lot of practice games with Tilden and I've never come away from one of them without learning something. We usually play for a dollar a set and we've had some grim matches. After two years of this I find that Bill is about four dollars ahead of me.

Often people ask me what the greatest thrill was that I've ever gotten out of tennis. They think perhaps I'll say that it was the time I won the National championship at Forest Hills. Or they think I'll tell them how I felt winning at Wimbledon or of that night at the Garden when I made my professional debut against Vines. But I'll be honest. The biggest thrill I ever got off the court came in Southport, England, not long ago. They gave us a dinner and Tilden made a speech. He finished by saying some nice things about my game and then he hesitated for a second. Finally he slapped me on the back and he said, "And in conclusion I want to say that I think Don Budge is the greatest tennis player of all time."

I sat there stunned for a moment. I'm still a little stunned by it. I think it was the most graceful lie I ever heard in my life. Sometimes I read a story about my game and once or twice I've read the line, "Budge is the greatest player of them all." Whenever I read that I laugh. I feel like looking up the writer of that story and saying to him: "Budge? Listen, pal, you can have Budge. Tilden's my man."

I KISSED HER SISTER!

GETTING ENGAGED TO A "TWIN" WAS BAD ENOUGH... BUT WHEN I FORGOT TO CLEAN MY DIRTY SPECS WITH KLEENEX AND KISSED MY FIANCEE'S SISTER... OH BOY!

(from a letter by D. U. H., New York, N. Y.)

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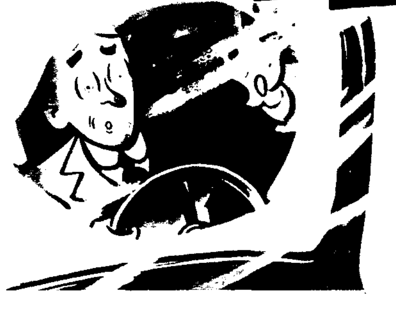

I WAS DRIVING BLIND

...UNTIL I STARTED KEEPING KLEENEX IN THE CAR TO WIPE MOISTURE, FOG AND DIRT OFF THE WINDSHIELD.

(from a letter by E. W. B. Birmingham, Ala.)

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WHEN I SAW MY HUSBAND WRITE HIS NAME IN THE DUST ON MY TABLE I TOOK THE HINT. NOW KLEENEX IS IN THE DRAWER AND ONE QUICK SWISH KEEPS MY FURNITURE GLEAMING!

(from a letter by H. A. V., Detroit, Mich.)

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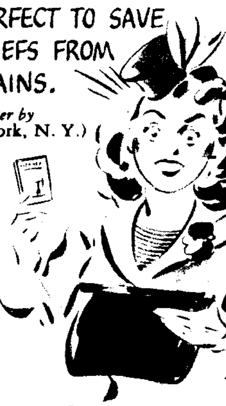
...THOSE NEW PURSE-SIZE KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES. SMALL AND HANDY, THEY'RE PERFECT TO SAVE HANDKERCHIEFS FROM LIPSTICK STAINS.

(from a letter by H. J. T., New York, N. Y.)



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**Based on the thousands who stated a brand preference.*

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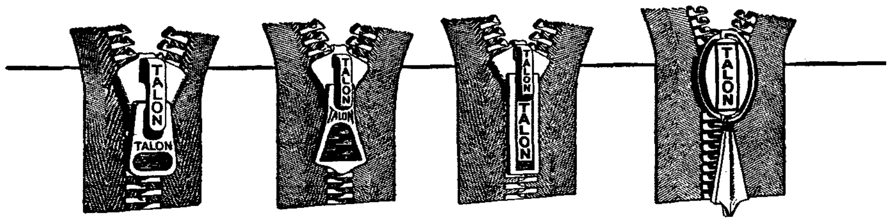

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The Right Man

Continued from page 10

only her married couple, the Parkers, and she blessed them for their promptness. The next time it was John.

He came into the room shoulder to shoulder with his wife. She was a beautiful girl—tall and blond and calm.

Instinct sent Delia toward them with her hands outstretched.

"Delia, this is Vivien," said John.

She took the long, firm hand in hers.

"I'm so glad—so glad that you could come," she said.

John's wife smiled. "So am I."

"Delia—how pretty you look," said John.

At last she really let herself see him. She lifted her face to him.

"How nice of you," she said inanely, and smiled, and turned and smiled inanely at his wife.

JOHN was as tall and as haggard-cheeked as she had remembered. The lock of hair still fell forward over his brow and his mouth still twisted at the corner. His dark eyes looked at her sorrowfully—so sorrowfully.

Delia's breath stuck in her throat.

"Hullo, Delia," said Benjamin Tyler.

The bell must have rung, the door must have opened to let him in, without her knowing it.

"Why, Ben!" she cried. "Come in. Come in and meet all these people."

She went to welcome him and paused a moment with her hand in his.

"Do you mind," she whispered, "if I behave as though I adored you?"

"Delighted," said Benjamin Tyler.

The party moved smoothly and gaily through the cocktails and into dinner and back into the living room for coffee, and settled finally for the evening with a highball in its hand.

Delia sat on the sofa and talked nonsense with Freddie Parker. Across the room John was obviously talking more nonsense with Helen Parker. Delia could feel, without seeing, that John's eyes were on her. She turned her head and smiled brilliantly at Ben Tyler.

The stale tricks work. John left Helen Parker in the middle of a sentence. Benjamin Tyler rose quickly to pull Helen's chair closer to his and Vivien's. Freddie Parker, whose line of chatter was running out, looked faintly relieved and went to fiddle with the radio. She sat alone with John on the sofa.

"Delia . . ." he said.

"Hullo, John," said Delia.

"Tyler's a very nice guy," said John.

She wanted to say, "But he's nothing to me, John. Nothing at all." Instead she said, "Yes, he is. Very nice."

"What does he do for a living?"

"He's a lawyer."

"He looks it," said John. "What's his firm?"

"I never can remember those names," said Delia.

She raised her voice: "Ben, what's that funny-sounding firm you work for?"

"Tyler, Tyler, Tyler and Tyler," said Ben, very solemnly.

"N-no wonder I couldn't remember," gasped Delia. She caught Ben's eye and began to giggle.

"It's not kind to laugh at me," John said.

"I'm not laughing at you," said Delia. "I've never laughed at you." All at once she thought, "Nor with you. I've just loved you."

He took her hand.

"Delia, I've got to explain," he said.

She had just strength enough to take away her hand. "There's nothing to explain."

"My marriage," John said.

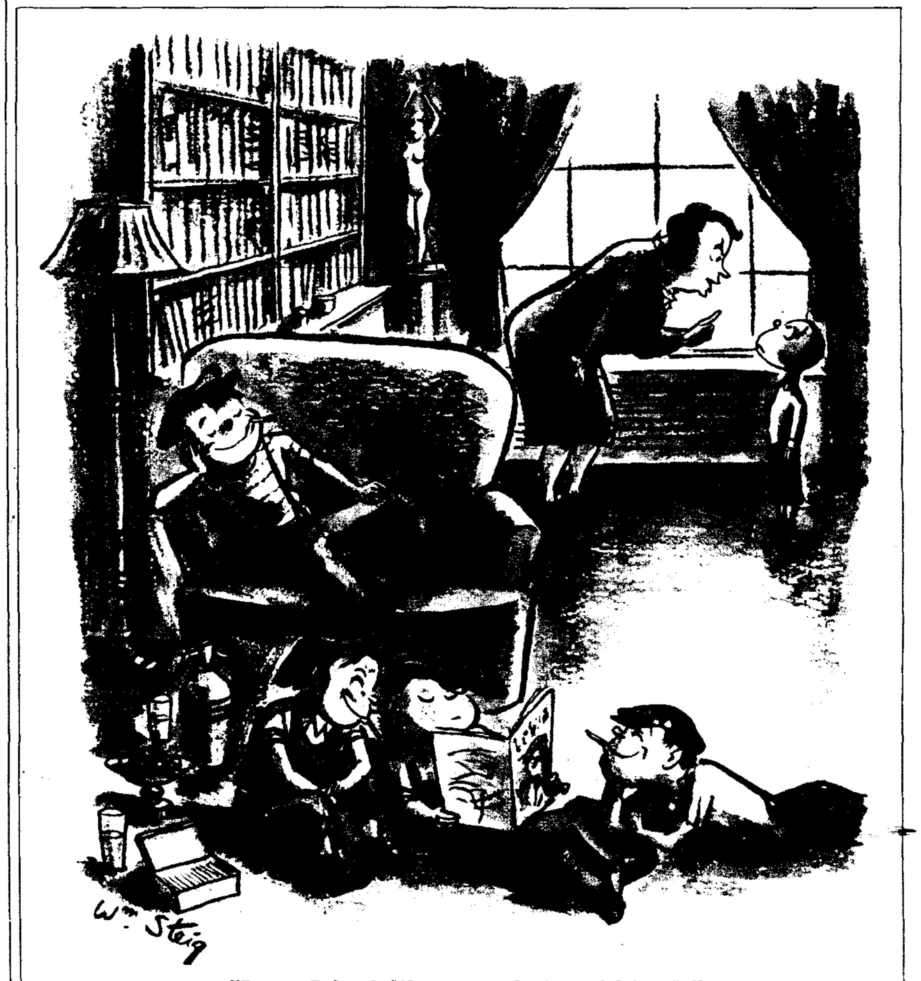
"Vivien explains that," said Delia. "She's beautiful and charming."

"Delia, you're sweet," he said.

She was lost at last in his sad eyes.

"Oh, John, don't," she said.

"I've got to explain," he said. "I've



"Peter, I don't like your choice of friends" WILLIAM STEIG

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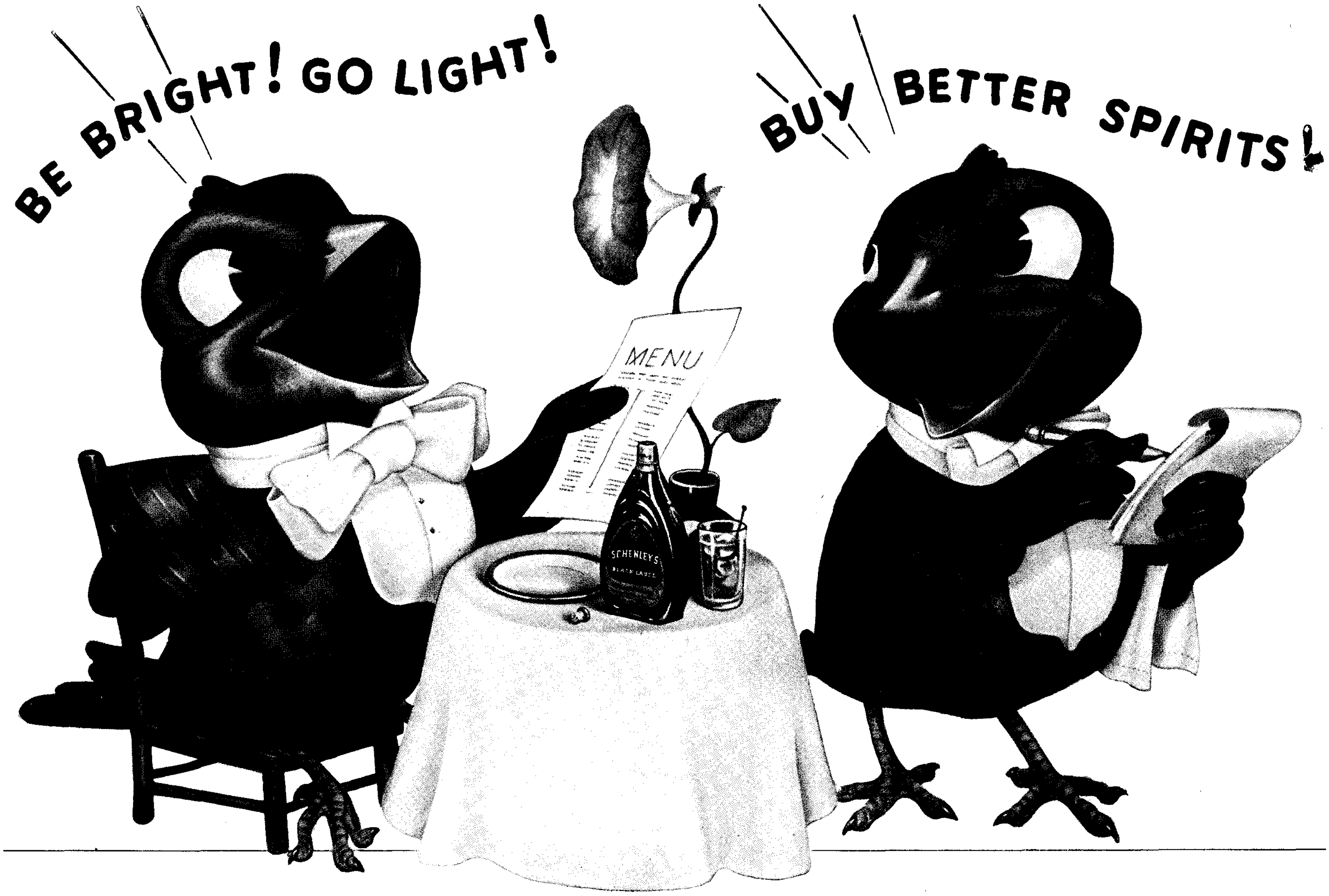
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got to feel right about this. Will you meet me tomorrow for lunch?"

"Where?"

"Fred's."

She nodded dumbly.

BENJAMIN TYLER stayed when the others had gone. He stood in front of the fire with his hands in his pockets.

"On the whole you did very well," he said.

"Ben, you're a darling," she said.

"Delia," he said, "will you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

The uncontrollable, the foolish, blush rose to her forehead.

"I can't," she said.

He stared at her.

"Look," he said. "That man's happily married to a very nice girl. What do you think you're going to do? Break it up?"

"I hadn't even thought of that," Delia said.

"Well, then, think," he said.

She frowned at him furiously.

"Why don't you go home?" she said.

"Ah, Delia," Ben said. He crossed the room, sat down beside her and took her hand in his. This time she didn't draw her hand away. It felt very comfortable, very comforting, where it was. She leaned back and closed her eyes. The two fat tears broke through her lids.

"Listen to me, Delia," Ben said. "I think you're a very attractive girl, and John Banks obviously agrees with me. But if you go on this way, you're going to find you've made a first-rate fool of yourself for nothing. Because however genuinely he may like you—which has nothing to do with the way he likes his wife—he certainly isn't going to let you break up his marriage. And if you do it in spite of him, he'll hate you."

Delia opened her eyes.

"He loves me," she said.

"Poor little Delia," Ben said. Then, "Marriage is marriage."

"What would you do? You know so much."

"I?" said Ben. He was silent a moment. Then he said: "If I were you I'd never see him again if I could help it."

"I'm afraid," Delia said, "I'm not going to take your advice."

"Why not?"

She looked at him then. Her eyes were wide and soft and her mouth was tender.

"Ben, I'm so mad about him."

They rose together, as though each felt instinctively that the evening was over. At the door Ben stopped.

"Of course, he's no more right for you than you are for him," he said. "You need another sort of man altogether."

"What sort of man?"

"Well, frankly, a man like me," Ben said. "I'd keep you in such good order."

She smiled in spite of herself.

"You're the silly."

"No," he said. He contemplated his hat. "Where are you going tomorrow?"

"A place called Fred's," said Delia, and bit her tongue.

He gave her no time.

"Good night," he said. He bent and kissed her cheek and went away.

Delia stood looking at the door for quite a long time. Then she touched her cheek with a light-fingered hand and went to bed.

The next day when she walked into Fred's, Ben's counsel was somehow very bright in her mind. She found John standing at the little bar.

"Hullo," she said.

He swung around.

"Hullo," he said. He smiled his crooked, heartbreaking smile, and they went into the dining room.

John had a table against the wall where they could sit side by side. His hand closed on hers, and all her strength began to leave her as though it were oozing slowly out of her toes.

John looked straight before him. "I still love you," he said.

"Oh, please," Delia whispered.

He turned to her then. "I said I wanted to explain," he said. "Actually there's nothing to explain. I thought I'd forgotten you, but yesterday when I heard your voice, last night when I saw you, it all came back. You're in my blood, Delly."

"And you're in mine," said Delia to her plate.

"What are we going to do?"

"Oh, John, what?" said Delia.

His fingers tightened over hers.

"You see, Delia," he said. "I can't hurt Vivien."

Somewhere in the back of Delia's head a little bell rang.

"Don't you think," she said carefully, "that we had just better not see each other any more?"

"Never?" he said, and her heart actually leaped at the tone of his voice.

But she nodded.

"I've got to see you sometimes," John said. "I'll try not to make love to you, Delia."

"All right," said Delia, very low.

They sat there for a long time, not eating, not speaking. Inside Delia's bosom was the wonderful, the uncomfortable emptiness that she had thought never to feel again. And inextricably mingled with it there was a faint, undeniable touch of triumph that she simply didn't try to explain to herself.

Not an hour after she got home Ben Tyler telephoned.

"Did you miss me?" he said.

"No!" said Delia.

"I thought my absence would speak for me," he said. "Will you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

All of a sudden Delia felt gay.

"Yes," she said. "I'd like to." He wouldn't know, she wouldn't tell him, that tomorrow at five o'clock she was having cocktails with John.

But she did tell him.

It was fun, she found, lunching with Ben in a good restaurant. It was really great fun to wear the small yellow orchids he had sent her and to feel pretty and desirable even though lovelorn.

"But I'm not lovelorn," she said to herself in answer to these thoughts. "That's exactly why I feel so wonderful—because John still cares."

It was at this precise moment that Ben said:

"When are you seeing him again?"

"This afternoon," said Delia angrily.

"Then I had better make hay," Ben said. He leaned across the table. "Do you know," he said, "I think you're the cutest girl I've ever met."

"You didn't exactly meet me," said Delia.

But he was so nice, and his eyes were so warm, and his look was so funny, that she couldn't help laughing.

IT SEEMED to her, later, that her whole winter was spent between loving John and laughing with Ben. She ended by seeing them both almost every day. Ben almost stopped talking with her about John, but he knew what was going on. Once he said:

"For a girl who's carrying on a hopeless love affair you're in very good spirits."

Delia looked at him, startled.

"But of course, you don't think it's hopeless," Ben said.

With his words, the strange, small feeling of triumph that had been going around with her crystallized suddenly. She thought of the way John kissed her, of the way he said her name. She thought, "I can get John back for good. I can marry him." The blood rose in her face.

"I'm glad you can still blush," Ben said.

"When two people love each other—"

"That's not honest," Ben said.

"Don't speak to me like that," said Delia.

"This is the last time," Ben said.

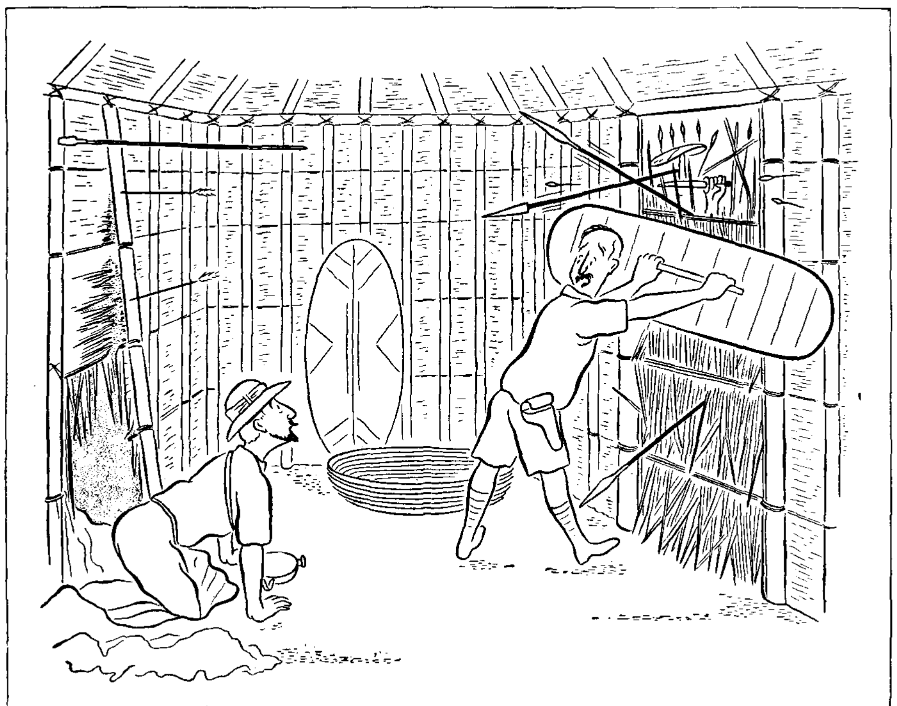
It was too, unless you could count the time they all went dancing. Somehow or other—Delia figured out long after that it really started when Vivien invited her to dinner and asked her to bring Ben—John and Vivien and Ben and they began to go out quite often as a foursome. It was exciting in a not altogether pleasant way, and Delia surprised herself, again not entirely pleasantly, by the ease with which she could be friendly with Vivien. On the night in question, she danced again and again with John, while Ben and Vivien sat at the table, and she felt definitely, stubbornly, glad that anyone—anyone—could have told she and John were in love.

When Ben took her home, he stopped outside on the sidewalk.

"Delia, you're going to come a cropper," he said. "Vivien is much brighter than she looks."

"She's a cow," Delia said.

Ben looked down at her. "In the circumstances, I'm certainly not going to



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Shakespeare BALANCED TACKLE

ask you to marry me," he said. He turned on his heel and left her with the tears rolling down her cheeks unheeded and her mouth wide open.

It was in early spring that Vivien planned Sunday in the country.

"We're going to open the farm," she said, "and I want you and Ben to come along."

"The farm?" said Delia.

"Why, yes," said Vivien. "The farm we bought last year just after we were married. It's a sweet place."

"It does sound like fun," said Delia, politely. It meant a whole long day with John and she didn't try to figure out why she should feel as though she were standing uncomfortably near the edge of a precipice.

It was drizzling when they started off on Sunday morning. They drove through the wet parkways and into Connecticut and by then the drizzle was a good, steady rain.

The little white house looked cozy when they reached it, and the farmer's wife had been in to lay the fire. John tried to light it, but all his matches went out.

"Here, Johnnie, let me," Vivien said. She knelt beside him and lit the kindling with a sure hand.

"You're wonderful," John said.

Vivien turned her lovely face to him and said something very low. Delia just heard it.

"It's nice to be home, isn't it?" Vivien said.

They picnicked in front of the fireplace with the sandwiches and the vacuum bottles arranged on a low table before them. Delia and Ben sat on hassocks and John sat in his big chair and Vivien in her smaller one.

"You need a little bear," Ben said, and even Delia managed to laugh.

When the food was gone, they sat sleepily, talking and smoking, until at last Vivien got to her feet.

"Rain or no rain," she said. "I'm going to look at my bulbs."

"I'll go with you," John said quickly.

"Your overshoes are in the hall closet, dear," said Vivien.

John smiled from the door. "We won't be a minute," he said. Even his smile was apologetic.

WHEN they had gone, Delia said, "I didn't know John was interested in gardening."

"Well, why not?" Ben said. "It's his own place."

Delia looked around and took in all the details she had been avoiding. It was certainly John's place—John's place that Vivien had made him. On the walls hung the framed originals of his best illustrations. John, she realized with surprise, would like that. The cup he had once won as runner-up in a tennis tournament stood on top of the bookcase. The whole room, the whole little house, was his. It fitted him like a glove.

"I never could have done this," Delia thought suddenly. "I never would even have known this was what he wanted. I would have made the house look like me." She felt a funny choking feeling.

"Of course Vivien is laying it on a bit thick," Ben said conversationally.

"Oh, stop it!" said Delia.

She looked at him sitting so lazily, so disrespectfully in John's deserted chair. "What sort of house would you like to have, Ben?"

"Why, Delia," he said, "as long as the beds and the food were good, I think I should just leave everything to my dear wife and let her revel to her heart's content."

Delia got up and kicked the fire, and neither of them said another word until John and Vivien came back from the garden. They were drenched.

"I'm afraid it's a storm," John said. "It's blowing a gale and the mud on our road's a foot deep already." He looked around uncomfortably. "I'm afraid we can't get out tonight."

"Oh, no!" Delia cried.

"But, Delia, this is very pleasant," Ben said smugly.

"At least there's bedding enough," said Vivien. "Delia can have the guest room and we'll put Ben down here."

The evening passed easily enough. There was plenty of canned food in the kitchen and Vivien was a good cook. They all went to bed almost immediately after dinner.

"I'll just get the hot bottles," said Vivien.

"The what?" Ben said.

Vivien laughed. "Johnnie's feet get cold."

Ben snorted.

"I'm going up," said Delia abruptly.

"I'll show you where things are," John said.

She walked up the narrow stairs ahead of him. She felt as though his fingers were burning a hole in her elbow. In front of her door, she stopped.

"John, I know where things are," she said.

"Delia, I'm sorry," he said.

"What for?"

John looked at her with sad, reproachful eyes. "I didn't think this was a good idea anyway," he said. "But I never expected we'd have to spend the night."

"What does it matter?" Delia said. "I was just going dancing with Ben."

Vivien was coming toward them with something white in her hands.

"I've brought you a nightie," she said.

"Thank you," said Delia. She looked up at them standing side by side. "Good night, John and Vivien."

Inside her room, she stood against the door with Vivien's nightgown clutched in her hands. Suddenly she hurled it across the room and then, for the first time, she really saw it. It was fine white batiste and it had been embroidered by the Filipinos.

"Oh, my goodness," Delia said.

In the room next door, she could hear John and Vivien moving around as they got ready for bed. She could hear the murmur of their voices and Vivien's little laugh and John's chuckle. Then all of a sudden, the realization she had been fighting off all day came over her like a flood. John and Vivien were man and wife. They were happy together; they suited each other.

"Oh, my goodness," Delia moaned.

IT WAS some moments before she realized that the dreadful feelings that had seized her were located completely in the pit of her stomach.

"This isn't love," Delia thought. "This is humiliation."

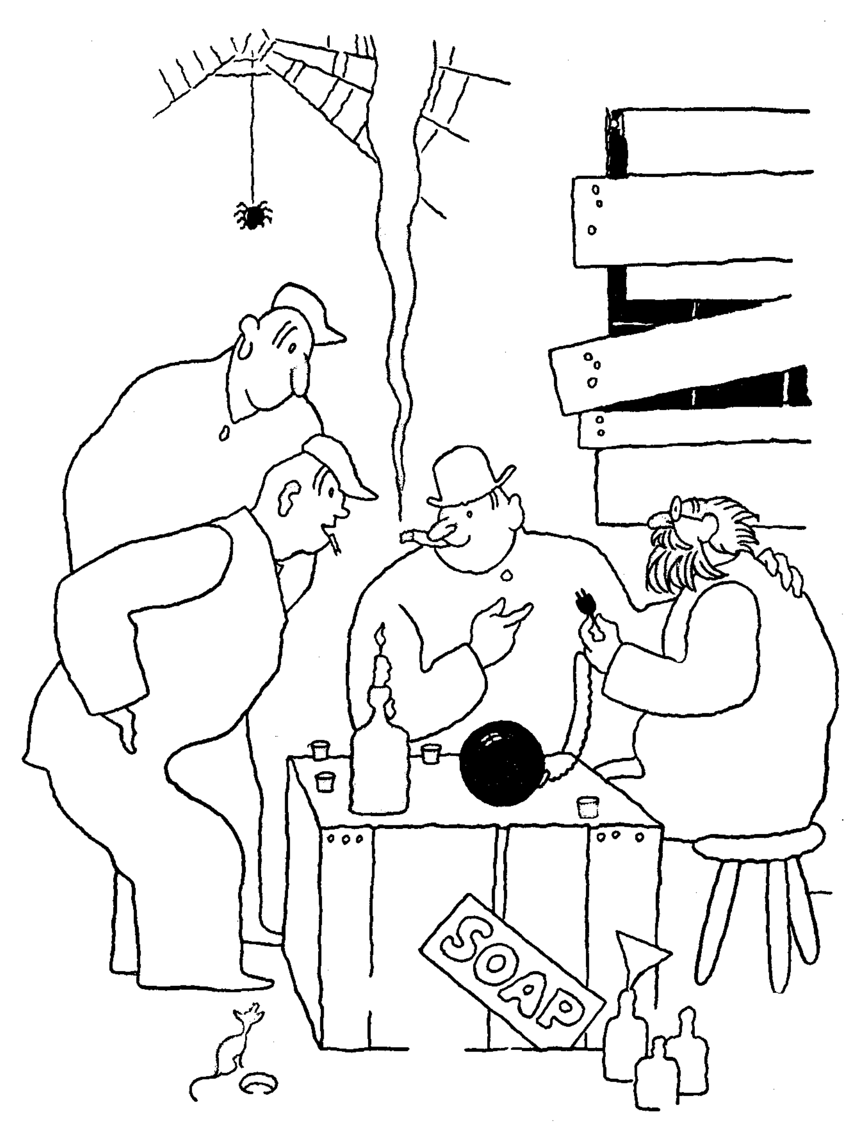
And then, very clearly, she thought, "I wouldn't want John if I could get him. I'd hate a husband I had to look after and nurse and get out of the flirtations he'd always have. I want another sort of man entirely."

She put her hand to her heart and now it was beating fast. "Why, I'm happy," she thought. "I've been happy a long time. I want my Ben."

She ran out of the room and down the stairs and into the living room. Ben was standing before the fireplace with his head on his arm.

"Ben," she said. He turned like a shot, and when he saw her face his arms went out and she went into them.

"This is where I want to be," said Delia.



"Malinski's just invented an electric time bomb. All the victim has to do is plug it in"

GARDNER REA

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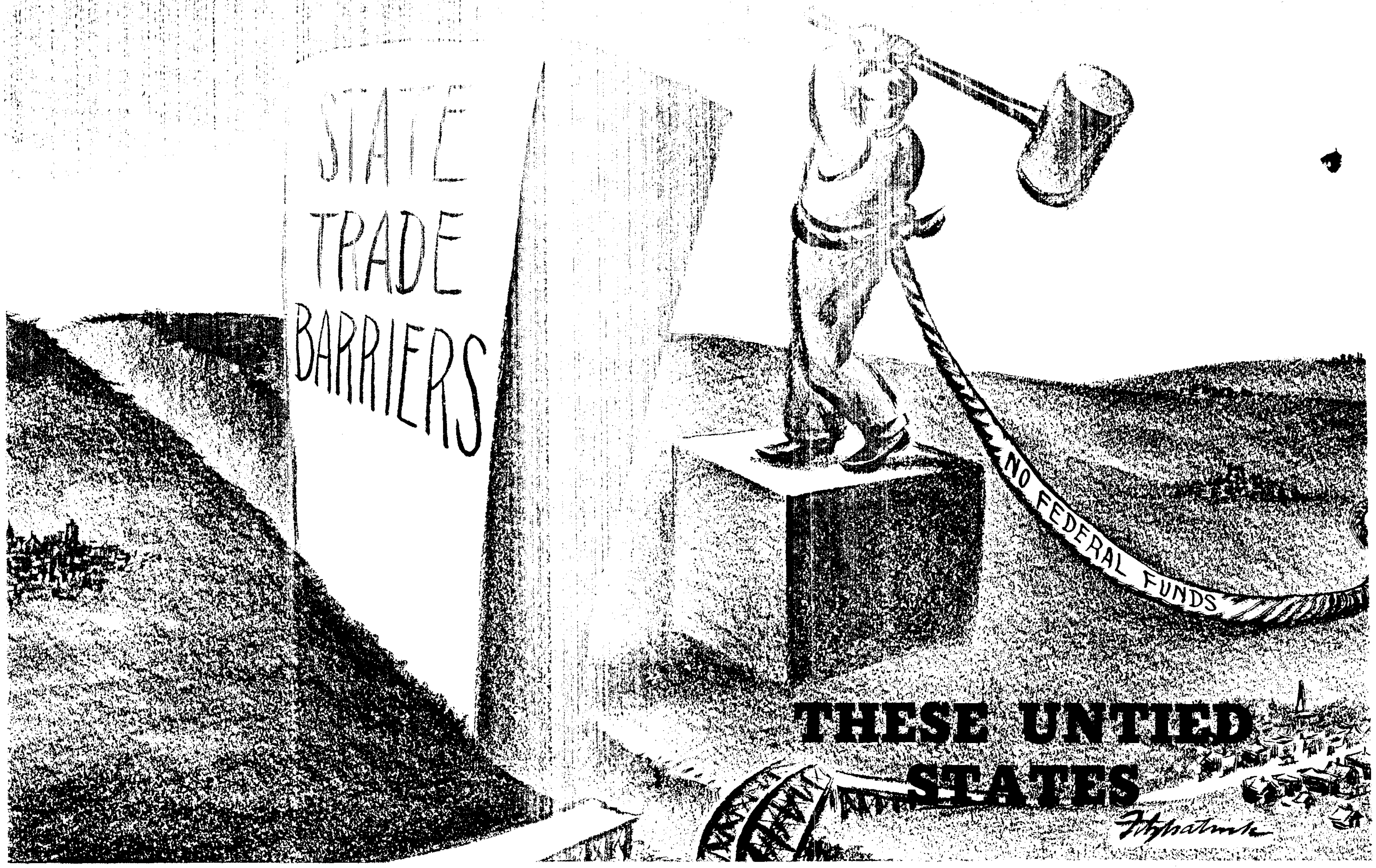


THESE UNTIED STATES

PLEASE get the second word of the above caption clearly in mind, because it isn't what it looks like at first glance.

Then please read this 1861 remark of Abraham Lincoln's:

> We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this.

Lincoln was talking about the impending attempt to divorce the North and South. His words apply just as fitly today to the interstate trade barriers—tariffs disguised in various ingenious ways—which are turning these United States into these Untied States.

The O'Mahoney-Arnold antimonopoly committee's hearings on the subject have brought out one fact that was news to us.

We knew that state after state had set up customhouses on its borders to collect assorted fees from truckers, farmers, milk shippers, etc., so as to make it tough for "foreigners" from Kansas, say, to sell their wares in Nebraska, or vice versa.

But we didn't know that, as these hearings revealed, some states have got around already to requiring "tourist permits" of visitors from other states, for all the world like the temporary passports required of foreigners visiting the United States.

That is the pay-off. It is the signal that this interstate throat-cutting has gone as far as it can be allowed to go if this country isn't presently to come untied into a lot of independent, fighting and poverty-stricken nations, as Europe did when the Roman Empire took its farewell power dive in 476 A. D.

How to reverse this coming-untied process?

The best suggestion we've yet heard was offered at these same antimonopoly hearings by Dr. W. Y. Elliott of Harvard. Dr. Elliott says that the federal government, omitting all flowers and beg-pardons, should clap restrictions and prohibitions on all trade-barrier states, in ways that would sting them awake to the national welfare.

Congress can withhold federal highway aid, health aid and kindred grants from any state that thus hacks at the strands that have kept the Union together—and Congress should. Congress can scare other states, by this same method, out of snatching up the trade-barrier ax—and Congress should.

General idea: No national patriotism, no federal money.

Thereby, this nation should be restored as the great free-trade area that it was through the generations of its greatest growth and prosperity. And there isn't any other "thereby" in sight, the Supreme Court having recently lain down on this job.

How to get Congress to act, with many congressmen, of course, being subject to pressure from purblind little local politicians at home?

The only thing that will shove Congress into action is the united pressure of American public opinion.

The building up of a united antitrade-barrier public opinion all around the country is the most important job now facing press, radio, publicists, movies, clergy, educators and all other leaders of American thought. On the doing of this job, and the doing of it quickly, hangs the survival of the United States of America, no more and no less.

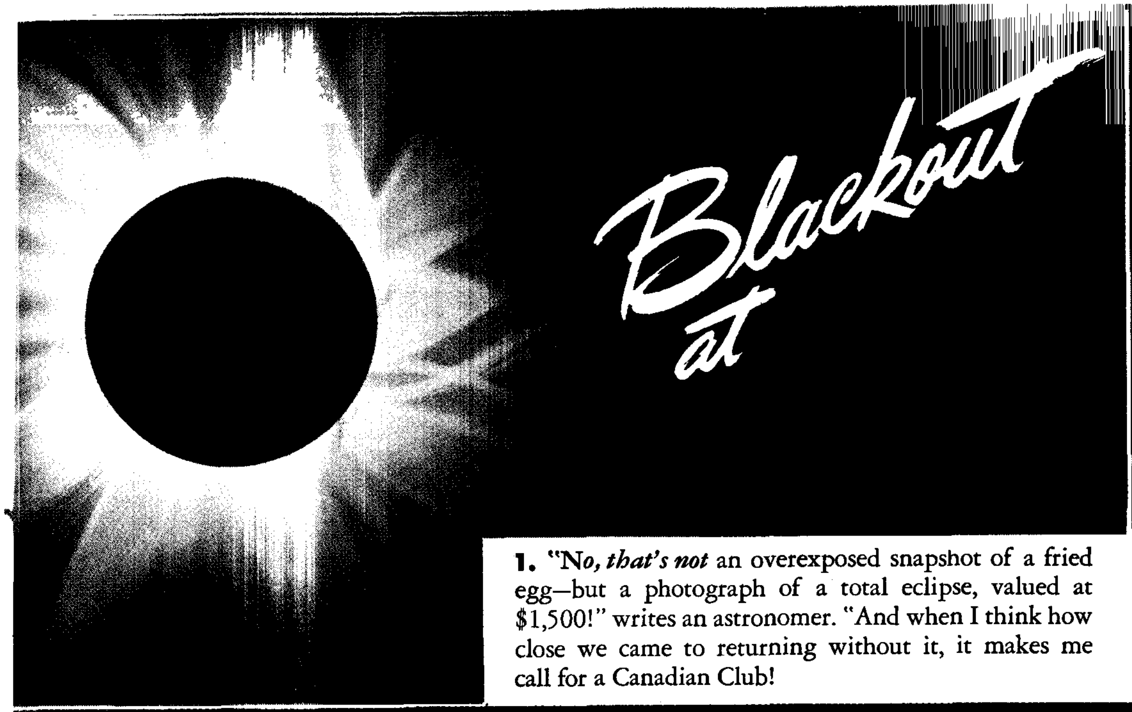
RIGHT HAND, LEFT HAND

HAVING had considerable time, now, to ponder the first court decision in the case of Bertrand Russell—a decision that held that the noble earl was not a fit person morally or spiritually to teach even the driest and most abstruse subjects at C. C. N. Y.—we reach this theory:

That the noble earl, unluckily for him, transgressed an ancient principle of elementary wisdom for those who want to get along in the world as it is. He made the mistake of letting his left hand know what his right hand was doing throughout his adult life. Or, in the words of some wise Frenchman, you can do practically anything you want to do so long as you don't talk about it; and you can say anything you want to say, so long as you don't try to do anything about it. It's when you try to combine words and deeds that you head into trouble.

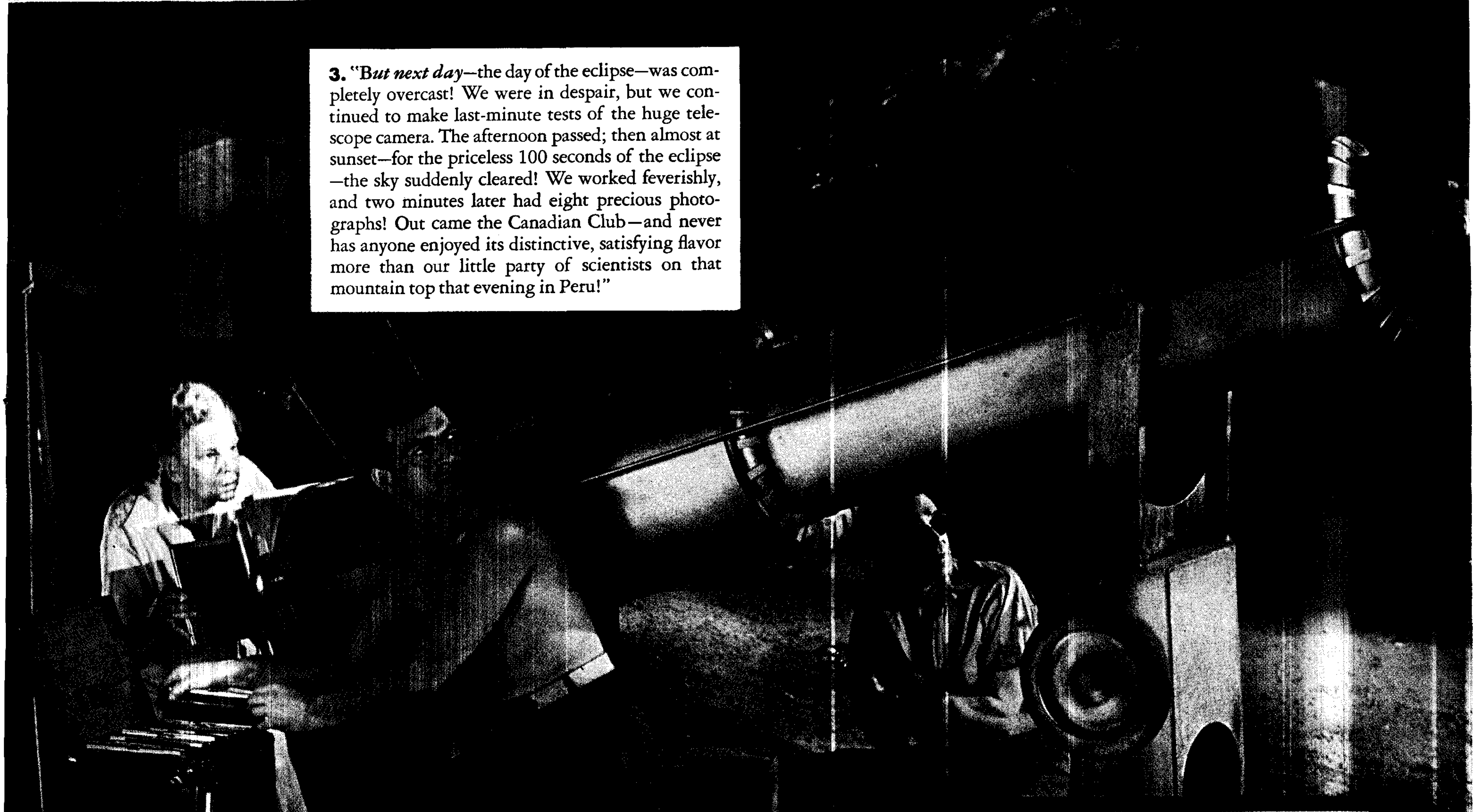
It's a principle worth thinking over for a good deal longer time than it takes you to read this editorial.

Blackout at



1. "N*o, that's not* an overexposed snapshot of a fried egg—but a photograph of a total eclipse, valued at $1,500!" writes an astronomer. "And when I think how close we came to returning without it, it makes me call for a Canadian Club!

2. "W*e had organized* an expedition to Cerro de Pasco, Peru, taking a half-ton of equipment. We suffered getting it down there and up into the mountains, but we finally did manage it. The weather seemed perfect—cloudless and clear. Success looked so certain that we celebrated by breaking out a bottle of Canadian Club.



3. "B*ut next day*—the day of the eclipse—was completely overcast! We were in despair, but we continued to make last-minute tests of the huge telescope camera. The afternoon passed; then almost at sunset—for the priceless 100 seconds of the eclipse—the sky suddenly cleared! We worked feverishly, and two minutes later had eight precious photographs! Out came the Canadian Club—and never has anyone enjoyed its distinctive, satisfying flavor more than our little party of scientists on that mountain top that evening in Peru!"

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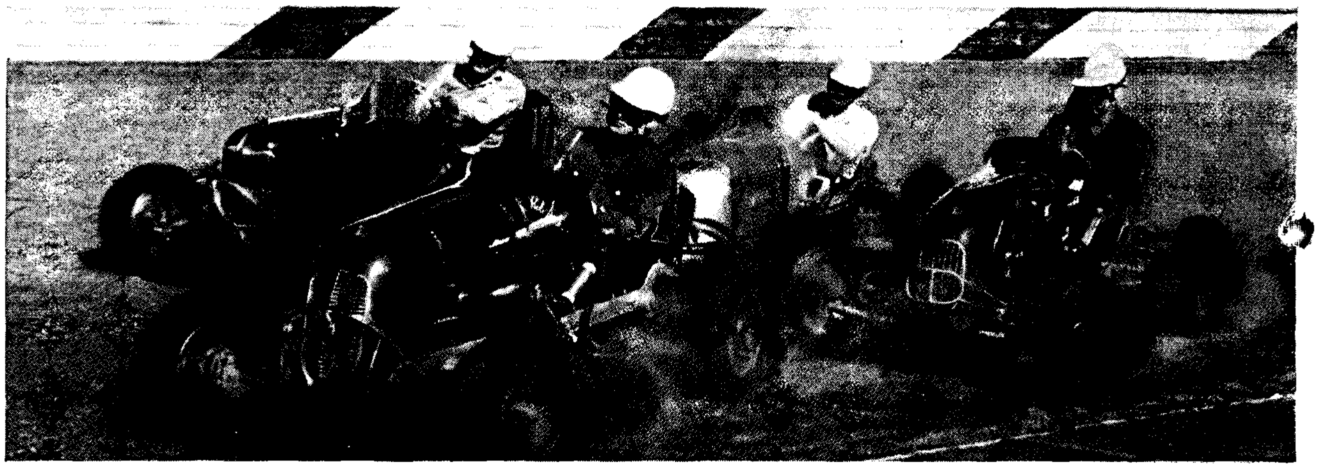

HERE THEY COME in a hurricane of flying dirt and squirting oil. You can almost hear the high whine of the motors and the shriek of brakes and burning tires as they streak into the sharp unbanked curves. They may call 'em "*midget* racers," but there's *speed to burn* underneath those toy-like hoods. Leading the pack in the picture above is veteran Bob Swanson, Pacific Coast champ. In a split second these racers may be climbing each other's hoods, hurdling, somersaulting, flying through fences. Bob Swanson likes a slower pace in his off-time. Fishes a lot. Smokes Camels a lot. He explains: "I don't like overheating in my cigarette any more than I like it in a racing motor. I stick to Camels. I know they're slower-burning . . . milder and cooler."

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